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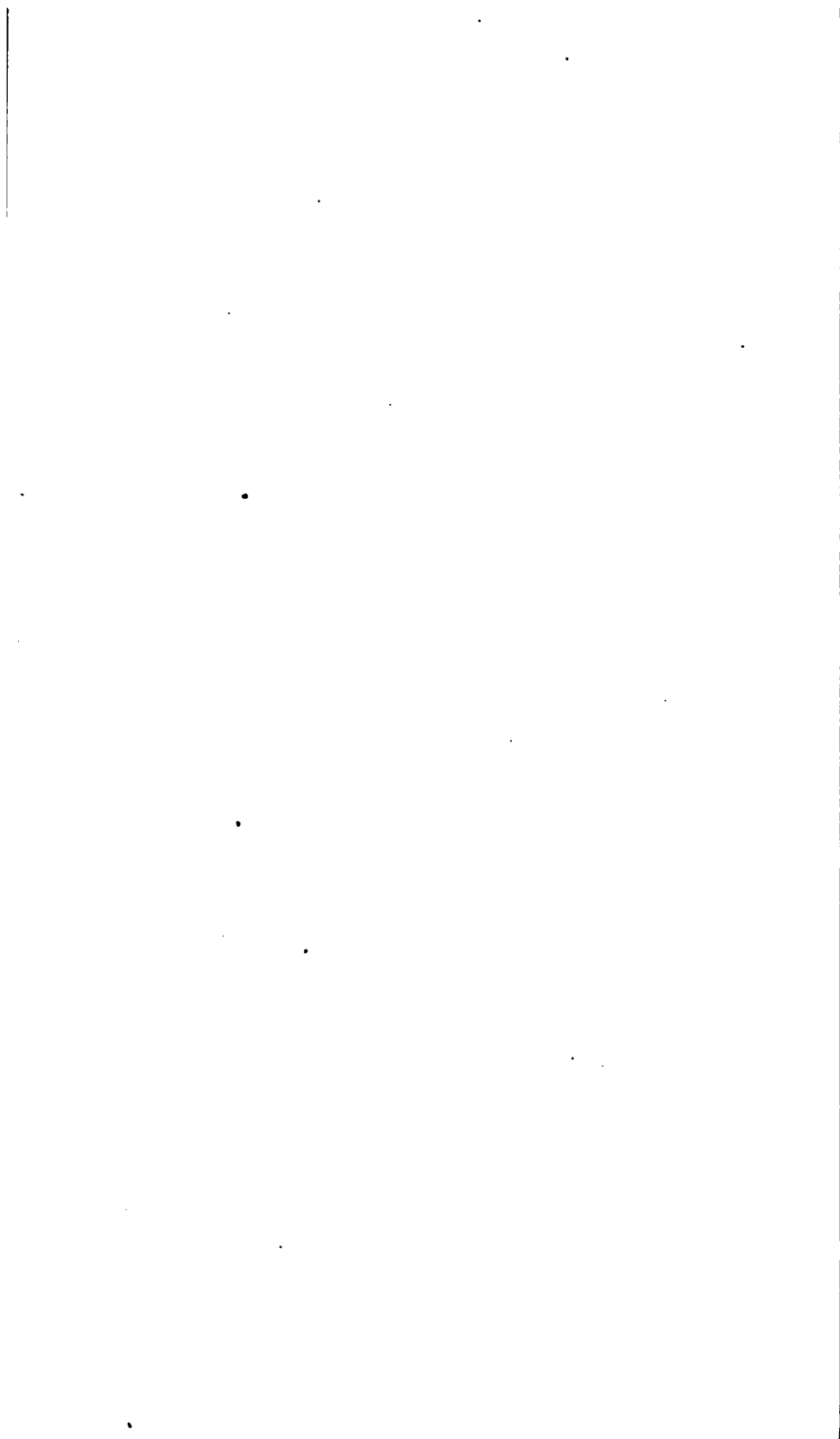
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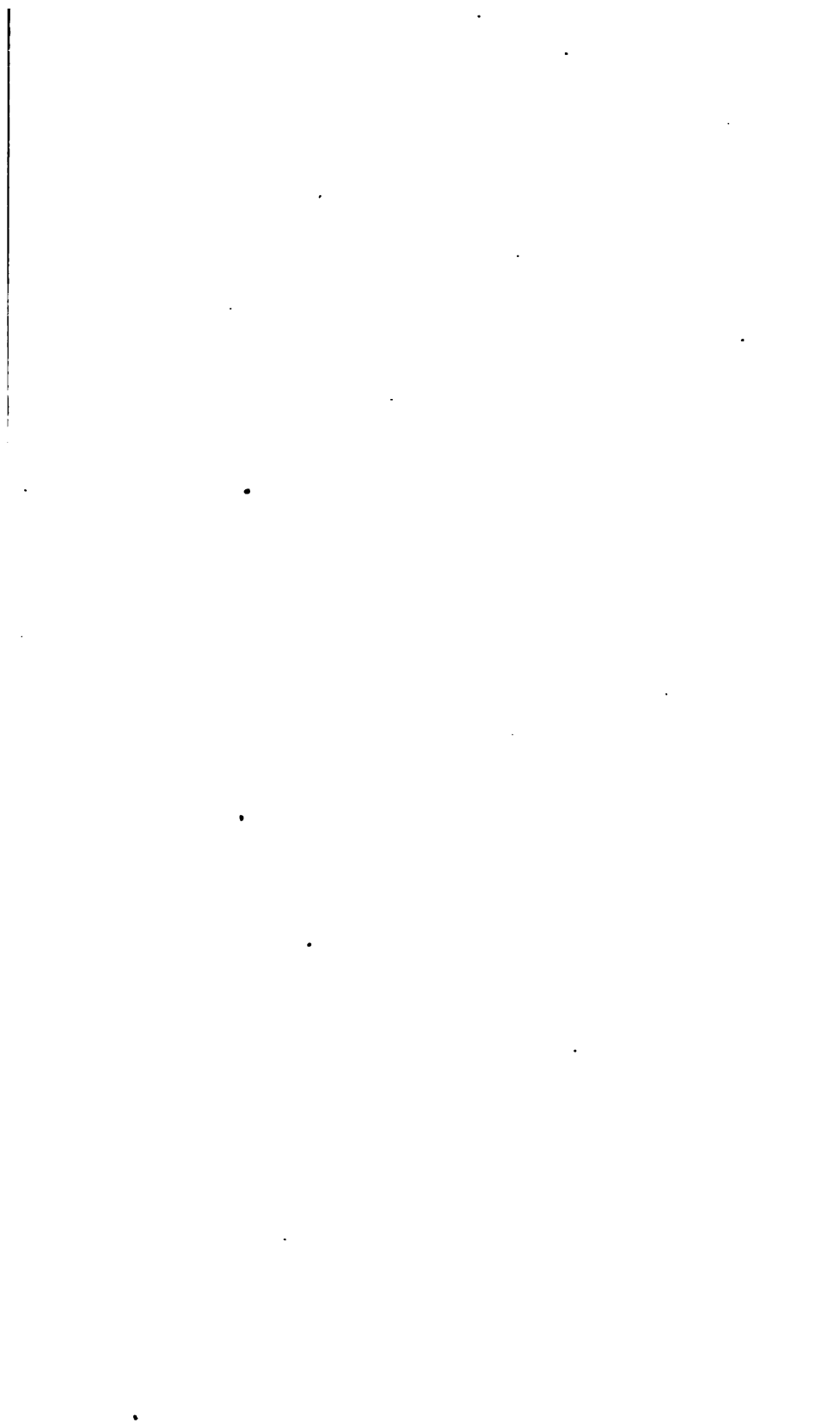
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Presented by Mr. [unclear]

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1870

L E T T E R S

FROM

EUROPE AND THE WEST INDIES.

1843-1862.

BY THURLOW WEED.

ALBANY:
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District of New York.



PREFACE.

THE family and more intimate friends of Mr. WEED have been frequently applied to for his Letters from Europe and the West Indies. But no extra copies of them were ever printed, and it has, therefore, been impossible to comply with these requests. To meet this difficulty, and to gratify those whose long intimacy with Mr. WEED gives weight to their wishes, these Letters have been collected and are embodied in this volume.

This is done without Mr. WEED's knowledge, who modestly shrinks from the dignity of a bookmaker, and who has never believed that these Letters deserved any more prominent or permanent position than was originally given them in the columns of the EVENING JOURNAL. No one will be more surprised than himself to see them in their present form; but those who can place a more correct estimate upon their interest and value than their author, have taken the responsibility, and thousands who have long desired to have this disposition made of them will be pleased.

The Letters were written during Mr. WEED's visit to Europe in 1843, 1852, 1861, and in 1862, and to the

West Indies in 1845. They are given just as they were hastily written and originally published. To have altered them in the least would have robbed them of their inimitable sprightliness, freshness and geniality. Those who read them when first written will enjoy their reading again; and those who will now read them for the first time will concur in the universal verdict, that no man writes better letters than Mr. WEED.

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LETTERS.

I.

PACKET SHIP GEORGE WASHINGTON,

AT SEA, JUNE 21st, 1843.

HAVING paid the Landsman's tribute (sea sickness) to Neptune, I am now sufficiently recovered to get on Deck in pleasant weather and enjoy fresh air and sea views.

We have been "afloat" fourteen days, with light but favorable winds. We are about 2,400 miles from New York and *only* some 800 miles from Liverpool! This enumeration of miles seems formidable to one who has been accustomed to run either to New York with Captains McLEAN or BRAINARD, or to Utica, Auburn or Rochester upon the Railroad.

The Passage so far has been auspicious. The ship has been headed directly to Liverpool from the moment she was put upon her course, and except for two or three hours, in what threatened to be a Gale, the large sails have not been taken in.

When the kind and beloved friends who accompanied us down the Bay had, on their return to the city, passed out of the reach of my strained vision, we fixed our eyes upon the receding shores, until object after object grew first indistinct and then disappeared. Long before

twilight all the traces of Land had faded away. We continued to cast long, lingering, last looks homeward until night let down her curtain. And then, separated for the first time, by a liquid element, from Family, Friends, Home and Country, came a sense of loneliness to which my soul had been a stranger. Anxious to be alone to indulge "thick coming fancies," I lighted my segar, went forward and seated myself upon the windlass, for a long, quiet self communion, which, however, was almost abruptly terminated by a wave that, dashing over the bows, gave me the ill-timed luxury of a shower bath, and drove me, dripping wet, back to the quarter deck.

During the night the wind lulled, and soon after sunrise when I came on Deck, the Captain pointed me to the land-shade of Montauk Point, within about twelve miles of which we could see. Our course had been parallel with Long Island, keeping about twenty-five miles from shore. We were forty-five miles from Sandy Hook at sun-set of the first day.

I happened to be forward when the mates were dividing the Crew into "watches," the first and second mates choosing (as we choose sides at ball play) the best sailors for their respective watches. It was a novel and amusing scene. The sailors gave their names "Dick," "Bob," "Bill," "Charlie," "Tom," "Jack," as they were asked. One gave the name of "Howard." The mate replied "your other name." "Zeb, sir," was the response. The mate, shaking his head, said "Zeb is not a ship-shape name, let it be *Howard*." Another gave the name of Van Schoonhoven. "Oh," says the mate, "belay that long name and unship your short

one." The boy then gave "George," which proved more satisfactory.

After a brief outline of duty, announced in a seaman's manner and language, from the chief mate (Mr. GIBBS), the second mate's Watch was sent below. Among the duties enjoined upon the crew were "strict obedience to orders, a bright look-out, no swearing in the tops, and no bawdy songs when Ladies or Gentlemen are on deck."

The ship's crew consists of the Captain, three Mates, seventeen able Seamen, a Carpenter, three boys, a Steward, Cook and three Waiters and a Stewardess. Our crew seems an excellent one. Two of the sailors have been former mates of vessels, but for want of such situations, and rather than be idle, ship on board the Liverpool Packets. These Lines of Packets, by the way, are nurseries for American Ship Masters. The Captains of all these noble Vessels, like BONAPARTE's best Generals, have risen by merit from before the mast to the quarter-deck. Captain BURROWS, who commands our ship, first came on board the Silas Richards, Captain HOLDRIDGE, as a "Boy," and passed from step to step through the grades of ordinary seaman, able seaman, third, second and first mate, to the high and responsible station he now occupies, so honorably to himself and useful to the owners of his ship. His predecessor, Capt. HOLDRIDGE, who came from the same town (Groton) in Connecticut, rose in the same way, and is now fitting out the "Victoria," a magnificent new Ship, to be placed in the same Line. Captain BURROWS succeeds, in turn, to the next new Ship, though he will leave with regret, as did Captain H., his favorite "George Washington,"

a ship that has done her work so far, faithfully and gallantly, and that has been the scene of so many of their trials and achievements. It is a very remarkable fact, and one of which Connecticut and Massachusetts may be justly proud, that almost all of the Packet Ships belonging to the several Lines running between New York and Liverpool and New York and London, are commanded by natives of those States. Indeed, most of the Captains of the London "Liners" are natives of the same town (Lyme) in Connecticut! This fact shows that with the advantages of a Common School Education, fortified by "steady habits," a New England boy will carve out his fortune even in a profession where humble merit encounters the most formidable obstacles to advancement.

For the first ten days our ship bounded gaily over the billows with fair and fresh winds. But we have been becalmed for two days, and at this moment the mighty elements, that may be so soon lashed into terrific rage, sleep as sweetly and breathe as gently as an infant or a zephyr.

Yesterday large schools of Porpoises disported themselves around us for hours. To-day the marine visitors of yesterday are succeeded by Whales, *real* Whales, though I cannot vouch for their being "right sperm." The first one "spouted" within a hundred yards of the ship, passing along lazily astern. Another soon appeared on the starboard side of the ship and still nearer, which was followed by two others, all continuing spouting and sporting for two hours. This display of Neptune's curiosities was crowned, after Tea, by the

appearance of a huge Shark in the ship's wake and but a few feet astern.

We are a large, but exceedingly harmonious community. The Steerage Passengers number over 150, most of whom are disappointed Emigrants returning to the Old World, without having found in the New the "ready dug" gold that seduced them across the Atlantic. In talking with some of these People, I find that they return more because they cannot reconcile themselves to our "social reforms," than for the want of employment. Some, it is true, are unfortunate, as some always must be in a world of vicissitudes. The returning *English* emigrants go home in great disgust with Brother Jonathan. They concentrated all their hatred of our country by saying that "*everything in America stinks, but the Vinegar, and that is sweet.*" But even this picture has its bright hues as well as its dark shades. There are, among the Steerage Passengers, an old Irish Lady and Gentleman of the name of TOBIN, from Cincinnati, who go back to the Green Isle to die where they were born, that their dust may rest where rests the dust of *their* Fathers. They have *lived* prosperously in America, but they could *die* happy only in Ireland. Six children are left in America, and one Daughter, with that filial devotion which hallows a Daughter's affection, accompanies her Parents on this sepulchral pilgrimage.

Noticing an intelligent looking Scotchman forward, I inquired if he too was tired of America? "Na, na, friend. Its no that way wi' me. I'm but running o'er on a matter o' bisness, and to make a short vesit. From the first day I set foot in Oneida county, Mr. WOLCOTT—

a vara nice man he is—(perhaps you ken something of the Wolcotts's—they are Manufacturers at York Mills), gave me employment, and I have not seen an idle hour, or lacked any of the enjoyments of life since. The last winter I purchased a Farm in Clinton. The crops are a' in and growing, and wi' God's blessin' I will be back to the harvesting o' them. I have help enough in my own Family to work my Farm. Three Sons are well grown lads, and others are coming up after them. The gude wife has fourteen bairns." Much agreeable conversation passed with this industrious, thriving, cheerful Scotchman (Mr. BRYDEN), who represents a numerous and valuable class of our Emigrant citizens. With the habits, principles and temperament of the Bailie Nicol Jarvies who are to be met in our "Saut Markets," and the "Dandie Dinmonts" who fertilize our soil, no stranger need turn hungry or naked from our shores.

There are, by the way, two classes of Steerage passengers. My Scotch friend and several others have large rooms partitioned off from the Steerage proper, with the benefit of good air and light. They however "eat themselves," as Pat says, and pay \$50 for their passage. A second class steerage passage is but \$10.

Among the first class Steerage passengers I was not a little surprised to find the "*Columbian Minstrels*," for whose high vocal powers our friend MEECH of the Museum, has so often made the Evening Journal voucher. They are on a *professional* visit to England, where Mr. RICE, the original "Wirginny Nigger" was eminently successful. As these Vocalists can out-"jump Jim Crow," and give ten Songs to his one, I hope their success may be in proportion. We are indebted largely

to Europe for her Fanny Ellslers, Mad. Celestes, Mons. Adrents, &c., &c. It is a pleasure, therefore, to send abroad, in return, these "*Columbian Minstrels*," whose success, if there is taste and sentiment in England to enjoy the music of nature, will be more than triumphant.

Nor are these Yankee Minstrels the *only* national novelty the Ship George Washington is wafting to England. We have TWO THOUSAND WOODEN CLOCKS on board! These "notions" are of Massachusetts fabrication, and find, I am informed, a ready market with John Bull. The purchasers are among the humblest of the middling classes, who form clubs of 12, 15 or 20, paying six pence a week into a purse for the purchase of Clocks, which are drawn for by Lottery, the contribution and the drawings continuing until each member of the Club rejoices in a WOODEN CLOCK. This is *one* of the triumphs of *American Manufactures*.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28.

Our good ship George Washington has always been a favorite Packet. On her June passage of last year, CHARLES DICKENS returned in her to England. Captain BURROWS informs me that he made himself extremely popular with all on board. In his "Notes" he speaks in highly complimentary terms of the ship and her commander.

GRANT THORBURN, the well known Seedsman and Florist, returned to America in this ship, and I make the following extract from his Book, for the purpose of saying that every word of it is as applicable to her *present* captain and crew as to her former excellent commander:

"If you have a friend in the world to whom you wish well, and that friend wants to cross the Atlantic, tell him to wait for the George Washington, Captain HOLDRIDGE and crew. We have been nine days out, and have not heard an *oath* from an officer or a sailor; sometimes making twelve knots an hour, with the waves as high as Snake-Hill in Jersey, and neither a sigh nor a groan has escaped the ship's timbers. Her sheets of canvas swelling in the breeze, are moved by her steady and willing crew, without noise or confusion — all as if impelled by the god of order."

The same spirit of order and the same proprieties of language and temper, reigned throughout the vessel during the twenty-one days we were on board of her. But enough for this writing. So adieu for the present.

II.

PACKET SHIP GEORGE WASHINGTON,

AT SEA, JUNE 23, 1843.

OUR noble ship has been reposing, for three days, upon the unruffled bosom of a slumbering Ocean; and although we number more than 200 souls, all is quietness and tranquillity on board. The Captain and Mates pace the quarter-deck, looking and whistling, rather impatiently, for wind. The passengers at their books, shuffle-board, backgammon, chess or checkers, seem alike content with wind or calm. Much of our conversation, however, consists in discussing the probabilities of our arrival at Liverpool before the steamer that left Boston nine days after us, and the "Akhbar," a fast sailing ship that left New York thirty hours before us. The first predictions of those who have "crossed before" were for a passage of nineteen days, but since the calm they are willing to compound for a twenty-one, twenty-two, or twenty-three days' run. Our Ship has passed everything she has encountered so far, but without wind, the Steamer will pass us the day after to-morrow.

The Sea, like politics, makes "strange bed-fellows." Our cabin passengers have been drawn from nearly all the different points of compass on the globe, and are as diverse in characters and pursuit, as in birth and language. But we all affiliate and harmonize wonderfully. There is not an ill-natured or querulous spirit among us. This, I am told, is unusual, and my own slight expe-

rience in traveling has shown "a black sheep" in almost every flock. In addition to our own party of four, we have a quiet Englishman who is returning from a visit to a sister residing in Canada, *surprised* and gratified to have found a large and flourishing town (New York) between London and Montreal! There is an affable, talkative old gentleman from Sheffield (a Razor manufacturer, I believe), returning from a visit to New York. He went out in the Packet Ship North America, last spring, and was beached near Sandy Hook. There are two young officers of the British Army returning home with chilling recollections of a Canadian winter; a Scotchman and his niece, from Terre Haute, Indiana; a Pennsylvanian and his sister, from the good Whig county of Somerset, going to Ireland after a legacy, I infer, their Father having been an Irishman and their Mother Scotch; an Englishman from Boston; a partner in an extensive Merchant Tailor's establishment in Park Place, who goes to London and Paris to purchase clothes and "catch the fashions as they change;" a Dry Goods dealer in Broadway, who, though born in Holland, persists in claiming America as his *native* country; a young Gentleman, who, though *born* in Baltimore, gives himself out as an Englishman. He was left with a fortune, partly on this and partly on the other side of the Atlantic. His habits, in some respects, are most thoroughly English, for he sits up until four o'clock in the morning, rises at one P. M., breakfasts, and drinks porter inordinately. But he is intelligent and agreeable. We have a gentlemanly English merchant and his accomplished Lady, changing their residence from New York to Liverpool, the Tariff having destroyed his business in

America; a companionable, frank, honest Yorkshireman, connected with a Cloth house in New York, and residing in Brooklyn, who is going to Leeds for his Wife and Child; a retiring Partner in the great Iron house of Sanderson & Brothers, Sheffield, who, after a residence of fourteen years in New York, goes to the Island of Jersey to enjoy the fruits of his enterprise and industry. This gentleman is one of John Bull's legitimate sons. His aversion for Brother Jonathan is purely national. His most formidable charge against Republican Institutions, is their relaxing influence upon Domestic discipline. He attributed the recusancy of a Son and the elopement of a Daughter wholly to these causes, and will never learn that the "iron rule," in the government of children, is quite as likely to have occasioned the disappointment of his parental hopes. This gentleman is, however, an agreeable companion, with kindly feelings, and, I doubt not, a worthy man. He has an inexhaustible fund of cheerful conversation. We have a young German gentleman, who has passed four years in the commercial cities of England, France and America, and is now returning to Hamburgh, to commence his own commercial career. He is very generally informed, and has, in the broadest sense of the term, completed his Education. We have also a Catholic Priest (a native of Bavaria), who was some time at Detroit, but now from Cincinnati, returning home out of health.

Father DE SMET, a native of Belgium, and a Missionary of the Jesuits, is returning from a four years' residence among the Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains. His errand was one of true Christian benevolence, and

in searching the wide world, few men could be found so richly endowed with the qualities and so deeply imbued with the principles of that Divine Missionary who was sent to proclaim peace and good will to man. Father DE SMET belongs to a Family possessing rank and wealth. He gave his fortune to his Brothers (reserving only what was necessary to defray his expenses), and departed for the New World and its wilderness, giving up the remainder of his life to the improvement and the amelioration of the condition of the poor Indian. He went among the most savage of the Tribes, with no defense but the Cross, and though constantly passing through scenes of violence and outrage, and living amid slaughter and rapine, not a hair of his head has been injured. We have been delighted, during the passage, with his recitals of Indian habits, customs, wars, worship, &c., &c. On his recent return to St. Louis, where he contributed largely, by his efforts in Europe, to endow a College, Father DE SMET traveled, with an Indian companion, 3,000 miles through the wilderness, by a pocket compass. His Letters to the Superior of his Order, recently published, make a volume of exceeding interest. He is laboring, with intelligence and zeal, to introduce the virtues of civilization, without its vices, among the Indians. He first impresses the truths of Revelation upon their minds and then instructs them in the pursuit of Agriculture. His present visit to the Old World is connected with his philanthropic duties. He returns to the Rocky Mountains in November by the way of the Columbia River. My traveling companions have made a donation to the good Father for the benefit of his Indians.

•

We have also as *compagnons du voyage*, Bishop HUGHES, of New York, and Bishop PURCELL, of Ohio, two eminent and excellent Ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church. As educated and enlightened men, they have been conversed with and listened to by us all with pleasure and advantage. But as Ministers of the Gospel, their presence has imparted a still higher interest. On the first Sabbath out, Bishop HUGHES preached a sermon, standing at the step of the mizzen mast, which was most attentively listened to by a congregation of over two hundred. The subject (St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, eleventh chapter, from the twenty-second to the last verse) was appropriate, and his commentary truly impressive. He made the ocean a witness in favor of the truth of Revelation. He spoke of it, too, as a glorious page in the great book of Nature, which could not be contemplated without exciting more of admiration than of awe. Man, he said, may boast of his power and wisdom as displayed in the construction of this strong and beautiful ship, but how impotent is man's power and how fruitless his wisdom, until God, in His abounding goodness, fills our canvas with His winds! On the following Sabbath the same community reassembled for Divine Worship. Bishop PURCELL officiated. His sermon was designed as a vindication of the Truths of Revelation, and to enforce the duties of Faith and obedience. His language and manner were fervent and affectionate. He entered upon a train of argument to show how reason and philosophy expose and confound their teachers, in which he was truly impressive and conclusive. Not a word was uttered by either of these

good Bishops to which all Christians would not heartily respond.

I had often heard of Bishop PURCELL, of Cincinnati, as a man much beloved by his own people, and as much respected by all others. He is worthy of affection and regard, for all the kindest elements are mixed up in his character.

Of Bishop HUGHES, from whose enlightened conversations upon various subjects I derived much instruction, I shall speak in another letter.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, June 25.

The calm was broken yesterday by a fresh southeasterly wind, which compelled us about three o'clock P. M. to shorten sail. I lay on deck—it blew rather too hard for landsmen to *stand*—while the sailors were taking in, first the light sails, and then reefing the larger sheets, and can now sympathize understandingly with those who admire and celebrate the sailor's enthusiasm and gallantry. The wind seems *their* element. The men who had been lounging lazily about the ship during the calm, when a young tempest came, sprang lightly into the tops, some laying out upon the yards, and others ascending higher to furl the main-top-gallant sail, the ship, in the meantime, bounding over billows that made her bow and stern alternately describe angles of forty-five degrees.

The easterly wind is driving us off our course. The Captain's observation and reckoning at twelve o'clock to-day, brought us within an hundred miles of Land, and about thirty miles northward of Cape Clear, the entrance to the British Channel. With the wind as it is now, we expect to make the Land to-morrow morning,

and then to decide whether it is best to attempt the South, or take the North Channel.

I have been struck with the variations in time as we have been running down from a longitude of 59 into one of 14. Bishop HUGHES, who has a truth-telling watch, has kept his New York time. By ship time it is now nine o'clock, P. M. And yet you at Albany are just coming from the afternoon Churches, at five. When we were at Breakfast this morning, at eight, few, if any of you had opened your eyes; and before the sentinel in Sheriff Adams' belfry sings "past eleven o'clock and all is well," it will be daylight here.

MONDAY MORNING, June 26.

We went on deck this morning, expecting to be greeted with a view of Land, but were sadly disappointed. The wind came off dead ahead about midnight, since which time we have been heading to windward, and are yet some forty miles from Land, without any hope of getting into the channel until the wind changes.

Twelve o'clock, M.—The Captain, who was intent yesterday and to-day upon his charts, &c., has just taken an observation. His reckoning shows us about twenty-five miles from Land, and about thirty-five from Valentia, a small port on the Northwest coast of Ireland, to which he has concluded to run, and where many of us intend to Land, and make an excursion thro' the Green Isle.

Four o'clock, P. M.—The wind has baffled us. By drawing around two points to the north and east we are defeated in our intention of making the harbor of Valentia. She has been put about and is now running

south along the Coast, with the hope of such a change of wind as will enable us to get into the British Channel.

Seven o'clock, P. M.—We are just called on Deck from the Tea Table to see Land! The outline of what seems a high mountain was first discovered. High, bald, headlands in the County of Kerry, were soon distinctly seen. Then came the Skellig rocks looming up like "Butter Hill" at the mouth of our own Highlands. One of these high promontories, in the distance we are viewing it, assumes the form of a majestic Mansion of fine architectural proportions, with roof, chimneys, &c.

TUESDAY MORNING, June 27.

We have been all night struggling with a head wind, and find ourselves, this morning, more than twenty miles from Cape Clear. The Irish shore is but ten miles off, and its mountains of rocks, with their Druidical towers, are in full view. The coast is barren and frowning.

Five o'clock, P. M.—We have been all day "dragging our slow length along" the Coast of Ireland, and though most of our Passengers have been restless and impatient, to me it has been a day of interest and enjoyment. We have passed the Bay of Bantry, and several bold head-lands, of which the Steerage passengers, who are going back to "Sweet Ireland," have been giving me traditions and legends. A bright sun and balmy atmosphere have enabled me to remain all day on deck enjoying these rugged views. At three o'clock the Steamer Acadia, from Boston, came in sight, pushing directly for Cape Clear, the point at which we are aiming. Her appearance was indicated long before the vessel could be seen, by a black column of smoke

streaking the horizon. She passed within about seven miles of us and pushed up the Channel. The Acadia left Boston on the 16th inst. She will therefore make a twelve days' passage. But for head winds and calms we should have been in Liverpool on Saturday last.

Six o'clock, P. M.— We are at last opposite Cape Clear, with the ship's head to the Channel; but there is only a breath of wind. This comes, however, from the right quarter. If we should get becalmed off the Cove of Cork, which is some 60 miles from here, we go ashore there with the Bishops.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 28.

We have been three weeks at Sea, and are still becalmed in the British Channel, 290 miles from Liverpool. Last evening, an hour before sunset, a small boat from Crook Haven Harbor came alongside us, with fresh Fish, as we supposed, but as it turned out, with Potatoes only. They offered to take passengers ashore, and Mr. TOBIN, the old gentleman referred to in another Letter, with his Wife and Daughter, finding themselves within a few miles of their native town, left the ship. In reply to our questions for news, they said that Troops had arrived at Dublin, and that O'Connell was at Shibbreen, his Place in the Mountains, where he had made a Speech to 300,000 people.

Twelve o'clock, M.— An Irish "Hooker" came alongside after breakfast, with whom 15 emigrants concluded to land. The Captain of the "Hooker" informed us that there was a tremendous and destructive Gale here on the 7th of June, the day we left New York. Much shipping was lost, and among other Vessels one American; but of all this you will have accounts. The Cap-

tain of the "Hooker" informed us that O'Connell is to address a mass meeting at Kinsale on Monday. My desire to see him is so great that I went below to pack a few changes in my Carpet-Bag, and go ashore, but while we were getting ready, the "Hooker" was cast off, at the instance of the friends who were unwilling to let us go off with "wild Irishmen" in a crazy craft. We intend, nevertheless, to avail ourselves of the next opportunity for landing.

5 o'clock, P. M.— A row-boat has just come alongside, and I close this Letter to get a few "traps" ready for a descent upon Ireland. The boatmen are to tow nine of us ashore for ten shillings sterling each. So good-bye to the George Washington!

III.

COURTMACSHERRY (Ireland), JUNE 28, 1843.

I AM here, with my foot upon the Green Isle—the land of my admiration and sympathy from boyhood to the maturity of life.

I left our good ship beating up the channel against an obstinate head wind at 5 o'clock P. M., yesterday, in a small boat that came off to us, and after a pull of three hours, made this port before sunset. It is a delightful spot. The village is situated in the elbow of a deep bay, and consists of a row or continuous block of stone cottages, all on the side of the street facing the water, while the terraces rising back of the village are *dotted* with cabins, and *patched* with fields clothed in verdure and fruitfulness.

The arrival at an obscure town upon the Coast, of nine strangers, with a formidable array of trunks, &c., created quite a stir; but when it came to be known that two Catholic Bishops from America and two Priests from France (though one of the latter is from Belgium and the other from Bavaria), were among us, the sensation was truly amusing. The "Repealers" gathered about us in swarms. The Coast Officer and the Constabulary Guard appeared embarrassed and excited. I called upon the Excise Officer and invited him to examine our luggage. In walking with me over to the Hotel, he remarked that as our landing there in the somewhat

excited state of the country, would occasion inquiry and remark, it would be his duty to make his examination more rigid than under ordinary circumstances. He then proceeded to take our names, places of residence and vocation, and to examine whether we had arms or munitions concealed. He then inquired the object of our visit and the length of time we intended to remain in Ireland. All this was done with the utmost delicacy and propriety on the part of the officer. We informed him that we took advantage of calms and head winds to leave our ship and run through Ireland to Liverpool, *hoping* that we should be so fortunate as to *hear* O'CONNELL and to *see* Father MATHEW.

The Custom House examination over, we were seated to our first supper in Ireland. It consisted of Bacon and Eggs, fried in the Bar-room (a small 7 by 9), where twenty men were smoking their pipes; served, however, upon a clean linen tablecloth, with a fresh roll of butter and a strongly malted loaf of bread.

After Supper, the Bishops went with the resident Catholic Clergyman, others were sent to neighboring houses (two only lodging at the Hotel), and I accepted the invitation of the Commandant of the Coast Guard to take a bed at his house, where I passed the evening and night very pleasantly.

The only mode of conveyance, in the morning, was an Irish "Jaunting Car" with one horse. Nor could a second vehicle be raised in the village! A messenger was therefore despatched (for an English shilling) on foot to Bandon (nine miles) for another car; and at 5 A. M., two one-horse "Jaunting Cars," and a scraggy

looking cart for the luggage, "reined up" before the Hotel.

The Bishops were up at 4 o'clock and at 5 went to the Chapel for Mass, where an immense congregation (the information of their arrival having been spread during the night) had assembled.

At 6 o'clock, having taken a dish of black tea and a boiled egg, we set off for Cork, a distance of 30 miles. The morning air was pure and bracing, and the ride was far more intensely interesting than any I ever enjoyed. The whole scene was panoramic. Every rod, foot, and almost every inch of soil, is in a high state of cultivation. Indeed the earth is here taxed to its utmost capacity. But vegetable nature teems not alone. The country is equally prolific in men, women and children. Ireland is in a literal state of human incubation. Ever and anon we came into clusters of cabins and shanties which seemed like intellectual ant-hills. And these cabins were shared in common by bipeds and quadrupeds. In numberless instances, I saw People, Pigs, Poultry and Goats, quietly enjoying the same and only room in the cabin.

We saw hundreds of women and children engaged in spreading sea-weed and sand (impregnated with salt) as manure. We overtook and passed many carts, each with about 12 or 15 bushels of Potatoes, on their way to Bandon, where they get at the rate of two pence (four cents) for 24 pounds. In this way the poorest class of tenants pay their rent.

The lands we passed over to-day (30 miles) are principally owned by three noblemen, viz.: Lord SHANNON (deceased), Lord BANDON, and Lord CORK. And for

the munificent support of these *three* Families, more than a million of their fellow creatures are ground to an earth designed by a beneficent Providence to furnish an abundance for all.

On our way into Courtmacsherry, we passed in full view of the Old Head of Kinsale, the rock upon which the Packet ship Albion was so disastrously wrecked many years ago.

The crew of the small boat in which we came ashore consisted of five men. They had a long, hard pull against a strong current and head wind. One of our party who had a bottle of white wine in his Carpet Bag, offered it to the men. Two of them drank of it, but the other three declined, saying that they had taken Father MATHEW'S Pledge. These men added, that they were out in that boat through all weathers, and by night as well as by day; but that they could endure cold better, and work longer and pull harder since they took the Pledge, and that with God's help, they would never break it.

Several of the most beautiful mansions between Courtmacsherry and Cork are occupied by Protestant Olergymen, whose fields and glebes enrich and adorn their "livings;" and yet their congregations, in some instances, scarcely extend beyond their own household. But these Church establishments draw their support from the toil and sweat of the poor peasants, who worship where their Fathers worshipped, in the humble chapels at whose altars thousands are kneeling daily.

We passed, every few miles, "Constabulary" stations, where guards are posted to preserve the peace. These

guards, in neat uniform, are the finest looking young men I have ever seen.

We passed, also, the Fair of Ballamahone, in a beautiful valley, where large herds of cattle, sheep, hogs, &c., and "much people" had collected.

The broad and fertile domain of Lord BANDON, through which we passed, would have delighted me far more, if I could have forgotten the tens of thousands who toil and sorrow, that this one man may reap and revel.

But the object of the most absorbing interest was the majestic ruin of the ancient Abbey of Timoleague, whose moss grown and ivy protected walls and tower, could they speak, would reveal the history of many centuries. Had I known that we were to pass this splendid ruin, I should have made arrangements to view it more at leisure. There are, upon its tablets and tombstones, written memorials of more than three hundred years; and within its crumbling walls, the exhumed remains of thousands who have been entombed there, have been gathered in heaps, exposed to the view of all who enter the ruin, teaching lessons of human nothingness, far more impressive and solemn than language could utter.

At Bandon, a large and thrifty looking town, we exchanged our "Jaunting Cars," for a "Royal Mail Coach," upon the outside of which I rode to Cork, and took lodgings at the "Imperial Hotel." Cork is a busy, enterprising City, with 110,000 inhabitants. Its environs are extensive, highly cultivated and exceedingly picturesque. The scenery which borders the "Cove of Cork," a narrow, deep stream, extending to the British Channel, is of surpassing richness and beauty. The

citizens of Cork commemorated the visit of GEORGE IV by the erection of an Equestrian Statue of him on a Public Square, by the side of their beautiful river, the Lee.

Having arranged some Custom House matters touching a box of favorite Havanas, presented to me just as I was leaving New York by my friend STETSON of the Astor, I called upon Counsellor WALSH, to whose Lady I had a Letter of introduction from her Brother (Doct. O'CALLAGHAN), and from whom I learned that Father MATHEW had already gone, or was on the eve of departure for London. Mr. W. hastened with me to the good Father's Temperance Rooms, where his Secretary informed us that the Prelate did not leave until half-past six o'clock in the afternoon, and was expected at the Rooms at 2 o'clock. At that hour I called again with Mr. W. A large number of People were assembled, waiting to take the PLEDGE. In about ten minutes Father MATHEW arrived. When introduced as an American, he gave me both hands, cordially and kindly, and expressed much regret that he was compelled to leave home so soon.

The People of both sexes, old and young, who were there to receive the Pledge, knelt around the Reformer, who, in the most persuasive and affectionate voice and manner, enjoined upon them a life of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. They rose with joy and gratitude beaming from their eyes, received their certificate and medal, and went their way rejoicing. I looked upon this scene with deep emotion, and would not exchange the luxury of feeling it inspired for a view of the proudest pageant Europe can present.

Dismissing these People, Father MATHEW entered warmly into conversation about America. Informing him that Bishop HUGHES was my fellow-passenger, he took my arm and started immediately for the Hotel, to pay his respects to the Bishop, and remained with us for an hour.

The Portraits we have of this excellent man are so faithful, that had I met him accidentally in the street I should have recognized and spoken to him as "Father MATHEW." I say that I should have *spoken* to him, because there is so much of gentleness and benevolence—so much to admire and love—in his face and form, that you could not pass him. I have never seen so many of the bright and beautiful virtues as bloom and blend in this good man's heart, displayed and revealed in the "human face divine."

At six o'clock last evening, Father MATHEW left for Liverpool, York and London, where he has engagements. This is, I believe, his first Temperance visit to England.

The general expectation that this truly philanthropic Divine is about to visit America, will not immediately be realized. He has a strong desire to visit us, but nothing definite has been settled. If he should be led to believe that his presence and efforts among us would promote the cause to which he has devoted himself, he told me that he would endeavor to cross the Atlantic about this time next year.

My visit in Cork was much too brief, owing to the necessity of hastening up to Liverpool to reclaim my Trunk and to rejoin my traveling companions. But it was a visit full of incidents and interest.

I rose early this morning and proceeded to the Convent, where Bishop HUGHES was saying Mass, and where I was hospitably invited to remain to Breakfast by the resident Clergyman. And at half-past twelve declining the kindest tenders of hospitality from Counsellor WALSH and Lord Bishop MURPHY, I took Coach for Dublin. Adieu.

IV.

DUBLIN, JULY 1, 1843.

I LEFT Cork after a visit far too short to enjoy a tithe of its beauties, at half-past 12 o'clock yesterday. The clouds threatening rain, against which I am not yet India-rubber proof, I took an inside seat, with the privilege of riding on the box as far as I should choose.

The distance from Cork to Dublin is 124 miles. But these are Irish miles, *eleven* of which make *fourteen* American miles. This explains what is really less of a "bull" than I had supposed, in the remark that "Irish miles are *longer* than Yankee miles, altho' there are not so many of them."

The road out of Cork ran for a mile or two along the river, where I saw nets drawn, from which numbers of that beautiful and delicious fish, the Salmon, were thrown panting and floundering upon the beach. The coachman informed me that Salmon are frequently obtained here for eight pence (sixteen cents) a pound. Those I saw taken from the nets averaged about three pounds in weight. They resemble our Salmon in gracefulness of form, but are of a more silvery color.

The suburbs of Cork, where the gentry have "Places," are decked in the richest varieties of floral embroidery. The scene, as the coach dashed noiselessly over a perfectly smooth road at the rate of ten miles an hour, was one of changing but undiminished beauty.

We dined at 7 o'clock P. M. at Clonmell, the county

town of Tipperary, upon the river Suir, distinguished, among other things, for its sufferings from CROMWELL's army, and for its having been the birthplace of LAURENCE STERNE. We passed close to the ruins of an old Castle, which held out longest against CROMWELL's army. Near Clonmell the mansion and grounds of the Earl of Donoughmore are seen. This town has a population of 16,000. The Asylum for the Insane at this place, in extent and architecture, is so identical with our own Insane Asylum at Utica, that I am sure both were erected from the same plan.

We also had a fine view of Clogheen, near the Galtees and Knockmeledown Mountains which loom high above and look down upon a wide valley abounding in verdure and fertility. Near this town you see the villa of Viscount LISMORE. And here, if my poetry does not halt, poor POWER used to bring down thunders of applause by his song of "Paddy Carey"—

"It was in the town of nate Clogheen
Where Paddy Carey first was seen."

Fermoy, through which place we passed, is a most flourishing town of 8,000 inhabitants. The modern portion of it exhibits much architectural beauty. It has twelve arched bridges over the Blackwater River, all enveloped with Ivy. The ruins of Ballypatrick, Glanworth and Cavinhabrick Castles are all in full view. You see, too, upon the surrounding highlands, many towers, erected in the sixth century, and dedicated to Druidical worship. Off towards Mallow, the seat of Lord ENNISMORE is seen.

The Coachman directed my attention to the Domain and Castle of the Earl of Kingston, extending over a

wide extent of rich and highly cultivated country, and spreading out like a vast carpet of verdure, at the foot of the Galtees Mountains.

During the afternoon, some ten or twelve miles from Clonmell, we passed several hundred people (men and women) in groups of ten, twenty, thirty and forty, returning from a Funeral. I made a remark to the Coachman in regard to their quiet, orderly demeanor. "You may thank Father MATHEW for that," said he; "in former years (he has driven over the same road fifteen years) I should have found difficulty in getting the Coach along without running over these same poor creatures. Then they drank whiskey at their Funerals, and went home drunk, noisy and quarrelsome."

The women all displayed clean white caps, and all wore cloaks. I have scarcely seen a bonnet (out of Dublin and Cork) in Ireland. The men wore blue coats and gray (short) breeches, generally with as many pieces, and of as many hues, as are seen in a patch-work bed quilt. New clothes are not as easily come by in Ireland as in America, nor are old ones as readily thrown or given away. Here a man's coat and a warm cloak, among the peasantry, serve them for fifteen or twenty years.

Callen, a port town in Kilkenny, once flourishing and wealthy, is now desolate enough. CROMWELL destroyed all its buildings and three Castles, of which the ruins remain. The Tower of the Augustine Abbey, founded by the ORMOND family in 1450, is now its principal attraction.

We approached the city of Kilkenny, just as the sun cast its morning beams upon the massive but exquisite

masonry of her numerous public edifices. I had heard much of Kilkenny, but from some delusion, growing I suppose out of popular catch-words about "the Kilkenny cats," &c., I was surprised to find it one of the most beautiful Cities in the world. It rests upon two hills and is seen most advantageously. Several fine bridges of hewn stone stretch across the River Nore. Its College, Free School, Female Asylum, Cathedral, Bishop's Palace, Court House, &c., &c., are noble structures. The Priory of St. John and the Black Abbey, founded by the Earl of Pembroke, are magnificent ruins. There is a proverb which claims for Kilkenny, the luxuries of "fire without smoke, air without fog, water without mud, and streets paved with marble." One of the streets for nearly a mile in length, is built up entirely with fine marble mansions hewn from her own quarries. The city is also supplied with coal from her own collieries. The Earl of Ormond resides here, in the Castle erected by his ancestors in 1192. Kilkenny has a population of nearly 80,000.

The approach to Dublin, even at a distance of twenty or more miles, was indicated by a higher (if possible) state of cultivation and the increased number of mansions and villas. In every direction, as far as the eye could reach, the bountiful earth was yielding forth its treasures in all their varieties and with the utmost profusion.

But I am sorry to say this bright picture has its dark back-ground. Upon canvas, the shade is required to give effect to the lighter tints; but in life, I could wish that the darkness which reflects the beauties of Ireland, were dispensed with. The tenantry by whom these

teeming fields are cultivated, the hands hardened by toil, neither possess nor enjoy the productions of a prolific soil. They sow and they reap, it is true, but the harvest is for others. Their first fruits and their fatlings enter not into their own dark, cheerless cabins. They may *look* upon the bounteous gifts of the soil they till, but to all their other senses these luxuries are denied.

But by far the most painful scenes I have witnessed, are in the crowds of wretched poor who surround and beleaguer strangers, imploring charity in all the forms and by every gesture of supplication. The coach, whenever it stops, is beset by the miserable and the maimed, whose piteous appeals for relief would melt steel or adamant. Nor are these cases of unreal suffering. Their distress is as appalling as their supplications are eloquent; and the bestowal of a penny, or even a "halfpence," confers so much happiness that it is a luxury to give. At one place, after my copper coin was exhausted, half a dozen wretched women, in whose faces want and sickness had made deep furrows, were so importunate that I told them I could give them no more for the want of change. In reply, they said, "if you can spare us sixpence we will divide it among ourselves." One of them received the "bit," got it changed, and as the coach was starting they all came, penny in hand, to give me their blessing. If, as I believe, these small alms go to feed the famishing and destitute in their squalid hovels, it is a cheap way of mitigating human misery.

In the mud-built and poverty stricken villages through which we pass, rude signs are almost as frequent as in our own more favored ones. "Lodgings"

invite the traveler into at least a dozen doors, in places containing not more than thrice as many cabins, and these, so far as I could judge, at the best, rejoice in but two apartments, where "man and beast" bestow themselves promiscuously. In the other cabins the cobbler or the tailor are seen plying the awl and the needle, whose shops are shared in common by their wives, children and porkers. Again you are informed in badly spelt English, that "Judy Flannagan," or some other petticoat publican, is "Licensed to sell Spirits and Beer." In one place I saw a sign with a frothing mug of Ale as an emblem, over which was written "*This Cow gives good milk,*" and on the opposite side of the street was a board through which ran a stream of water, with the inscription of "*This Cow gives better milk.*" Within a few miles of Dublin, is a block of neat, tasteful, rose-embowered cottages, on the doors of which "WIDOW'S HOUSES," is written in garnished capitals, but as I was an "Inside" when the coach passed, I could not learn from our "Sam Weller" the nature of the information which these "Vidders" intended to communicate. If they thus advertise for husbands, and their charms of person and character correspond with their tidy and chaste cottages, I will not do Irish gallantry the injustice to suppose that they will remain long in a "state of single blessedness."

Our coach drove into the square court connected with the Dublin Post-Office, — where it was due, as the clock told 7 A. M. We took lodgings at the "Imperial Hotel," in Sackville street. Remembering with what eloquent indignation Gov. SEWARD, in his Letters from this city, denounced the conversion of the Irish Parliament House

into a receptacle for money-changers, my first visit, after breakfast, was to the now "Bank of Ireland." The exterior alone of what was once the evidence of Irish nationality, remains as it was. All else has been desecrated. I walked through a wide corridor, extending around the whole building, formerly occupied as a "House of Commons." The "Lords" occupied the Hall above, and I am told that the chairs in which they sat while perfidiously consenting to a disastrous "Union," are still preserved in one of the apartments, but I did not see them. I should, however, dearly like to see the tables of the money-changers overset, and the noble pile in which men now chaffer about rags and dust, resounding with the eloquence of disenthralled Freemen.

Trinity College, far the most extensive seat of learning I had ever seen, is nearly opposite the Bank. Its various edifices occupy three full squares, in the heart of the city. This is the only Protestant College in Ireland. It contains a monument to PROVOST BALDWIN, who bequeathed £80,000 to the College, and its organ was presented by Queen ELIZABETH. Its Library contains over 100,000 volumes. Trinity Park, in the rear of the College, contains 20 acres.

But I did not attempt to describe Cork, nor will I now speak more of the magnificent Public Institutions of Dublin, for I hope to see both of these cities when more at leisure.

I strolled along George's Quay, where the Shipping is wedged in, as with us, except there are no slips or piers. But commerce is in a most languishing state. Hundreds of vessels seem wholly unemployed. Indeed,

I saw but here and there a ship either taking in or discharging cargo. The busy hum and cheerful voices which greet the ear in Front and South streets, New York, are not heard here.

The afternoon was wet and cold. In going out I wore my cloak — prized more from the fact that it was a New Year's Present (in 1835) from much valued Whig friends, than for its intrinsic value. Finding myself an object of that attention that proves anything but agreeable, I returned to the Hotel and asked the civil Porter who stands in the Hall, what there was about me that made people stare. "It's your honor's cloak, Sir. Sure, it is a very decent garment, but the gentlemen have given them up intirely. Nobody wears cloaks now, but the poor women creatures." So that in this particular, at least, I shall have to change my *habit*.

During the afternoon I called upon the Rev. Dr. URWICK, an eminent and excellent Divine, to whom I had a Letter of introduction from our Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE. After an agreeable conversation, I was allowed to take my leave, with a promise to breakfast with them on Monday morning.

In the evening I went to "the Royal Dublin Theatre," where, as the newspapers informed me, Miss FAUCETT, daughter of the distinguished London Comedian, was to take a Benefit. The Drama really has sadly depreciated, or, dropping from pathos to bathos, it never was "the thing it was cracked up to be." The first piece (some new production) was in the last act when I arrived. The Players spoke their parts "trippingly" enough, without "sawing the air" or "imitating nature,"

very abominably. Indeed, Miss FAUCETT gave much effect to the part she was playing. The after-piece being the "Irish Tutor," an inimitable farce, I expected a treat, but was so egregiously disappointed, that after seeing Mr. LEONARD murder the first act of "Dr. O'Toole," I left.

But I saw what did interest me, in a full and fashionable audience. I had often heard, and now believe, that the educated and refined circles in Dublin were made up of the finest looking people in the world. I have seen more display of dress and opera-glass ostentation in the Park Theatre, but I have never seen so much of natural politeness, unaffected bearing and simplicity of taste, as graced the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Saturday evening. Adieu !

DUBLIN, JULY 3, 1843.

Leaving other and previous Letters to explain how and why I chance to be here, let me hasten to give a brief account of the GREAT REPEAL MOVEMENT in which Dublin has been engaged, heart and soul, to-day. I was fortunate in witnessing this sublime spectacle—and still more fortunate in having a position that enabled me to see and hear all.

Mr. O'CONNELL, who arrived in Dublin, from a triumphant Repeal visitation through the Island, on Saturday afternoon, sent his nephew to say that he would be happy to see Bishop HUGHES and his friends at half-past nine on Monday (this) morning, at which time we repaired to his residence in Marion Square.

We were received in the Library by Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL, who informed us that his Father had not yet come

down. Presently, however, the "LIBERATOR" appeared, apologizing for late rising with the remark, that he had been "taking a full drink of sleep," as was his custom on returning from his communions with the People. He went, with much enthusiasm, into a description of the mighty up-risings he had witnessed, all distinguished, as he said, for devoted patriotism under the guidance of reason and judgment. At Skibbereen, at Cork, at Galway, &c., where hundreds of thousands assembled, the most perfect order and quiet reigned. So conscious were all classes that these movements would be characterized as much for good order as for enthusiasm, that women and children ventured without hesitation into the currents and streams of human beings. At the Cork meeting over 500 Women were in the Procession.

Our interview with Mr. O'CONNELL closed with an invitation to Dinner at six o'clock that afternoon.

But in the meantime he was to receive "*The Trades of Dublin*" in review, and address a meeting at Donnybrook Green. We therefore returned to his House, by invitation, at eleven o'clock. At twelve, Mr. O'CONNELL appeared upon his Balcony in the presence of tens of thousands who had assembled there, and by whom he was received with acclamation. His two Sons, with a troop of grandchildren, with our party, were with Mr. O'C. in the balcony, for nearly three hours, and until the procession had passed.

Each Trade had its Banners and its Band, and each, as they passed, made the "welkin ring" with their cheers for "Ireland and O'CONNELL."

The Banners told how fatally "The Trades" had suffered from the "Union." That of the Coopers showed

that in 1800 there were 964 of their craft employed, while in 1843 only 183 had work. The Bricklayers, in 1800, were 3,000 strong, but in 1843, only 300 have employment.

On one Banner, with an inscription of "God save the Queen," Mr. O'CONNELL, in *Green*, is kneeling to her Majesty. On another "America and our Friends," appeared conspicuously. Several contained this motto: "United to support, but not combined to injure." And on another, with a fine view of the Irish Parliament House (now the Bank of Ireland) was: "*Our old House and Home.*"

Prominent in the Procession, with a Trumpet, was a man called "Tat of the Road," distinguished for his enthusiastic attachment to Liberty, his herculean strength, and his physical power of endurance.

At a quarter past two, P. M., the last of the Trades (the "Chimney Sweepers," with a wild Band and a rude Banner) passed, and then Mr. O'CONNELL's carriage, with his Son, Bishop HUGHES and Father DE SMET (an eminently philanthropic missionary from the Rocky Mountains, who was our fellow-passenger), followed by that in which the rest of our party rode, entered the Procession.

And then the vast multitude, like the waving of a wheat-field, moved forward to Donnybrook Green, filling the air with its shouts. The streets through which we passed were wedged full of human beings. In the doors and windows, and upon the balconies and roofs, bright eyes beamed and handkerchiefs waved. When the streets narrowed it seemed impossible that such masses could be squeezed through them, but yet by

care, forbearance and kindness, all did get through without the slightest injury. Women, with children in their arms, walked with their husbands in the Procession. The utmost order prevailed. There was no noise but in the cheers that came spontaneously from the heart. There was no drunkenness, nor were any of the proprieties of life disregarded.

A staging, with seats and an awning, was erected in the centre of the Green, around which an immense multitude had assembled before we arrived. "Make way for the Americans" was shouted by those nearest our carriage, and immediately a passage was opened, through which we were cheered on to the staging.

But it was now four o'clock, and after the objects of the meeting had been stated by JOHN O'CONNELL, Esq., and the "LIBERATOR" had commenced, in a mild language and graceful manner, I was compelled, most reluctantly, to return, in order to get my Letters off for the Boston Steamer that leaves Liverpool to-morrow, losing not only the Speech, but the honor of dining with THOMAS STEELE, Esq., and other distinguished Irish gentlemen who had been invited to meet us at Mr. O'CONNELL'S table.

V.

DUBLIN, JULY 3, 1843.

THERE are no bells to awaken or to summon you to Breakfast here, as at our Hotels. Nor are you stunned by the sharp, piercing din of an execrable Gong. Bells are well enough, but I abhor Gongs. Guests begin to repair to the "Coffee Room" about 9 o'clock for Breakfast, which consists generally of a dish of black Tea, dry Toast, sometimes a boiled egg, and always a newspaper. This furnishes occupation for an hour. As I was up and walking or writing early, a piece of boiled salmon or a Porter-House steak was placed upon my table, much to the surprise if not to the horror of my neighbors. Nor is this the only barbarism of which I am guilty. I cannot yet dispense with the Knife as one of the appropriate modes of carrying food to the mouth, though I had learned from Mrs. TROLLOPE, BASIL HALL, and FENNIMORE COOPER, that it was heathenish to do so. I am aware that the knife has fallen into disuse at all fashionable tables even in America, and I am practicing with the fork, but cannot yet say much for the proficiency made, though with the two implements combined I am no second rate trencher man. And then it is painful to reflect that even after the knife is banished, we have but attained to a state of semi-refinement, for until the fork is thrown aside, the supremacy of fashion's law will be but half vindicated. The good Father De

SMET, of whom I have spoken in a former Letter, says that the barbarous custom of using knives and forks at feasts has not reached a primitive race beyond the Rocky Mountains. On one occasion, he says, where he was invited by a powerful Chief to a stew of Dogs, the Master of the Feast so far tolerated his infirmity as to direct a Squaw to hand him the wooden spoon with which the banquet had been stirred, and as the utensil was besmeared with blood and grease, the Lady condescended to cleanse it, with a member which her sex are accused of using most clamorously.

But I am wandering too far from Dublin. At eleven o'clock this morning I repaired to the Catholic Cathedral, a magnificent structure near Sackville street, and in the central part of the city, where I remained during the celebration of high Mass, and to hear a sermon from the Rev. Mr. LAFFAN. The immense aisles were thronged with devout worshippers, and without entering into controverted questions of faith, the solemnities and associations of the sanctuary could not fail to impress all Christians with a deep sense of their religious duties. The heart that realized its obligations to a Creator and a Saviour, of whatever faith or creed, could not hesitate to bend in gratitude and adoration before that Altar. During the several masses an incense was burned which diffused a sweet odor throughout the immense chapel, while the melody of a powerful organ and a rich choir soothed, tranquilized, and subdued all hearts.

The sermon, or perhaps it were better to call it a homily, was familiar and practical. The Preacher's language was somewhat ambitious and his style somewhat florid. I was struck with the quaint manner in which

one of his periods was rounded. He was urging the virtues of fidelity, and as an illustration, dwelt eloquently upon the beautiful history of JOSEPH, who, after his brethren had sold him, rose by means of his virtues from the humblest to the highest rank. This stranger youth, said the Preacher, who had been doomed to menial service in a strange land, by his *fidelity* in discharging every duty, was raised from trust to trust, advanced from post to post, until he had reached the highest station. He was invested with the robes of office. He withheld or dispensed the Royal bounty. So unlimited was the confidence which his *fidelity* had inspired, that he held the keys of the Ethiopian Queen's Exchequer—"Indeed no one could stir hand or foot without him."

I asked a Car-man last evening, to give me half an hour's drive. "And where shall I drive you, sir?" "I want a look at the city," I replied, "show me any part you please." "It's hard telling where to drive a gentleman who does not know where he would go!" Repeating the same desire to him, he looked "bothered" and scratched his head, and then said, "Perhaps you would not like to pay eighteen pence for half an hour's ride?" I told him I would pay the regular fare, and mounted the jaunting car (a delightful vehicle, as I believe I have said before), which he put in motion. I informed him that I was a stranger, and asked him to point out any object of interest that we might pass. Seeing a placard on a corner for the Repeal Meeting at Donnybrook Green the next day, I remarked that there was a Repeal Meeting in New York the day I sailed. This waked my man up. "And did you come over with

the money that was sent us from America?" I said no, the money was raised after I left, but that I was a Repealer. "Thank God that you are, sir, and now I shall drive you with pleasure as far as you wish to ride. Is it to the Strawberry Gardens that you'll go?" I inquired the distance. "Four miles, sir, and it's a charming place, and this is just the time to see the Gardens, for it's thousands of bright eyes and beautiful faces will smile upon you." I said it was too far to-night. "Don't say that, sir. I will have you there in no time, and it's only the eighteen pence I'll take, for I'll be well paid in the pleasure of hearing you speak about America, that blessed country, that's a home for the poor creatures as would be starvin' here. I've a sister in New York, and a cousin in Baltimore, who write back that they eat the Pigs themselves, and have plenty of bread to their potatoes." I asked how he thought the "repeal" was going on. "We are sure to get it, sir, in time, and then the grass will not be growing in Dublin, under our feet as you see it now." When we returned to the Hotel, I told him to call between nine and ten in the morning and take me to the Barracks; but before that time our destination had been changed, Mr. O'CONNELL having sent word to Bishop HUGHES that he would be glad to see him and his friends at half-past nine. The Car-man's cup, however, overflowed with joy, for he had the honor of jaunting our party to Marion Square, and standing, distinguished above his fellows, for an hour and a half in waiting (as the thousands who surrounded him seemed to have found out) for the "Lord Bishop of New York and his friends."

I gave, in a former Letter, very hastily written, some account of the great Donnybrook Repeal Meeting, and would enlarge upon it if the newspapers did not contain a full Report of the Proceedings. It was the peaceable uprising of an oppressed People. There was no violence, but there was much determination. One or two of the Orators (Messrs. STEELE and GRATTAN) spoke vehemently and with denunciations, but their invectives awakened no fierceness in the multitude. On the contrary, when Mr. O'CONNELL charged them to obey the laws and uphold the Constitution, they fully appreciated the wisdom of his exhortation. In the course of his speech Mr. O'CONNELL urged industry and temperance upon them. Temperate men, he said, could be most useful to themselves, their families and their country! "Are there any teetotalers among you?" "Yes," loudly responded those nearest the stand. "How many?" "Thousands," was the reply. "Then let us have a show of teetotalers' hands." And instantly tens and twenties of thousands of hands were raised high!

It may be said with much truth and emphasis, that "the Schoolmaster is abroad" in Ireland. The aim of "Agitation" is to instruct and discipline the People. "Repeal" discussions teach them the nature of their wrongs and the modes of redress. And these lessons are universally diffused. Unless I utterly mistake the "Signs of the Times," Mr. O'CONNELL and Father MATHEW are elevating their countrymen to an intellectual and moral equality that will prove far more effectual in the great work to be accomplished, than mere physical force. Argument and reason, rather than flints and bayonets, are the weapons to be wielded in

the warfare Ireland is waging for her Restoration to the Family of Nations. How idle, therefore, is the threat, and how impotent the power of the ministry to put down "Repeal Meetings" by force !

I have, from my earliest youth, sympathized warmly with Ireland, but I never knew—no one can know without coming here—how grievously oppressed and how utterly down-trodden her People are. The iron heel of the Lordly few is imprinted in furrows and wrinkles upon the faces of millions. They are the victims of injustice and rapacity in all their forms and phases. In the Agricultural districts tenants whose lot is distinguished by something less of privation and suffering than their fellows, owe their better fortune to the kindlier natures of their Lords. There are, I am glad to be able to say, Noblemen in Ireland who, when a tenant cannot pay a rent of six pounds to the acre, will take five ; or when the crops are bad, will not turn Families adrift to starve ; and what is still better, there is here and there a Land-holder who regards his tenants as in some sort his children, and is mindful and solicitous for their welfare. The residences of these good men are readily distinguished by the neat and comfortable appearance of the cabins on his domain, and by the tidy and cheerful looks and manner of his tenants.

The Queen is personally very popular in Ireland. I heard many warm commendations of her from Repealers. Much indignation is expressed against the Ministry for getting up the "panic," for the purpose, as is alleged here, to prevent her Majesty's contemplated visit to Ireland.

Mr. O'CONNELL not only speaks but thinks highly of

the Queen. Her head and heart, he says, are sound. I have heard, from a source which is entitled to credence, a fact which speaks as well for Her Majesty's intellect as for her principles. Sir Robert Peel, in some part of the Irish debate, in support of his avowed determination to put down "Repeal" by force, if force should become necessary, remarked that the sentiments of the late Monarch, upon this subject, were the sentiments of her present Majesty. When this statement reached Buckingham Palace, the Premier was summoned, and the Queen is understood to have said—"In asking you, Sir Robert, to accept the Ministerial responsibilities of the Government, I yielded to a necessity of the constitution, without any change or compromise of my principles. If it should be necessary, in the discharge of your duty, to interpret my sentiments, I hope you will not again impose upon me the task of disavowing them."

VI.

LIVERPOOL, JULY 5, 1843.

I LEFT Dublin, as stated in a former hasty Letter giving a brief account of the great Repeal Rally in that city, on the afternoon of the 3d inst. Passengers are taken to Kingstown (6 miles) upon the only Railway (they don't call 'em *Roads* here) Ireland boasts. At Kingstown we took the steamer "Queen Victoria," a strong, seaworthy vessel, commanded by an old fellow in an undress naval uniform, who was evidently mindful alone of his duty. She usually makes about 8 knots to the hour, but we had a fresh breeze from the right quarter, and with the aid of canvas, made ten knots. The navigation is difficult in rough weather. Everything, therefore, on board these steamers, is made strong and fast. In coming in and going out of the docks, they handle her as if she was made of glass.

The fare from Kingstown to Liverpool (120 miles) is one pound, or \$5. Having left Dublin, after a long day's excitement, without the Dinner I *was* to have taken at Mr. O'CONNELL's, I inquired of a waiter if they "eat us on board?" "There is Tay for the Passengers at 7 o'clock, Sir," was the reply. "Do you give meat or fish?" "There is plenty of cold beef, mutton and chicken, your honor. In troth it's a Dinner, barring the hot paraties."

There were about forty passengers, among whom was a "Peer of the Realm," with his Lady, Carriages,

Horses and retinue. He was a plainly dressed, dull looking man, whose lusty, unintellectual Wife might sit in Fulton Market without being supposed out of her sphere. There was, beside myself, a Yankee on board, but as I believe Americans do not always recognize each other abroad, I did not speak to him. An English gentleman with whom I happened to be seated in the Car from Dublin, finding me not "to the manor born," was attentive and communicative. He had traveled much (on the Continent) and was beginning to think America, about which country Lord MORPETH had given him favorable accounts, would be worth visiting, after we should wipe out the stain of Repudiation. We got on with conversation very pleasantly until the Dublin Repeal Meeting was introduced. On this topic we "snagg'd," and differing so radically about Ireland, he took advantage of a lapse in the conversation to join the party with which he was traveling, to whom, as I passed to the other side of the Boat, I heard him say, "The Yankee is an out-and-out Repealer."

At Tea I sat opposite a burly Yorkshireman whose English was almost unintelligible. "Take tea or coffee, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Dom your tea — gi'e us beer." This man, as I gathered from his talk with a countryman, had been in Ireland purchasing cattle. In manner and language he reminded me of DICKENS' "John Brodie," though I doubt whether Nicholas Nickleby, or poor Smike, would have found him half as generous.

I found my berth at 10 o'clock and slept till 3 in the morning, when, it being broad daylight, I went on deck. We were about 18 miles from Liverpool, and near the

land, the aspect of which was rough and barren. In an hour we entered the river Mersey and began to catch glimpses of Liverpool. Here we met a fleet of fishing smacks putting out into the channel. Steamers from various points of the compass, were seen converging towards the narrow entrance to the harbor. The harbor itself was crowded with ships riding at anchor, with cargoes, waiting either for a berth within the Docks or a tide to get into the Channel. We saw also several ships outward bound in tow by steam-tugs.

I found my friends SCHOOLCRAFT and LEITCH (WATROUS went through Ireland with me) at the "Star and Garter," not restless and impatient, as I feared, but in the quiet and philosophic enjoyment of the comforts of an excellent Inn, with their minds wholly abstracted from all concern about Trade or Banking. Indeed you cannot well conceive how entirely these thorough business men have rid themselves from care. All their thoughts of home relate to family and friends. I would not undertake to say positively that a "large Tea sale" or "a first rate bond and mortgage" would not seduce them from their breakfasts before ten in the morning, but I doubt it. They are no longer slaves to the "almighty dollar."

Though Liverpool is the second, if not the first Commercial City in the world, there are but few attractions here for mere tourists. The merchant lingers about its Docks, its Exchanges, &c., &c., more naturally. Its magnificent Docks, where vessels discharge and load without being affected by a tide that ebbs and flows twenty-two feet, are among the noblest artificial achievements of the age or nation. Without these

Docks, commerce, to any considerable extent, would not have thrived here. But with them, Liverpool has become great and rich. The evidences of her wealth strike you in the magnitude, massiveness and number of her Public Buildings, the costly character of her stores and warehouses, the large amount of capital invested in trade, &c., &c. Let me give you some notion of the cost of the Public Buildings here. The Depot of the Manchester Railway occupies more ground than our Capitol, City and State Halls, and cost as much money as the two former buildings; and the other public edifices are constructed in the same liberal manner. The Post-office and Custom House, with the offices which connect them, are splendid structures. The Manchester Railway, for a mile and a half from its Depot, runs through a Tunnel constructed under the street in the heart of the city. Since the "Honorable the East India Company" lost its charter, Liverpool has gone extensively into that branch of commerce. S—— went into a block of East India stores on the quay, and found six stories of each of the eight stores filled with Tea. Liverpool is indebted for much of its wealth to the Slave Trade, in which her citizens were for many years extensively engaged. The population is less than 200,000. The Town Hall is a noble building, in which several portraits of Noblemen and Monarchs of England, by approved masters, are suspended. The Unitarian Church, a few doors from our inn, has a brother of Miss MARTINEAU for its Pastor. While I write (8 P. M.) three chimes of Bells, from as many towers, are pealing merrily. I intend, before I leave, to visit the Institution for the Blind, and the Zoölogical

Gardens, each of which are said to reflect much credit upon the citizens of Liverpool.

Cherries, Strawberries and Gooseberries, much larger than I have ever seen them—especially the two latter—abound here; but they are dear, and compared with ours, vapid and tasteless. The strawberries, though of mammoth size, delight the eye only. They lack the delicious flavor which our climate imparts to them. Cherries sell at 18 cents a pound, strawberries about the same, and gooseberries at something less.

Soles, with Lobster sauce, a delicacy that I have heard Englishmen go into ecstasies about, are, to my taste, far inferior to the Trout, the Salmon or the Shad, of which latter fish they know nothing here.

Yesterday all the American Ships in the Docks and Harbors were tastefully dressed with flags and streamers, in honor of our National Anniversary, and the American Sailors celebrated the Day on shore at their Boarding Houses. I strolled along the docks to refresh the spirit of patriotism by a view of the glorious STRIPES and STARS. Captains BURROWS and GLOVER dined with us, and we drank "Our Country and its Birthday," the "Memory of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN and LAFAYETTE," and "The Army and Navy of the United States."

JULY 6.

We took an early breakfast this morning and left Liverpool at half-past seven for Chester and Eaton Hall, the former, as is known, being one of the only two walled cities in England, and the latter the splendid mansion of the Marquis of Westminster (formerly Earl GROSVENOR) who is one of the wealthiest Peers of the

Realm. We crossed the Mersey to Birkenhead and there took the Railway to Chester, 16 miles. Chester is a place of much historical interest. That portion of it inclosed by the wall is hoary with age. Its ruins commemorate events and eras of great magnitude and antiquity. The city was occupied for a long time by the Roman invaders, of whom many memorials remain. Its principal business streets have covered porticoes, elevated several feet above the pave through which pedestrians pass, and beneath which are shops level with the street. There is a canal running through the city, in some places excavated forty and even fifty feet through rock; and the river Dee makes a fine sweep around two sides of the city. St. John's Church, supposed to have been erected by **ETHELRED**, in 680, is a splendid, but fast crumbling ruin. What remains of its Tower, composed of red sandstone, dissolves into particles at the slightest touch. The Cathedral, a much more extensive structure, and more than ten centuries have passed since its erection, is in a far better state of preservation. The dust of unnumbered Nobles, Abbots, Monks, Priests, &c., repose in the tombs, the niches and the recesses, and beneath the entablatures of this magnificent edifice. Its choir displays a profusion of ancient carvings, perfectly preserved. High above the choir is a spacious gallery on both sides, extending the whole way across the buildings, where the nuns are said to have sat; and below is a wide hall, running through two extensive angles of the building, and in front of gloomy, dungeon-like cells, the Monks are said to have walked and lodged. The heads of the ancient Dignitaries of the church, more or less mutilated, appear, cut from stone,

upon the walls. The Sexton, with his "grave-diggers," was engaged in one of the Vaults, within the Abbey, from which two coffins had been taken. They looked so old that I inquired, after the manner of HAMLET, if he knew their history, and was informed that they were children who had not been buried more than twenty-eight or thirty years. He then showed us into the Vestry, the Chapter and the Library. This splendid building, though erected by those holding to a different doctrine, has long been, and is now, a Protestant Cathedral.

Leaving the Cathedral, we ascended and walked about the city upon its wall. Adjoining it is the ruin of an ancient Abbey, in the tower of which, as a placard apprised us, is now a Museum and Panorama. Farther on, we came to an old battlement, connected with the wall, from the top of which King CHARLES THE FIRST stood and saw his army routed and destroyed upon Rowton Moor, in 1645. The remains of the poet PARNELL, repose here in the cemetery of Trinity Church.

Having seen the objects of the most striking interest in Chester, we started for Eaton Hall. The first demonstration of the wealth and munificence of the Marquis of Westminster that attracts attention is a stone bridge over the River Dee, the Arch of which has a span of 200 feet. Crossing this, we entered upon the broad, beautiful and highly cultivated grounds of this wealthy Nobleman. The Porter's Lodge, through which we entered, might easily enough have been mistaken for the residence of some gentleman of fortune. After driving a mile through the "Preserves" (woods), we came to extensive meadows in which large herds of

cattle, of the best breeds, of course, were grazing. Then came the Park, in which Deer were seen in all directions. Several large droves of them were seen in the distance, and soon our carriage passed within a rod of some fifteen or twenty. You will be surprised when I tell you that the number of Deer in this park is over 600. In the Preserves, Rabbits are "as thick as blackberries." Among the Deer were a large number of Fawns.

We were driven into the spacious Carriage Yard, the various out-houses surrounding which constituted a small village. The "Hall" fronts upon an ample lawn which looks out through a long vista of surpassing beauty. The building is of Gothic order, and has the appearance of being of modern construction. The Porter informed us that we were half an hour too early to see the "Hall." We repaired, therefore, to the Garden Gate, the bell to which was soon answered by the Gardener, who showed us through his enchanting dominions. I will not weaken the effect of these changing, variegated, but ever bright and beautiful scenes, by any attempt to describe them. We may boast with just pride, of our own Floral achievements, but the only comparison I dare hazard must be based upon a combination of all that is rich and rare in the Gardens of Messrs. BUEL, WILSON, THORBURN, PRENTICE, PAGE, the PATROON, &c., &c. But in Fruit, though every exertion is made to obtain the best, the comparison is as much, or more, in our favor. There is more good Fruit in Mr. DENNISTON's Garden, than is seen, or can be produced in the Liverpool Market. The hot-houses of the Marquis of Westminster produce large and delicious

Peaches and Grapes, as, also, are the Pine Apples ; but their "wall fruit" is in all respects inferior to ours. The Garden occupies nearly or quite an hundred acres. In one of the arbors is an Altar, discovered in the ruins at Chester in 1821, where it had been left by the Romans. Among the hot-house plants are several American Aloes (century plants), one of which is expected to flower within four or five years. The hot-houses, through several of which, ten and fifteen rods long, we passed, stood at a temperature varying from 80 to 90, and were filled with plants, flowers and fruits. Among the latter were peaches of the largest size, and judging from the odor they imparted, of the most delicious character. These, with the grapes, are picked as they ripen, and sent up to London, where the Family remain till August.

I will attempt no farther description of Eaton Hall than to say that it is one of the magnificent mansions that the overgrown wealth of England has produced. We were seated for half an hour in the Entrance Hall, the floor of which is of richly variegated Marble, and in the niches are several effigy. Knights, in the Armour worn by the Ancestors of the present Marquis. After showing a previous party through, the primly dressed Duenna, with much politeness and an apparent desire to communicate all that was of interest, walked us through apartments in which Knights, Barons, Lords and Monarchs have reveled for centuries. The Hall running through the Mansion is hung with Family Portraits. In the Dining Room are full lengths of the Marquis and his Lady. In the Chapel is a scripture piece by RUBENS, and in the Drawing Room are two scriptural paint-

ings by our countryman, WEST. But we had no time to examine these treasures of the brush and palette. There were a large number of enameled Portraits, upon glass, in the windows, which cost £600 each. The Doors connecting the different apartments cost each 100 guineas.

We returned by a different route for the purpose of seeing some of his Lordship's high-blooded horses, one of which ("Touchstone") is said to be the best horse in the world. An idea of his value may be formed from the fact that Lord Chesterfield offered, and the Marquis refused to take 4,500 guineas for him. The groom then showed us two of "Touchstone's Foals," just taken off the Dams," that, though but five months old, would bring an hundred guineas. We dined at Chester, and returned in carriages by a different and far more interesting road, from which we diverged for the purpose of riding through the extensive estate of Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, who keeps fast horses and hounds, is a sportsman and gambler, and, of course, is deeply in debt. The day being fine, our ride back was exceedingly pleasant. For several miles we had a view of an extensive range of mountains in Wales. You would be most agreeably struck here with the perfection of form and symmetry in English cattle. Instead of a mere sprinkling of the beautiful animals imported by the Patroon and Messrs. PRENTICE, CORNING, BEMENT, &c., the pastures are filled with such only. Indeed, the inferior breeds of cattle are as entirely extinct here, as are the long leg and snout swine among good farmers in America.

England, you know, is celebrated for the ingenuity

displayed in the designation of Inns. At and about Chester I saw "Pie'd Bull Inn," "The Black Ram Inn," "The Crow's Nest Inn," "The Elephant Arms Inn," &c., and over most of the Doors, three Kegs and a bunch of grapes are suspended.

This being the Queen's birth day, large pleasuring parties were enjoying country air and scenery. We left our carriages six miles from Liverpool, and, while waiting for the steamer, went into a grove where a party of joyous youths (Ladies and Gentlemen) were "dancing upon the green" to the music of a violin and clarionet. This was one of those gay pastoral scenes which constitute the poetry of life.

We had heard much and experienced something of the rapacious character of English Servants, Coachmen, &c., &c., but the impudence of the fellows who drove us from Chester (10 miles) in one horse vehicles, is worthy of remark. We paid a pound (\$5) for the vehicles, and then gave two shillings (or fifty cents) to each Driver, with which they were dissatisfied, and they continued to grumble after we gave each twenty-five cents in addition.

Since this Letter was commenced, I am informed that Eaton Hall was rebuilt in 1813, at an expense of two millions sterling. The Marquis is 76 years old and of infirm health. He has much other property in and about London.

We returned at half-past eight, where we were rejoined by our friends (Bishop HUGHES, Father DE SMET and Mr. SMETS) whom we left in Dublin, and with whom we soon depart for London.

VII.

LIVERPOOL, JULY 7, 1843.

HAVING passed four hours of two successive days at the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, viewing the wonders of Mechanism, Painting, Sculpture and Science, displayed by the "Polytechnic Exhibition," I cannot resist the inclination to give you some idea of the magnitude of this extraordinary collection. It will, however, be but a feeble outline of the most striking objects of interest. Anything like a description of them would fill volumes.

The Liverpool Collegiate Institution is as large as the New York City Hall. Four stories and forty-two rooms are occupied with the Polytechnic Exhibition, which continues during the Summer Vacation. The Exhibition, in character and design, is identical with the Fair of the American Institute. The latter shows what Young America is doing — the former what Old England has accomplished.

Room No. 1 is devoted to Gas Apparatus, Patent Stoves, &c., in which we are not far behind John Bull. No. 2 exhibits Cooking Apparatus and Agricultural Implements, where we also can boast of our Exhibitions. No. 3, with decorative Gilding, was no better than ours. In No. 4 were numerous and beautiful Models of Ships, Steamers, &c., but here, too, we are their equals. No. 5, with Models of Railways, and No.

6, for Book-binding, show nothing that we cannot do as well. No. 7, Paisley Shawl Room, exhibited specimens of ingenuity and industry that ought to secure its citizens against starvation. No. 8 exhibited more Nautical Models; No. 9, Potter's Ware; No. 10, Mechanical Model of Hobart Town; No. 11, Refreshment Room; No. 12, Fountain and Plants, both of which were very beautiful. No. 13 is the Room where the Collegiate Board meets. It contains many full length Portraits of Kings, Noblemen and celebrated men, by the best Artists, among which you see GEORGE III and IV, GEORGE CANNING, Lord STANLEY, Mr. HUSKINSON, NAPOLEON, Duke of CLARENCE, Duke of WELLINGTON, Duke of YORK, Mr. GLADSTONE, &c., &c., by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, Sir GODFREY KNELLER, BRADLEY, and other eminent Painters. No. 14 exhibits 46 recent improvements in Machinery, all of which were in motion by Steam. No. 15 displayed the recently invented Machine for setting and distributing Type, which I both believe and hope will prove a failure, for I cannot endure the thought of seeing the "Art preservative of all Arts," to which the world is indebted for a FRANKLIN, degenerate into mere mechanism. Let us preserve what there is left of the intellectuality of Printing. No. 16 contains improvements in Electricity, Galvanism, Weights and Measures. No. 17, Hearth-Rug and Carpet Rooms. No. 18, Stocking Weaver's Looms. No. 19, Fringe Looms.

Room No. 20 contains the Rev. Dr. RAFFLE's extensive and most precious collection of Autographs and Manuscripts, and here I lingered with a devotion not unworthy of our Reverend and excellent Dr. SPRAGUE, for hours,

and then was forced to go away unsatisfied. I must give you some idea of the magnitude and value of these treasures—treasures, too, that like the Sybilline leaves, increase in value as they diminish in number. Of the Kings and Royal Family of England, there are original signatures or Letters of fifty-one different individuals. Of the Kings, &c., of France, thirteen original Signatures or Letters. Of the miscellaneous Autographs and Letters (amounting in number to 161) from illustrious Generals, Philosophers, Philanthropists, Statesmen, Poets, Painters, Authors, &c., &c., &c., I will give you a specimen. “A Letter from RICHARD BAXTER,” addressed to all that fear God in the borough and parish of Kidderminster, dated Tatteridge, near Burnett, Feb. 10. There are Letters from THEODORE BEZA, the Reformer; from the Regicide BRADSHAW; the autograph of John BUNYAN; Notes of Mr. BURKE’s Speech on the Impeachment of WARREN HASTINGS; a receipt of CALVIN, the Reformer, for his salary as a Minister at Geneva, dated 1551; Letter of CANOVA to Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE; Letter of Lord CHATHAM; Letter from WILLIAM COWPER; the Signature of the Martyr CRANMER, to a document dated Aug. 9, 1547; a Letter of the Earl of Derby, dated “Knowlesby, my home this iiii of Auguste, 1586”; a Letter of CHARLES JAMES FOX; a Letter from BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; the original Manuscript of Bishop HEBER’s “From Greenland’s Icy Mountains”; a Letter from the Author of “HERVEY’s Meditations”; a Letter of Dr. JOHNSON to Miss PORTER, his relative, of Litchfield; a Letter of LA FAYETTE; Signature of the Earl of Leicester, Queen ELIZABETH’s favorite; Note of Lord MANSFIELD; a Letter from the Duke of Marlborough,

dated "Hague, Sept. 3, 1701"; a Greek Letter from MELANCTHON; a Letter from Sir JOHN MOORE; a Letter of Lord NELSON, dated on board the Victory, July 1, 1805; Autograph of Sir ISAAC NEWTON; a Letter of WILLIAM PENN; a Letter of POPE; a Letter of RICHARD RAIKES, the founder of Sunday Schools; the Manuscript of the 1st chapter of the 3d volume (English edition) of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Kenilworth; a Letter of Mrs. SIDDONS; a Note from LAURENCE STERNE; the last Letter but one written by JOHN WESLEY; a Letter of ZIMMERMAN; an ancient Deed executed by Queen ANNE; the Manuscript of BURNS' "Elegy on the late Miss BURNET of Monboddo," &c., &c., &c.

Room No. 21 was devoted to Antiquities, curiosities, &c., which amounted in number to more than seven hundred, and in character were rare, unique and interesting. Days might be passed delightfully in this room, but I was forced to limit my examinations to an hour. These treasures were contributed for the Exhibition only, by distinguished Antiquarians in different parts of the Kingdom. I will designate a few of them. A needlework Cap worn by Queen ELIZABETH; among the walking sticks which attracted notice was one cut from the Ruin of Palenque, and another at the Falls of Niagara; one of CROMWELL'S basket-hilted Swords; two Affghanistan Swords; a Polish Pistol of 1662, and a Hungarian Portal of 1460; a fragment of the ship-plank upon which Lord NELSON fell mortally wounded; ancient Stone Hatchet found in a ruin at Armagh, in Ireland; an ancient Roman Brass Mortar, full of Roman Coins, dug up in Salisbury Plain; a cast of HANNAH MORE; the Cap, Gloves and Shoes worn by Lord BYRON

at Missolonghi; a Snuff Box with a Cameo of NAPOLEON, MARIA LOUISA and the King of Rome; a Crucifix made from a bone of MARTIN LUTHER; History of the World by Sir WALTER RALEIGH; a fac-simile of WASHINGTON's Revolutionary Accounts; a Shakspeare Cup very elegantly carved from a Mulberry Tree planted by the Bard himself, with a Medallion of the Poet, and these words by GARRICK:

"Behold this fair goblet—'twas carved from the tree,
 "Which, O my sweet SHAKSPEARE was planted by thee.
 "As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
 "What comes from *thy* hand must be ever divine."

In Room 22 there is Lithograph and Copperplate Printing; No. 23 is devoted to Philosophical Apparatus, Glass Cutlery, Blowing, &c.; No. 24 is the Chinese Room, of the nature and interest of which those who saw the Chinese curiosities exhibited at Philadelphia can form an opinion.

In Room No. 25 is what the proprietor has very appropriately called "*The Happy Family.*" It is a large cage, in which a Family of upwards of one hundred in number, made up of cats, rats, hawks, starlings, owls, doves, monkeys, mice, squirrels, porcupines, rabbits, &c., &c., dwell together in perfect amity, and manifest for each other much and mutual affection. When I went in a large grimalkin was asleep, and four huge rats lay reposing upon her back, while her kittens and two young rats were at their gambols about the old folks! An owl was feeding a starling with fresh meat. These animals are very playful, and the birds are musical. It is an assimilation of hostile natures which fulfills much scripture. This room attracts and delights all visitors. A friend who went there with me is in

treaty with the Proprietor of the "Happy Family," and is not unlikely to tempt him across the Atlantic.

Room No. 26 exhibits Mercantile and Mechanical specimens in great varieties; No. 27, specimens of Iron manufactures; No. 28, illustrations of the History of Liverpool; No. 29, Natural History — some 500 specimens; No. 30, a Gothic Hall; No. 31, articles of Taste and Vertu; No. 32, Sculpture Gallery; No. 33, Architectural Drawings and Models; No. 34, Anatomical Models and Preparations.

Rooms from No. 34 to No. 42, inclusive, were devoted to Paintings, Engravings and Prints. Here, too, where days might be passed pleasantly, we had but hours. The principal Gallery contains 213 Paintings by British Artists, and 207 by Foreign Artists. The whole number of Paintings in the exhibition exceeds 600. Of their value some estimate may be formed when their character is known. I will name a few which, in passing, arrest and rivet the attention. A Portrait of CANOVA, by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE; Portrait of SAMUEL FOOTE, by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS; Portrait of Lord Hood, by the same Artist; Village Girl, by BRADLEY; Stopping the Supplies, by THOMAS WEBSTER; Caleb Balderstone, from the Bride of Lammermoor, by BISHOP; Christ's entry into Jerusalem, by AGLIO; Portrait of HOGARTH, by himself; the Bride of Lammermoor, by LANDER; Portrait of Mrs. MONTAGUE, by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS; (she had flowing fiery-red hair, with sharp features and flashing eyes.) The Passions, a glowing Picture, by an unknown Artist; the Deserter, by GEORGE MORLAND; John Gilpin (a glorious picture), by WITHERINGTON; Don Quixote, in his study

(an exaggeration), by HANELL; the Marys at the Sepulchre, by TOWNSEND; a Seaport, by CLAUDE LORRAINE; Holy Family, by P. PAUL RUBENS; Departure of Jacob, by REMBRANDT; Woman anointing the feet of the Savior, by PAUL VERONESE; Woman taken in Adultery, by TITIAN; Dead Christ with Saints, by VANDYKE; Dutch Fair, by TENIERS; Love Crowning Science, by GUIDO; Jason and Medea, by SALVATOR ROSA; Conversion of Saul, by RUBENS; Head of Cicero, after death, by CARLO DOLCI; Rembrandt's Daughter, by REMBRANDT; Howard relieving a distressed Family, by WHEATLEY; Portrait of HANDEL, by HOGARTH; REMBRANDT's magnificent picture of "Belshazzar's Feast," contributed for the exhibition by the Earl of DERBY. There were many pictures by old masters which I have not mentioned, and which, though esteemed as among the finest efforts of genius, I could not appreciate; and indeed, to my rude taste and defective judgment, there were many of the productions of comparatively unknown Artists, far superior, in all respects, to some by Artists whose names impart value and stamp fame upon their works. But I must leave the Polytechnic Exhibition.

In a former Letter I spoke of Liverpool as having been extensively and profitably engaged in the Slave Trade. I have since ascertained that its sins, in this respect, were of the deepest and darkest hue. An extensive block of stores on the quay, erected by Merchants engaged in the Slave Trade, took the name of the "Goree Piazza," which they still retain. GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, the great Tragedian, who came on the stage here in 1779, to play Richard the Third, after having knelt too devoutly at the shrine of Bacchus, was

loudly hissed, but after resolute efforts to hiss and pelt him off, finally obtained a hearing, and addressed the audience as follows:—

“It is hard enough to submit to the degradation of such a profession as that in which I appear, but it is the lowest depth of disgrace to play the buffoon for the amusement of a set of wretches, every stone of whose streets, every brick of whose houses, every block of whose docks, is grouted and cemented by the blood and marrow of the stolen and murdered African.”

It is added that the indignant and withering rebuke of a drunken play-actor was more effective, in arousing the shame or stinging the conscience of the Liverpool African Merchants, than the appeals of CLARKSON or WILBERFORCE.

This rebuke of the African Merchants of Liverpool reminds me of an incident that occurred at Mr. O'CONNELL'S, in Dublin. While in the Library waiting for Mr. O'C., we were struck with two links of an ugly-looking iron chain and broken manacle which hung in the room, and after some speculation about the probability of its having been used by the Government to enslave or oppress some of the Patriots of 1798, Mr. O'C. entered, and before we left, Bishop HUGHES remarked to him that we were curious to know the history of that broken chain. “That chain,” replied Mr. O'C., “reveals a sad history of cruelty to a stolen negro, from whose leg it was taken. I fear America is implicated, but of this I am not sure” — here he was interrupted by a committee, and we lost the remainder of his story.

Strangers are struck with the herculean strength of

the Liverpool Dray Horses, than which the world does not produce finer animals. The Drays to which they are attached weigh a ton. I scarcely dare tell how enormously they load these Drays, lest the statement should be discredited. We saw one to which two horses were attached, drawing five hogsheads of sugar up a street of an elevation equal to that of State street opposite the Evening Journal Office. And this seemed but a moderate load.

We had some amusement but not much difficulty at the Custom House, where those of us who had landed in Ireland found our trunks, &c. The officers were very courteous to me, and though I had a package of sealed letters that ought to have gone into the mail, and a few contraband Periodicals, they allowed them to pass. Father DE SMET, who has a Trunk full of Indian Wardrobes, War implements, Medicine bags, &c., was let through for a trifle; but Bishop HUGHES, for whom a friend had put up two small bottles of Snuff (about a pound), had to pay a duty of eighteen shillings, or four dollars. "You must do this, sir," said the officer, "in honor of the Queen" — "for which I should like to give her Majesty a *pinch*," replied the Bishop. If the snuff is as good as the *pun*, I should not object to pay the duty on it. Adieu.

VIII.

LONDON, JULY 8, 1843—7 P. M.

THIS is London! And here I am in the World's great, busy, bustling Babel! And though it is less than an hour since the "Bus" dropped us at "mine Inn," I have already threaded Fleet street and Cheapside, walked up Ludgate Hill, round St. Paul's, and stood upon Blackfriar's Bridge, viewing the river Thames, with all the wonder and admiration that had been excited by Nursery Tales, Travellers and Books, for nearly forty years. With this foretaste of objects which I already feel will awaken much enthusiasm, I returned to my lodgings content to look at other lions more leisurely. In the meantime let me glance back upon our "presto-be-gone" jaunt from Liverpool, which place we left at a quarter past 8 o'clock this morning.

Our party (six in number) filled one apartment. The Cars, in the form of Coaches, are very commodious. Each passenger (first class) has cushions to rest his arms and incline his head upon. The first mile and a quarter is through a Tunnel, upon which the city reposes. Emerging from this we pass rapidly through the highly cultivated suburbs of Liverpool, to which succeeds an Agricultural country in a like state of cultivation. The objects which attract attention at a distance indicate, by high spiral chimneys emitting dense columns of black smoke, the numerous manufacturing establishments with

which England abounds. Meadow and Pasture and Lawn and Grove, all described by hedges and clothed in verdure, were passed so rapidly that we seemed to be constantly viewing the same objects. Everything was beautiful—nothing bold—everything charmed—nothing startled. There were gurgling brooks and limpid streams—but no mountain torrents or dashing rivers. There were cherished Groves and much valued Preserves—but no tall Pines, spreading Elms, graceful Maples or stalwart Oaks to relieve and diversify these otherwise delightful views. In truth, after luxuriating for a time upon all that can be done to adorn and variegate a rural and even surface, the eye wearies for some of the bolder beauties along our magnificent Hudson and in the valley of the picturesque Mohawk.

We passed, on our way, through the towns of Wolverton, Crew, Harrow, Brandon, Rugby, Weeden, Stafford, Wolverhampton, Tring, Boxmoor, Blisworth, Watford, Leighton, &c., &c., making very brief stops at a few of them. The Railway is admirably managed, as everything can be, where there is no stint of expenditure. The agents and servants of the company are in livery, and move with military precision. Clocks are exposed at each station, by which the arrivals and departures of the Trains are regulated to a second. We were allowed thirty minutes for Dinner at Birmingham, the great manufacturing town of England, of which I shall only remark now (intending to have a day there), that it has the appearance of an enormous Smoke-House. Coventry, through which place I believe Sir John Falstaff refused to “march his raggamuffins,” is a delightful town. I can imagine many worse things

than being "put into Coventry." We passed it too rapidly to get a look at "Peeping Tom."

Smoking is strictly prohibited in the cars, but the penalty (forty shillings) does not attach unless the offender "persists in smoking after he has been apprised of the regulations." After Dinner, having segars and matches with us, we fired up, and as nobody comes near Passengers between the stations, we enjoyed our Havanas, the luxury of which was not diminished by the circumstance that we were sinning in a small way.

The duty on Tobacco in England and France is enormous. I was startled to learn, what every American ought to know, that England derives an annual revenue of about fifteen millions, and France a still larger sum, from duties upon Tobacco! And this is purely a duty for revenue. In urging their Free Trade doctrine upon Congress, if our Southern brethren would only insist upon *reciprocal* Free Trade, the increased demand for Tobacco, with the increased value of the article to the producer, would bring prosperity and wealth to the Tobacco producing States.

Our approach to London, by the Railway, was not indicated either by suburbs dotted with mansions of the gentry, nor by clusters of neat cottages, nor by the dilapidated and windowless abodes of the wretched and vicious. We came from a rich Agricultural country plump into London. Each one of our party had been recommended by friends to particular Hotels, but at the suggestion of a fellow-passenger, who had been much in London, we determined to try "Radley's Family Hotel, New Bridge st. City," to which place we were

taken by an Omnibus, without experiencing either delay or confusion in obtaining our luggage.

The distance from Liverpool to London by Railway, is about 200 miles, which we accomplished in ten hours.

SUNDAY, July 9.

Immediately after breakfast this morning I took a position on Blackfriar's Bridge, which is central as between the Seven Bridges across the Thames, within the boundaries of London. The River seemed alive with small Iron Steamers, resembling barges, with no external show of machinery (carrying from one to two hundred people) and filled with tradesmen and shopkeepers of both sexes, making water excursions out of London. The morning was pleasant, and you cannot imagine a more interesting view than was presented by these steamers, gliding like "things of life" up and down the river, stopping every few rods to receive or drop Passengers. The names of these steamers are as romantic as their appearance and models are beautiful. I made a memorandum of the following that passed in less than half an hour: "Primrose," "Bride," "Pink," "Tulip," "Snow Drop," "Bridemaid," "Lilly," "Sweetbrier," "Rose," with others like the "Falcon," "Naiad," "Victoria," &c.

At half past 10 o'clock I went to St. Paul's Church, into the Gallery of which we were ushered by a sort of beadle with a black gown and staff. A clergyman was drawling out the impressive and solemn morning service of the Church of England, in a manner and tone so cold and unimpassioned that it would have thrown an American congregation into an ague fit. And the

effective and devotional chaunts were executed by two lazy choristers and nine boys, in surplices, without animation, harmony or melody. The sermon of twenty minutes was as inanimate and as vapid and as empty as imbecility and sloth could make it. The Clergy, the Choir and the Beadles, seemed delighted when their "drudgery" was over, and in this feeling the congregation evidently participated. Everything, as L——, who was with me, remarked, "was as cold as an Iceberg." But the organ should be excepted from this reproach, for in its deep-toned notes there was something to remind one that he was in a Christian Church.

Every body has read about St. Paul's Cathedral. My account of it, therefore, shall be brief, and designed only to refresh your recollection. It is second only to St Peter's, at Rome, in magnitude. It was thirty-five years in building, and cost \$7,500,000. It covers over two square acres, and the walk round it is as far as a walk round the Capitol and Park. Among the Monuments and Statues erected in the Rotunda of the Church, are those in honor of its Architect, Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, Dr. JOHNSON, HOWARD, the Philanthropist, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Lord NELSON, the Marquis CORNWALLIS, Lord COLLINGWOOD, Generals PACKENHAM and GIBBS (who fell at New Orleans), Sir RALPH ABERCROMBIE, and others I could not approach.

In the Crypt, repose the remains of many distinguished men, among which are the ashes of REYNOLDS, BARRY, OPIE and WEST, all eminent Painters; Lord NELSON, Sir C. WREN, THOMAS NEWTON, &c., &c.* It

* The remains of the Duke of Wellington have been since added to the sacred treasures of the Crypt.

costs, in gratuities to the guides, 4s and 4d to get admitted to the different parts of St. Paul's.

In the afternoon I made an omnibus excursion to Islington, once a village near London, on the Surrey side of the Thames—but now a part of the city. Toward evening I took an omnibus for Hyde Park (three miles) and saw the mansion of the Duke of Wellington and Buckingham Palace, where the Queen resides during the session of Parliament.

MONDAY, July 10.

We called this morning at Baring & Brothers, in Bishopgate street, where I found Letters from HOME—and good, long, precious Letters they were too. It is a luxury, in this wilderness of Houses and People, where one's individuality is merged, to commune with those we love in our own—our native land. The morning was devoted to the reading of Letters from my Family and from S——, B——, and K——, to which some numbers of the Evening Journal, added a not unpalatable dessert.

I next made my way to Grosvenor Place, and delivered my Letters to Mr. EVERETT, who, though somewhat engaged, gave me half an hour's audience, and asked me to bring my friends there on Sunday evening, where the Americans in London generally called in that evening. As the Irish Arms bill was to be discussed this evening, I was anxious to get into the House of Commons, but Mr. E. had exhausted his power of admittance for that day, and as I had not delivered my Letters to Members of Parliament, I had to give it up. The accommodations for persons in the House of Commons are very limited. Not more than sixty or seventy,

I am told, are admitted to the "Strangers' Gallery" and a still smaller number to the "Speaker's Gallery."

Mr. EVERETT had heard of my visit to Ireland, and inquired with much interest as to the tone and temper of the people, and the objects of these tremendous meetings. It is evident from what Mr. E. said, and from what I hear elsewhere, that the Ministry is much embarrassed with the Irish question, and that an outbreak is apprehended. But in this they will be disappointed. The People of Ireland will violate no laws. They will give their oppressors no advantage. They are, it is true, in a course of important moral and political — perhaps I may say physical — instruction, which has reference to an emergency that may occur. But they are too well informed, and too wisely guided, to think of precipitating events. Mr. O'CONNELL was understood by the tens of thousands that heard him say that "one live Repealer is worth a hundred dead ones." And yet, of the immense multitudes who rally to the Repeal Meetings, there are none that would not joyfully peril their lives, in any form of danger, if in that way Ireland could be redeemed.

I dined yesterday, as Col. BENTON rolls balls, "solitary and alone," at the "European Coffee Rooms," opposite the Bank of England, where Merchants and Bankers lunch. The "Bill of Fare," of which the following is a copy, will show, perhaps as well as can be shown, what Dinners cost here. The prices opposite each article, are of course, for one person. To get at the amount, in our currency, the items are to be doubled :

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

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SOUPS.		s.	d.	FISH.		s.	d.
Multigatawny, ...	1	3		Salmon, boiled or fried, ...	1	6	
Mock Turtle, ...	10			Salmon and Shrimp Sauce, ...	1	6	
Ox Tail, ...	10			Fried Sole, ...	1	3	
Vermicelli, ...	8			Boiled, ...	1	3	
Gravy, ...	8			Mackerel, boiled or fried, ...	1	3	
Mutton Broth, ...	6			Cod and Oyster Sauce, ...	1	6	
Turtle, ...	2	6					
HOT JOINTS.				POULTRY.			
Roast Beef, ...	1			Roast Turkey and Sausage, ..	1	9	
Ditto Veal, ...	1			Roast Fowl, ...	1	6	
Ditto, with Ham, ...	1	3		Broiled Fowl and Oyster Sauce	2		
Boiled Beef, ...	1			Roast Duck, ...	1	9	
Roast Lamb and Mint Sauce, .	1	6		Cold Roast Fowl, ...	1	9	
				Cold Roast Duck, ...	1	9	
TO DRESS.				SAUCES.			
Lamb Cutlet, ...	10			Apple, ...	3		
Lamb Chop, ...	8			Tomato, ...	3		
Mutton Chop, ...	6			Cucumber, ...	3		
Maitenon Cutlet, ...	8						
Rump Steak, ...	1	3		VARIETIES.			
Veal Cutlet and Ham, ...	1	6		Poached Eggs, ...	1		
Rump Steak and Oyster Sauce, .	1	9		Dish of Ham, ...	1		
Broiled Kidney, ...	3			Omelette, sweet, &c., ...	1		
				Anchovy Toast, ...	1		
VEGETABLES.				PASTRY.			
Cauliflower, ...	4			Currant and Cherry Pudding, .	6		
New Potatoes, ...	3			Gooseberry Tart, ...	6		
Potatoes, ...	2			Plum or Cabinet Pudding, ...	9		
Peas, ...	6			Currant and Cherry Tart, ...	6		
Summer Cabbage, ...	2			Rice and Jam, ...	6		
Currants, ...	2						
Horseradish, ...	2			CHEESE.			
Salad, ...	6			Stilton, ...	2		
Cucumbers, ...	6			Cheshire, ...	1		
Radishes, ...	2						

The bill adds a list of "Porters," "Stouts," "Ales," &c., &c., in Quarts, Pints, or on Draught. The Bread, I believe, is furnished without charge. Butter is not in the Bill of Fare, and is seldom used here at Dinner. The Salmon, Beef and Mutton are excellent. The Poultry is inferior to ours, and their Pastry, as far as I have tasted, is bad. It is not at all difficult, at a "Cheap House," like this, to let your dinner cost \$1.50. Mine to-day, which was intended to have been a moderate one, cost a dollar.

Everything is dear in England. Those who are able

to purchase, are made to pay roundly. Letter paper, for example, inferior to ours, costs two shillings (50 cents) a quire. The retail store (they are called "shops" here) windows are filled with articles with the prices marked upon them, but when the *s*'s and *d*'s are turned into dollars and cents, it is seen that most of the articles may be purchased in America quite as low.

TUESDAY, July 11.

We have been to-day at Madame Toussard's Wax work Exhibition in Portman Square, where two hours were passed with interest and instruction. These figures are the perfection of that species of Art. The likenesses are striking and natural. There is an absence of all that is tawdry or farcical. The audience was highly intellectual. The carriages of several Noblemen were in waiting, but the personages who came in them could not be distinguished from commoners. The collection embraces nearly all the crowned heads and distinguished men in Europe. Those of our party who had seen several of the originals, speak of the "counterfeit presentments" as wonderfully like. That of Mr. O'CONNELL, the only person in the group I have seen, was excellent. To several of the Female figures, especially those of the Queen, and Madam MALIBRAN, the language of Shakspeare, it is said, may be applied :

"The very life seems warm upon her lip,
The fixture of her eye has moisture in it."

There is also a frightful collection of the most truthful likenesses of Monsters, in murders and assassinations, including Robespierre, Marat, Burke, Hare, &c.

There are, also, most valuable memorials and relics of NAPOLEON, the identity of which is perfectly estab-

lished. We got into the Traveling Carriage, and were shown the various compartments in which he carried his Books, Maps, Pistols, Money, &c. &c. We saw the bed in which the Emperor slept seven years at St. Helena, with several articles of his Dress, Furniture, &c. In the Carriage we saw, it will be recollected, the Emperor wrote despatches, took his meals, and slept.

But I will not tax your patience further to-day.

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IX.

LONDON, JULY 12, 1843.

THE modes of conveyance in and about London, are by Omnibuses, Hacks and Cabs, or, if by water, Iron Steamers and Wherries. Omnibuses, which crowd the principal avenues here, as they do Broadway, in New York, were only introduced in 1830. They take you to any part of the city (in their route), for sixpence sterling. In Cabs, whether for one, two or three persons, you pay a shilling a mile, and sixpence for an additional mile, or two shillings if by the hour. Everything is taxed here. A Hackney Coach pays a duty of ten shillings per week. Each wheel and spring of every vehicle is taxed. In the country the coachman is compelled to show his license (to Post) to the Gate (or "Pike," as Sam Weller calls them) Keepers. There are over 2,000 Hacks, and over 900 Omnibuses for London and its environs. The latter, it is computed, carry over 70,000 passengers daily.

The first vessel propelled on the Thames by steam, was brought from Glasgow in 1815, eight years after our Hudson River was thus navigated. The steamboat fare to Woolwich, Greenwich, Margate, Ramsgate, Gravesend, &c., &c., is reasonable, and these excursions are exceedingly pleasant to a stranger.

I walked through Paternoster Row, among the Booksellers, to-day, and into the London House of WILEY & PUTNAM, who you know are leading Booksellers and

Publishers in New York, and to whom I had a Letter from my friends the HARPERS. These gentlemen are doing much to enforce a knowledge of American Books upon the British public. But they find many discouragements. With the exceptions that exist among enlightened men of liberal minds, the great mass of Englishmen look upon us as a People scarcely able to read and comprehend, and much less qualified to write or think. And yet, in looking upon themselves and running over the "American Book Circular," which these gentlemen have pushed all over Europe, I was proud of the Literary wealth of my country, and of the array of names we present, that even British supremacy in Letters and Science, does not cast into the shade.

Mr. ALISON, in his History of Europe, takes occasion to show how much better qualified he is to speak of Europe than of America, by the remark that while the "*American soil is not wanting in genius, European habits and ideas are necessary to their due development.*" This conclusion is drawn from the circumstance that WASHINGTON IRVING, Dr. CHANNING, &c., have published their works in England. This assumption, however, is destroyed by the fact that these writers produced their best works before they crossed the Atlantic; and if further proof is wanting, we have it in the conclusive circumstance that some of our "ripest and rarest scholars" have not even yet had their "habits and ideas developed" by a visit to England. But I refer to this, more for the purpose of saying that Messrs. WILEY & PUTNAM, in their Preface to the Circular, have rendered American Literature good service, by Notes and Statistics which, while they correct the errors into which Mr.

ALISON may have fallen unintentionally, expose the falsehoods and rebuke the insolence of British Reviewers and Travelers.

To the charge that "*intellectual ability of the highest order meets with no encouragement in America*," the Circular opposes the fact that nine Editions of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and that 12,000 copies of Stephens' "Central America," both very expensive works, have recently been sold in America. The position is further fortified by strong facts, not the least of which is that while our own Books sell, large and expensive Editions of all valuable European Books are published and sold in America. The Circular affirms, too, upon good English authority, that the Lexicons, by ROBINSON, the Text-book editions of Horace, by ANTHON, the contribution to Spanish History, by PRESCOTT, Medical Jurisprudence, by our respected townsman, Dr. T. ROMEYN BECK, and even a Dictionary of the English Language, by NOAH WEBSTER (!) are the best works, in their several departments, existing in the language!

The Circular exposes some very discreditable English piracies upon American Literature, and inquires who, in looking over the titles of London Publications, would suppose that "Quebec and New York, or the three Beauties," was the same as "Burton, or the Sieges;" that "The last days of Aurelian" is nothing less or more than Mr. Ware's "Probus, or Rome in the Third Century;" or "Montaine," only a new title for "A new Home;" and that Sparks' "Life of Ledyard, the American Traveler," appears here as "Memoirs of Ledyard, the *African* Traveler;" "Judge Story's Law and Bailments," is cut into fragments by Theobald and appended

to his Notes on Sir WILLIAM JONES ; and finally, that a Volume of "Charcoal Sketches," written by JOSEPH C. NEAL, of Philadelphia, appears here *entire*, bound up without credit, in the "Pickwick Papers," edited by CHARLES DICKENS !

Apropos of DICKENS, I was about to call on "Boz" the day after my arrival in London, with a friend who is well acquainted with him, but delayed the call at the suggestion of Bishop HUGHES, who said from the strange questions asked him about America, based upon DICKENS' character of us, he would advise me to read the last number of "Martin Chuzzlewit" before I made my call. Having read that number, it is scarcely necessary to say that the call was indefinitely postponed. Was ever such malice or ribaldry perpetrated ? DICKENS has actually out-Trolloped Fidler and Hall. His caricature of New York is even coarser than that of another man of Romance, who, after enjoying the *refinements* of Europe, sought and "Found" his "Home," sadly out of temper. And all this tirade, the grossness of which is only equaled by its stupidity, blurted forth because the American Congress did not think proper to pass an international law of copyright for an Author who, with idiotic arrogance, made the mercenary object of his visit the principal topic of a speech delivered at Boston immediately after his arrival.

But let me get back to WILEY & PUTNAM's "American Book Circular," where I find "metal more attractive." Let it be remembered that the sale of American books in England encounters many obstacles other than those I have referred to, among which are large discounts to Booksellers, heavy duties, and enormous

sums paid for Advertising. Only few Books are purchased by individuals. It is not here as with us, that every Family has its Library, small or large, according to its means and tastes. Books are generally purchased for Circulating Libraries.

The "Circular" contains a more formidable catalogue of *American Publications by American Authors*, than I had before met with, and there is neither extravagance nor egotism in saying, that it presents a galaxy of names which any Country or Age might claim with pride and gratitude. I will name a few of the works that are now sold in London, and may be found in well selected English Libraries. The letters of John Adams addressed to his Wife; American Annual Register; Sparks' American Biography, in 10 vols.; Bancroft's History of the United States; the Works of Benjamin Franklin, in 10 vols., at 8*l*; Memoirs of Franklin, written by himself; Memoirs of Robert Fulton; Goodrich's Universal Geography; Life of Patrick Henry; Holgate's Atlas of American History; Washington Irving's Works; Life and Writings of John Jay; The Madison Papers; Marshall's Life of Washington; Timothy Pitkin's Statistical View of the Commerce of the United States; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, which the Edinburgh Review says "is one of the most successful historical productions of our time;" Histories of Yale College and Harvard University, the first by Baldwin (*our* Baldwin), and the latter by Josiah Quincy; Renwick's Life of De Witt Clinton; Sparks' Life of Ledyard; Cpl. Stone's Life of Brandt; Life of Red Jacket, by the same Author; Life of Peter Van Schaack; The Discourses and Addresses of Gulian C. Verplanck,

upon American Arts and Antiquities; Writings of George Washington, edited by Sparks, 12 vols., for 10l; Speeches and Forensic Arguments of Daniel Webster; Wirt's Spy Letters; Catlin's Notes and Letters on the North American Indians; De Kay's Turkey; Dewey's Old and New World; Fisk's Travels in Europe; Schoolcraft's Travels to the sources of the Mississippi; Silliman's Travels in Europe; Stephens' Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, Russia, Turkey, Poland, Yucatan, and in Central America; Audubon's Ornithology (I am not sure that Audubon is an American); Coleman's Agricultural Report; Silliman's Journal; Ewbank's Hydraulics; Channing's Works. But I must stop, though I have only taken here and there a name, and have not gone half through the catalogue. Chancellor KENT's Commentaries upon American Law, are authority here, and the Book is in frequent request. Several American Physicians and Surgeons stand high in the estimation of their brethren here. The six published volumes of the "Natural History of New York" were for sale here. Messrs. W. & P. have paid forty guineas for advertising this work, which begins to attract attention. Several copies have been sold to Libraries, and a few to wealthy individuals. The work is regarded as highly creditable to our State, by all who see it. Scientific men, on this side the water, speak of it as a valuable contribution. The work sells here at \$9 per volume.

I went from the Booksellers to the "Mansion House," and "Guildhall," for the purpose of seeing some of the Criminal Courts in session, but they were all closed except that of the Lord Mayor, a handsome, intel-

ligent looking gentleman, whose ermine robe was fringed with gold, and who sat in a small room, surrounded by Lawyers, Policemen and vagabonds. They were half an hour determining whether a chap who stood in the "dark," was an inch or two within or without the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction when he picked a pocket. The accused, however, got the benefit of the doubt, and was discharged. But if he would not pick a pocket on either or both sides of a jurisdictional line, then ugly looks go for nothing.

Our next visit was to Newgate, the receptacle for criminals during the last seven hundred years! Its frowning, gloomy walls but too clearly told its character and history. I sent my card to the Governor with a stranger's request to visit the Prison, which was courteously granted. A matron conducted us through the apartments and cells for female convicts, of which there were now but twenty-five, about half of whom were awaiting trial, and the others had received sentence of transportation. He pointed out an interesting girl, about eight years old, that had been kidnapped by thieves in Scotland, and brought to London, to be instructed, after the manner of the "Artful Dodger," in light-fingered mysteries. A keeper then conducted us through the apartments for male prisoners, of which there are now less than an hundred, many of whom were about to be taken to the hulks for transportation. The cells are large and clean, but cold and damp. We were shown the place where the walls were, to the general amazement, scaled by a chimney-sweep, who made his escape. The iron ruffles in which "Jack Shepard" was confined, are also exhibited to visitors. The door

through which capital offenders are taken out for execution leads through the kitchen. There has not, however, been an execution at Newgate for more than a year. The "Old Bailey" is connected with "Newgate," but the Courts are not now in session. There is a Chapel in Newgate where service is performed twice on Sundays and on Tuesdays and Fridays. Each cell is supplied with the Bible and Episcopal Prayer Book.

Mr. J. R. BRODHEAD, the Agent of our State to obtain the Colonial History of New York, with whom we had exchanged cards, found us at breakfast this morning. He is devoting himself very assiduously to the duties of his Agency; but while a general permission to transcribe documents has been granted by Lord ABERDEEN, he is required to select and designate the pages, copies of which are wanted. These are taken to an official, who after reading them, allows or prohibits the Agent to make copies. I was glad to learn that Mr. BRODHEAD has found and obtained copies of the official correspondence of Gen. MONTCALM, giving a full account of the military operations at Ticonderoga, &c., &c., during the French War. This supplies a valuable lost link in our Colonial History. Mr. BRODHEAD, in the kindest manner tendered us the benefit of his knowledge of London and procured for us admission to places of much interest.

We are indebted to Mr. TIMOTHY WIGGIN, a distinguished Merchant of this city (to whom Mr. CORNING gave me a very kind Letter), for many attentions. To-day he procured for us, from the Rev. Dr. HORNER, of the British Museum, special permission to visit the Library of the Hon. the East India Company, in Lead-

enhall street; and from the Governor of the Bank of England, special directions to an officer of that Institution to show our party through the great "Monster" on Monday or Thursday of next week. Mr. WIGGIN is a native of New Hampshire, and in frame and stature, resembles JONATHAN MASON, the M'NEILS, and my deceased friend ROBERT HUNTER, who were born in the same vicinity. He seems about sixty-five, but is hale and robust. He has for forty-three years resided in London, and has been very useful to American Merchants, and suffered severely, I believe, in 1836 and 1837, by reason of relations with and confidence in American Houses. Just before the commencement of our last War with England, Mr. WIGGIN was so much incensed by the arrogance and aggressions of the British Government, that he abandoned his business here, returned to America, took his residence, temporarily, at Boston, where his sanction, efforts, and means were freely devoted to whatever was required to defend the soil and preserve the rights of his native country. With the return of Peace, he came back to London, and has taken no other interest in American politics since, than as a looker-on.

I have seen Queen VICTORIA ! And she seems a nice young woman, of whom the People think the better now that she is nursing her own baby ! We caught up a rumor that Her Majesty would leave Buckingham Palace at half-past two to-day, and therefore took an Omnibus that set us down by St. James's Park Gate. Reaching the Palace, we found a detachment of Horse Guards drawn up in front of the Gate, around which some 500 or more well-dressed Ladies and Gentlemen

were in waiting. In half-an-hour the Queen's Carriage and Four, with two Postilions and two Pages, drove into the Court Yard, followed by three other Carriages and Four. In a quarter of an hour more, the Horse Guards mounted, and soon after the Royal cortege galloped through the Gate into the Park. We were advantageously posted, but the Queen, evidently not knowing precisely where *we* stood, had leaned forward to adjust her slipper, and did not rise till the Carriage was passing us, so that we had but a glimpse of her face. We had, however, a regular stare at Prince ALBERT, who appeared passive, docile and happy, as all young gentlemen who marry Queens and Palaces ought. L——, who had a better view of Her Majesty, says that SULLY's portrait of her is faithful and striking. The Prince Regent and Princess AMELIA (a prettily-dressed boy and girl), were in the next Carriage. The Queen was in deep but plain mourning for the Duke of Sussex. There was very little pomp or parade in this movement. I have seen more pretension where there was less rank, and more smoke with less fire. But suffering acutely from a jumping toothache and an agued face, caught in the damp cells of Her Majesty's Prison at Newgate, instead of walking with the multitude in a beautiful Park, under a light sky, I hurried to my Lodgings to take opium and close this long, and I fear, dull letter.

X.

LONDON, JULY 14, 1843.

THIS great Metropolis has been strangely maligned, in regard to its climate, or we have been strangely fortunate in our visit; for instead of the smoke, vapors, fogs and rains, which we have been taught to dread, we have enjoyed a genial atmosphere, a bright sun, with occasional but refreshing showers, for five successive days.

London, like the Cataract of Niagara, is constantly growing upon the wonder and admiration of strangers. I am just beginning to be conscious of the impossibility of comprehending its wealth, its magnitude and its magnificence. Ride for hours, in whatever direction you please, and the same evidences of golden conquests are presented. All the nations of the Earth must have been paying tribute, for centuries, to London, or these untold and innumerable millions would not have been concentrated here.

I was wondering this morning how much "Provant" was required to furnish this Army of People with rations. An inquiry shows that 1,500,000 quarters (seven bushels) of wheat are required annually to supply London with Bread; that 120,000 tons of Fish are caught here (of which 45,000 tons are fresh Salmon) annually; the annual consumption of Butter is estimated at 40,000,000 pounds, and the price varies from 1s. to 1s. 6d., or from two to three shillings our currency; of Meats I can get

no estimate, but there is brought annually to Smithfield Market alone, 180,000 oxen, 450,000 Hogs or Pigs, 1,350,000 Sheep or Lambs, and 25,000 Calves; of Milk, it is said that 11,000 Cows supply the Metropolis with 8,030,000 gallons, annually, at an average price of 1s. 10d. per eight quarts. Eggs are sent here in great quantities, in crates, by water, from Ireland, Belgium, Holland and France, and sold sometimes as low as 8d. per dozen, but generally from 1s. to 1s. 6d. Hogs are fattened here in the yards of Breweries and Distilleries, for while everything of the grain kind is *called* "Corn," that product is not grown here. Hams sell at 7½d., Shoulders at 6d., and smoked Side Pork at 5d., in the retail stalls and shops. This is just double the price with us.

Everybody drinks Beer in England. I have astonished Waiters, in two or three instances, by asking for Water. When you seat yourself at table in a "Coffee Room" or "Steak House" for Dinner, and have ordered your "joint," or "steak," or "chop," the Waiter inquires, "*Hale*, Porter or Stout, sir?" If in place of either of these national beverages you reply *Water*, he either laughs in your face or turns away wondering where such a wild chap could have been caught. Now, that I have seen something of English habits, I am astonished that Miss MARTINEAU should have deemed the circumstance that two or three American Women with whom she met, were "not all for love, but a little for the bottle," worthy of remark. The drinking of *Hale*, Porter and Stout, is universal here, with the Females of the Poorer classes, when they can get it, and with those of the better classes of Mechanics, Trades-people and

Shop-keepers. While at Dinner, in Birmingham, it was observed by all of us that the Ladies at Table drank Porter as if they were thirsty, and as if it did them good. The Lady opposite to me, who was well dressed and well educated, disposed of nearly an entire Bottle. You meet Ladies at every turn of the streets in London, "the rubric of whose faces shows the shrines at which they kneel." I have met Ladies, at Exhibition Rooms, whose fiery faces entitled them to the distinction of being classed with SHAKSPEARE'S "knights of the burning lamp." And you find every sidewalk blocked up with lusty Ladies, who are indebted for their rubicund faces and rotund persons to habitual beer drinking. I yesterday sat in an omnibus with an old Lady and Gentleman, evidently of the wealthy class, the latter of whom was a victim to Gout, while the former displayed a face and nose, the maintenance of which had cost as much as Falstaff paid for "sack" to keep Bardolph's salamander in fire.

We went last night to the Adelphi Theatre, where the leading attraction was "The Wizard of the North," whose wonder-working powers of magic, if we may believe the show-bills, have procured for him a command to repair to St. Petersburg to exhibit before the Emperor NICHOLAS. This man is indeed a "Wizard." The delusions practiced cast Monsieur ADRENT, Signor BLITZ, and all other Magicians into deep shade. Let me astonish you with a few specimens. He came into the Boxes and obtained a five pound note from one gentleman, and asked another (any one who chose) to write a sentence upon a slip of paper. The note and paper were folded so that the Wizard could not see either the num-

ber of the former or the sentence upon the other, and then laid upon a plate, set fire to by a taper, consumed, the ashes blown about the stage. The "Wizard" then announced the number of the Bank Note, repeated the sentence written on the slip of paper, and a Page returned these articles to the owners in a box which the "Wizard" had not touched. He then handed a box to a gentleman nearest the stage, and requested him to deposit any article he chose in it, and to pass it around for similar deposits by Ladies and Gentlemen promiscuously, he standing upon the stage. When the deposits had been made, he requested that the box should be placed where he could see it, with the lid down, and standing at least sixty feet from it, he named, and described with great minuteness, every article which it contained. He requested Ladies and Gentlemen to loan him their Handkerchiefs, which were thrown to him from all parts of the Theatre. When collected and counted, to the number of seventeen, they were placed in a large Ewer, into which a servant poured a large bucket of water. Having been thoroughly saturated, the Handkerchiefs were rinsed and wrung, and then spread, one by one, into another vessel, upon each one of which some blazing magical elixir was poured; and within five minutes the Handkerchiefs were placed upon a salver and returned to the owners washed, dried, ironed, folded and perfumed! And all this was done openly, without turning away from the audience, and without any of the lumbering accompaniments accompanying ordinary jugglery.

We devoted the morning to the pursuit of what is classic ground to Americans, and what had for me the additional interest of professional associations. We

found at No. 34 Lincoln's Inn Fields, the building occupied eighty years ago, I believe, by Mr. WATTS (I have no Books to refer to), and with whom BENJAMIN FRANKLIN worked as a Journeyman Printer. It is now occupied for offices of various descriptions, by persons too busy to know or care who was their predecessor. We then started for Duke street, where the Journeyman Printer from America boarded, and remembering that it was near a Chapel, I stepped into a small Book and Stationer's shop directly opposite a Chapel, to inquire if the occupant could direct me to Dr. FRANKLIN'S Boarding house, when I had the satisfaction of learning that I had crossed the threshold and stood under the roof that sheltered the illustrious American Statesman, Patriot, Philosopher and Philanthropist. He boarded with an old Widow Lady, of much intelligence, and occupied an upper room in the back part of the building. The Landlady of Dr. FRANKLIN, and a Lady still older, who had a room in the same House, were very devout Catholics. This happens to be the character of the present occupants of this House. I observed a young man "reading proof," and remarked that I was glad to find a brother Typo under the ancient roof of the great Master of our Art. The Bookseller replied, as you are an American, sir, I may say to you that we are trying to carry out Dr. FRANKLIN'S principles in another respect. We are now reprinting an American work called "IRELAND VINDICATED," and we are staunch "Repealers." I informed him that I was with Mr. O'CONNELL when the Trades of Dublin passed his House, and on the Stage at Donnybrook Green. This led to many inquiries about Ireland, and an invi-

taffort to attend a Repeal Meeting in that street at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening.

I intended to have gone from this spot through the Mammoth Brewery House of Messrs. BARCLAY & PERKINS, but there was so much dampness and humidity in its capacious vaults, which were not likely to alleviate the ague in my face, that I concluded to content myself with an exterior view of an establishment which covers thirteen acres in the heart of the city of London! Well might Dr. JOHNSON have exclaimed, as he did, when (as the Executor of Mr. THRALE, the founder of this establishment) he played the Auctioneer:—"We do not offer you, gentlemen, those empty beer butts and barrels merely—here are the potentialities for acquiring wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

SUNDAY, July 16.

We repaired at 11 o'clock this morning to the Foundling Hospital in Guilford street, a noble edifice, founded in 1739, for the reception and maintenance of exposed and deserted children. The Institution has been liberally endowed by bequests, and receives constant and handsome donations. The Foundlings, to the number of 320, of both sexes, were seated in the gallery of the chapel, in neat uniform dresses, the boys with mixed roundabout and trowsers and scarlet vests, and the girls with pretty white aprons and caps. They formed a part of the choir in the chaunts and choruses. The chapel was filled with a female voice, in solos, so clear, rich and melodious that seraphs would have listened with admiration. The service was read by a dull man, with a husky voice and a sluggish manner. This, however, was atoned for in a Sermon from Arch-Deacon

ROBINSON, replete with knowledge, abounding in piety, and eloquently and fervently delivered. The congregation was large and highly respectable. After the service was over (it consumed nearly three hours) the Foundlings were marched to the Dining Hall, where, after a blessing was asked by one of the oldest boys, they sat down to a bountiful repast of Roast Beef and Potatoes, without Bread. The whole scene brought vividly to mind the most interesting exhibitions of the inmates of our own Orphan Asylum, where, if there be less of munificence and ostentation, the same benign and blessed spirit of charity reigns. There are several valuable Paintings in this Hospital, the most attractive of which is that of the Savior's reception of Little Children, by BENJAMIN WEST. The Organ was presented to the Hospital by HANDEL.

MONDAY, July 17.

I have been through the Thames Tunnel. This is to London what the Croton Water Works are to New York, the great achievement of the nineteenth century. There is nothing at either entrance of the Tunnel which indicates that you are in the vicinity of this extraordinary improvement. We passed over it in a steamer in the morning, without being aware that other masses of fellow beings were quietly walking through a subterranean passage below us! The visitor is directed "This way to the Tunnel  by a board on the corner of a street. You descend a winding stone stair-way of 100 steps, and enter into the Tunnel, which is well lighted with gas, and afforded us a cool, pleasant walk, after four hours' exposure to the sun. The Tunnel has two avenues, each wide enough to allow twelve

or sixteen persons to walk abreast. Half way through, a Printing Press is stationed "By Royal Authority," which is throwing off sheets containing an account of the Tunnel. I told the man I would purchase two of his sheets provided he would allow me to "pull" them myself. This, upon learning that "I knows the ropes," as they say at sea, he consented to. I have, therefore, an account of the Thames Tunnel, printed by myself, standing midway between the London and Surrey sides of the river, seventy feet below its bed, with steamers and ships passing directly over my head!

The Tunnel is two miles below London Bridge, where another bridge, which was much wanted, would have proved seriously injurious to the immense commerce of the metropolis. In 1823, after the failure and abandonment of several plans for tunneling the Thames, one was submitted by Mr. (now Sir J. M.) BRUNEL, which received the confidence of capitalists, and in 1825 he commenced his operations. But he encountered difficulties and obstacles, for years, at every step of his progress, that would have disheartened and appalled any man but one whom the emergency had produced to accomplish this mighty enterprise. Quicksand beds were among the most troublesome and perilous obstacles met with. The top of the Tunnel's Arch, about the middle of the river, approaches within ten feet of the bottom of the river. Four times, during its progress, the Tunnel and Shafts were filled with water, and the irruption of 1827 threatened to destroy the enterprise, but by the most incredible efforts, all was overcome by its indomitable architect, and in 1835, seven years afterward, Sir J. M. BRUNEL was enabled to resume the work.

The progress of this great work was necessarily very slow. Sometimes, with favorable excavations, two feet would be accomplished in twenty-four hours, working as they did, with changes of hands, day and night; where the excavation was difficult, only two feet would be done in a week; and for the last three months, so great was the labor and so formidable the obstructions, that only three feet and four inches progress was made! In August, 1841, fifteen years after the ground was broken on the London side of the Thames, Sir J. BRUNEL descended a shaft from the Wapping side and passed through a small "drift-way through the shield into the Tunnel." Less than two years thereafter, in March, 1843, the MAGNIFICENT WORK WAS COMPLETED. The whole expense of construction is stated at 614,000 pounds sterling. The toll is only a penny for passing through the Tunnel, and but for "the gettin up stairs" it would pay well. Until passengers are let down and taken up by an engine, it will not take foot passengers from the Bridges.

The son of Sir J. M. BRUNEL whose life was in such imminent danger from swallowing a half crown piece, was, with three workmen, caught by one of the inbreaks of water and carried by the rushing column through the Tunnel to the shaft and up to the surface where he was rescued. The three men who were with him perished. On the first passage of the steamer Great Western from London to Bristol, he also met with an accident which it was supposed would result fatally, but from which he recovered.

The fine weather affords a prospect of good crops, though the spring, as with us, was cold and backward.

XI.

LONDON, JULY 17, 1843.

WE took the iron steamer "Daisy," at Blackfriar's stairs, after breakfast yesterday, for Greenwich, five miles below London. Objects of vast historical interest and of much architectural grandeur attracted and dazzled the eye at every point to which it turned. Passing *under* London Bridge and *over* the Thames Tunnel, the River is wedged so full of shipping as to leave but a small passage for the steamers up and down. The ships farthest up the Thames are loaded with coal, which is discharged into large junks, half scows and half durham-boat construction, that are floated along farther up the river, and then the coal is measured into bags. These bags are loaded into large Pennsylvania looking wagons (drawn by the same breed of horses referred to as before the drays at Liverpool, and the noblest animals for strength, resolution and steadiness, I have ever seen), taken throughout the city and sold at an average price of twenty-five shillings (or \$6.50) per ton.

St. Catherine's Docks and the London Docks, displayed forests of masts spreading over many acres of artificial sea—these Docks, you know, having been excavated after the Thames became entirely too small to accommodate the shipping which the metropolis attracted to her waters.

We passed several large steamers that run between London and various places on the Continent; and for

miles below, as far indeed as we could see, there was a continuous wilderness of masts and spars, those most distant being so indistinct as to resemble the dry trunks, limbs and tops of a girdled Forest.

Near Greenwich we passed close to the ship-of-war "*Dreadnaught*," one of those enormous "wooden walls" that helped to render England terrible to her continental enemies, but which is now, under the auspices of a Female Charitable Society, a Hospital for Seamen. She is a majestic hulk, with four tiers of port-holes, that look destruction even after the brazen-mouthed engines of slaughter have been withdrawn.

Upon our steamer "*Daisy*" was a Band (with three instruments) playing sweetly, and at every stopping place a plate was handed to the departing Passengers, each one of whom deposited his penny or ha-pence as unhesitatingly as if this small stipend had been "nominated in the bond." There are, as I have observed, numbers of persons about the Metropolis who maintain themselves by these conventionalities, which, while nobody is obliged or required to pay, yet everybody does pay as a thing "in course." Theatre bills, instead of being given to you, as with us, inside, are sold at the entrances, by half-mendicant men and women, for a penny. The cross-walks are kept clean by persons who derive their support from the voluntary half-penny contributions of those who pass. In two instances I saw the mud removed from the cross-walks by women, who plied the scraper with one arm, and carried an infant, probably for effect, in the other. These persons have a property, of some sort, in their respective cross-walks, but whether by prescription, possession, or the payment

of license money, I am unable to say—but from the minuteness and *impartiality* of the English system of taxation, these servitors of the cross-walks are not unlikely to derive their authority from Her Majesty's Government. When you employ a Hack or a Cab, its Door is opened and shut, not by the Hack or Cabman, but by a person who expects and receives his penny from you.

But let us get back to Greenwich, where we found the docks, shipping and shores lined with People, collected, as we soon found, to witness "The Annual Greenwich Regatta," under the Patronage of Princess Somebody, whose name has escaped me. There were to be five heats of a mile each, with half an hour's time to breathe between each heat, or to speak more properly, 'eat. Soon after our arrival, six boats, each with "one pair of sculls" (as they call the oar), started, and pulled briskly and bravely through. The competitors were designated by their jackets of green, yellow, scarlet, white, &c. The river was jammed so full of small craft that it seemed impossible for the Regatta boats to find their way through, and they did encounter some obstruction; and in the third heat a boat with half a dozen men in it ran so foully into one of the competitors, that his friends in another boat made for the offenders, and a general naval engagement ensued, in which blows were dealt with such effect that several of the combatants were knocked down and one overboard. After a cessation of hostilities, both boats pulled for the shore, where the battle seemed to be renewed amid a great crowd of spectators. We came away before the last heat (at 8 o'clock, P. M.), but the London papers of this morning give us the result.

We did not, however, come away from Greenwich without having a most gratifying view of the Hospital, one of the many noble charities which have been founded, endowed and are supported in London. The Royal Observatory, built by CHARLES II, and the best in Europe, stands upon an eminence here. This Observatory is the meridian from which Astronomers all over the world make their calculations. There is a beautiful Park on an eminence beyond the Hospital, from which is a good view of London. Within and around the Hospital the old veterans are seen pacing leisurely about or gathered into groups lounging quietly upon benches under the lee of a wall, or an arbor, or an alcove. As I entered, one of them directed me to the "PAINTED HALL," to which Art has imparted an interest second only to the noble achievements thus perpetuated. In the vestibule of the cupola is painted a splendid compass with its points and bearings; and in the covings, in magnificent chiaro-obscuro, the winds with their attributes are seen. The Artist, Sir JAMES THORNHILL, was engaged ten years upon these pictures. The Hall, on either side, is hung with Paintings of Naval Battles and Portraits of Naval Heroes, among which are several of Lord NELSON, who is evidently the WASHINGTON of England. In the Chapel, too, are many excellent Paintings, the best of which is St. Paul's Preservation from Shipwreck, by BENJAMIN WEST. There are Naval Schools here in which the sons of officers and seamen are educated. The number of boys in the schools now is about 500.

But the admiration which this massive pile of buildings excites, and the charms which its Halls have bor-

rowed from Art and Genius, fade away and are forgotten while you are contemplating the living chroniclers of Maritime Glory. Painting and Sculpture can but reflect and personify deeds of renown. But here are the men, the bone and muscle, the thews and sinews by whom all these prodigies were achieved—men who have for nearly a hundred years

“Braved the battle and the breeze.”

Here are Veterans who were engaged in the Battle with the Spanish Fleet off Cape St. Vincent, in 1797, when Lord NELSON boarded the San Joseph of 112 guns. There are others who were with Admiral DUNCAN when he gained his Victory over the Dutch Fleet off Camperdown. There are survivors of NELSON’S Victory over the French, in 1798, off the Nile; and several who were on board the Victory with NELSON, in his last battle at Trafalgar, in 1805. In short, there are men here who have helped to carry the British Flag through every Ocean and Sea, and who have fought in all England’s Naval Battles for the last seventy-five years. They are the maimed and scarred and seamed, but still *living* monuments of her glory. You see some with but one leg, others with but one arm, and others again with but a single eye; and in the Infirmary are those who have but an arm and a leg, and others who have lost both legs. With their three-cocked hats, long waisted blue coats, their weather-beaten and time-furrowed countenances, and their grave deportment, these veterans command attention and respect. I exceedingly regretted that I had so limited myself in time, as not to be able to hear some “long yarns.” If ever I go there again it shall be with pockets full of Tobacco, and with an

intention to make a day of it. Many of these Old Tars are fine looking men; several of them displayed intelligence and manners that would grace a quarter-deck, and I saw two, I am sure, who, with the aid of fortune or family, would have been Admirals instead of Pensioners.

There are 2,700 Pensioners now at Greenwich. In the Hospital Infirmary are 105 nurses to take care of the sick, infirm and disabled. The naval uniform coat worn by NELSON at the Battle of the Nile, is deposited in a glass case and exhibited to visitors.

On our return from Greenwich, we were set down at the Tower, which is near the River and not far below London Bridge. The first view of the Tower (or rather Towers, for there are three of them) caused a shuddering recollection of the cruelties and horrors that have been perpetrated within its frowning walls, the blood-stained annals of which are to be found upon almost every page of English history. The Tower covers twelve acres, and was, you know, the Castle of the early Kings of England. We passed from the arched gateway through a winding stone court to a refreshment apartment, from whence a Warden, after a party of a dozen had arrived, conducted us first into the HORSE ARMORY, where some forty Knights, Noblemen and Monarchs, mounted, are clothed in the Armor worn in the respective Reigns in which the individuals lived. Here is a suit of Armor actually owned and worn by HENRY VIII, in 1520; a suit of Armor belonging to the Earl of Leicester, Queen ELIZABETH's favorite, as gorgeous as that which is said to have been worn in the Tournaments; the Armor worn by the Earl of Essex at the Coronation of GEORGE II; a beauti-

ful suit of Armor worn by the Prince of Wales (son of JAMES I, 1601) when only twelve years old. There are, also, several suits of Armor worn by distinguished Crusaders. To all which is added a nameless number of ancient Shields, Helmets, Gauntlets, Pikes, Spears, Cross-bows, Battle-axes, &c., &c., which mark the ages in which these various implements of destruction and defense were in use.

We then ascended to QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ARMORY, which was long the Prison of doomed men, among whom was Sir WALTER RALEIGH. QUEEN ELIZABETH, in a dress like one she wore to St. Paul's, on a pony led by a page (as she is here represented), to return thanks for the deliverance of her Kingdom from a Spanish invasion, is the prominent object in this Room. This, like the Armory below, is filled with the instruments of death wielded in the barbarous ages to which they refer. But I will not weary you with details. Here is the block upon which, it is *said*, two of the wives of HENRY VIII were beheaded, but I notice that it is affirmed with more confidence that the Earl of Essex suffered upon this Block, and by a blow from the ferocious looking Axe by its side. Crowns and Stars are curiously wreathed upon the walls with Swords, Pikes, Halberds, Bayonets, Pistols, Spears, &c., &c.

From this Armory we were handed over to a Matron, who ushered us with great solemnity into the REGALIA. Here, since the Reign of HENRY III, Kings and Queens have deposited their golden and jeweled Baubles and Playthings; but gorgeous and sparkling as they are, I looked with any feelings rather than awe or admiration upon these costly and precious trinkets. The Imperial

Crown of her present Majesty, which forms the Dome of this Royal Pyramid, is hooped in diamonds and studded with brilliants, surmounted by sapphire. In front is the ruby worn by the Black Prince. The Royal Toy cost a million sterling. There are massive gold Tankards, Banqueting Dishes, Baptismal Font, Winter Fountain, &c., &c., which, with the Crowns of other Monarchs, cost three millions sterling.

We were not shown into the Beauchamp Tower, so long used for the confinement of "State Prisoners," though I was most anxious to see the dungeon home of the Earl of Warwick, Earl of Leicester, Lady JANE GRAY and others, who "sorrowing, suffered" there.

The fire of 1841 destroyed what were designated the "Grand Store House" and the "Small Armory," in which most of the TROPHY cannon were deposited. These valued memorials of English victories, are now arranged in the yards, either melted, mutilated or defaced. They are to be taken to Woolwich, where new Pieces are to be recast from the same metals in their original forms.

July 18.

We availed ourselves this morning of the permission obtained by Mr. WIGGIN, to visit the BANK OF ENGLAND. An official (Macer or Usher) with laced dress coat and three-cornered hat, escorted us to another servant of the Bank, who took us leisurely through an Institution that is so potent in controlling and regulating the money pulsations of Europe. It is situated on Threadneedle street, but fronts upon half a dozen others, and occupies an irregular area of eight acres. There are no windows through the exterior of the building, light being supplied

by skylights and open courts within. There is a clock, by which Bank time is kept, with dials indicating the time in sixteen different offices. The Bank with its various offices are open from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M. The Bank has its Printing Office, Bookbindery, Engraving Office, &c., &c. Checks, Blank Books, &c., &c., are all printed within the Bank, as are the Bank Notes. In the Room where the circulating notes are printed, there are eight Presses, all constantly employed, and which throw off about 8,000 impressions daily. We saw two Presses rolling off five-pound notes, and others upon the various denominations up to a 1,000*l*, which is the largest note the Bank issues. The dates and numbers of the notes are supplied by smaller Presses in another room. The paper is delivered to the Presses counted (an hundred sheets at a time) and when worked and returned, another hundred sheets are given. Pressmen work five hours and earn from two to three guineas a week. In the office where redeemed notes are examined, canceled, &c., 136 Clerks are constantly employed. When we entered this room our attendant was sharply reprimanded for bringing strangers there, but upon being informed that it was by "the Governor's order," we were allowed to pass. Forty thousand different notes are frequently sent to this office, to be canceled, in a day. The Bank, you know, never reissues a note. When returned to its counter for payment, a note is canceled, filed away, to be burnt at the expiration of ten years. The Armory of the Bank contains an hundred stand of muskets, with pistols, cutlasses, hand-grenades, &c., &c., and has a night guard 38 strong. In the office where the Bank notes are counted into

parcels, tied with twine and placed in pigeon-holes, we found five staid, methodical, matter-of-fact looking Clerks, whom you would trust for their faces. One of these old chaps, with the precision of "Old Owen" and the good nature of "Tim Linkenwater," took his keys and unlocked the depositories of paper wealth. The "rags" of each denomination were in separate parcels. When we came to the "high number" he placed four packages in my hand, and remarked, "*you now hold £4,000,000 sterling in your hand, sir.*" Yes, I actually was in possession of TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, a sum much larger than the whole estate of JOHN JACOB ASTOR! But it all returned to its pigeon-hole, and left me a far happier man than those who are encumbered with such overgrown fortunes. Another of the old Clerks opened the golden dormitories, where repose an endless number of bags, each containing eight hundred sovereigns. We were next and finally conducted to a subterranean region enriched by gold and silver bullion. Here bars of the precious metals were as plentifully heaped as those of iron and steel are in the stores of our friends BENEDICT, TOWNSEND and CORNING. The Silver we did not meddle with, but we handled bars of Gold, each weighing eight thousand pounds sterling, that were piled in barrow-loads of seventy thousand pounds sterling each. Much of this bullion was recently received from China, as an *installment* upon the sum John Bull makes the Celestials pay for their obstinate refusal to "take opium." The Bank of England has now, in paper and specie, nearly thirty-eight millions of pounds sterling. There are eight hundred persons, in its various departments, constantly employed within its walls.

XII.

LONDON, JULY 19, 1843.

THERE is, unquestionably, a vast amount of poverty, destitution, distress and suffering in this gigantic "Ulcer," as Mr. JEFFERSON called cities. But there is, in their habits or policy, some trick of concealment for which great credit is due. With rare exceptions, wretchedness and mendacity, in rags and filth, seldom obtrude themselves upon you in the streets of London. The Beggars you do encounter are, for the most part, so palpably in studied costume, and with rehearsed parts, that your risibility, rather than your sympathy, is moved by their appeals. The cases of real suffering are so few as to impose but a light burthen upon your pocket, for a ha-pence is all that is asked or expected. You meet the Poor in shoals, but they seem to have employment which supplies them, scantily, I suppose, with the necessities of life. A few maimed persons sit, as in New York, on the sidewalks, and blind people are led about by faithful dogs, whose bruised limbs and sightless organs, with mute but resistless eloquence, speak to the hearts of those who "feel for other's woe." You meet, too, occasionally, beggar women with two infants in their arms. One of this class besieged me with such pertinacity, and in such "set terms," that I said to her, you want a ha-pence—now I will give four ha-pences if you will tell me which of those children is borrowed?

She affected to be wounded by this suspicion, and protested that they were both her own, and that while *she* was without food *they* were suffering for nourishment. But finally with a promise of sixpence, and being assured that I would not expose her, she admitted that not only one, but both of the babies were hired, and that she paid, to their different mothers, two shillings a week each, for the use of them. She added that they nursed her own boy, who was older, while she was out with "the twins."

There is, I suppose, abject poverty and squalid vice in the loathsome forms that are so often described in the purlieus of London, but these regions are so distant I see little chance of reaching them. The City is so constructed that the Wealthy, the Middling and the Poorer classes reside in each other's vicinage. Very narrow Courts, Lanes and Alleys run back from the streets. These Courts, &c., are mostly occupied by the Laboring Poor, who seem far more comfortable than the denizens of many of our own narrow streets.

Another thing struck me with surprise here. *Profane Swearing has gone quite out of Fashion*. I cannot speak for the Nobility, because I have not reached their circle, but with all the other classes cursing and swearing is "honored in the breach" rather than "in the observance." Oaths and imprecations, so common in America, are not heard here, even among the Watermen, Cabmen, Coalbearers, or Scavengers. The language of blasphemy, in its various "sliding scales" of enormity, came as a part of our Education from the Mother Country. Is it not reasonable to hope, therefore, that among other English Fashions adopted by Americans,

our People will soon forbear to mingle the name of their Creator and Redeemer profanely either in their idle conversations or their excited controversies?

We have been recognized but by three Americans since we came here, though London is full of Yankees. I detest the custom of temporary denationalization which has obtained among Americans in Europe. It is a pitiful affectation. I hunted up, immediately after my arrival here, a young gentleman who has been several months abroad, and to whom I brought a Letter from his Father, and of whom I hoped and expected to see much, but he has not been near us. I have met several who must have known me (all raw) as an American, as readily as I knew them; but they "passed upon the other side." The other day, in returning from our pilgrimage to see Queen Victoria, we got into a 'Bus in front of a gentleman whom I should have known to be a Yankee (as the wag told Alderman Brasher), if I had seen his "hide in a tan-yard." I entered into conversation with him about London, but for half an hour he gave no sign. I finally said, "You are an American, I perceive, sir." The ice being thus broken, we talked on without restraint, and have since been much together. This gentleman is of the Legal Profession in Nassau st. (very intelligent and agreeable) who is making a run to the Continent for his health. At the Depot, when we came from Liverpool, I saw a gentleman of such unquestionable American bearing, that I offered him my hand. In taking it cordially, he said, "Is your name W——?" "Yes, sir." "My name is H——, of Nashville. I was introduced to you some years ago at Albany." This gentleman, who is the editor of a Jackson

paper, is the same who was engaged in a *rencontre* with a son or sons of the late U. S. Senator FOSTER. He has recently received the appointment of Agent from Capt. TYLER, to look after the Tobacco interests of the Southern States. Having obtained what information was required here, he proceeded to Vienna.

Mr. BRODHEAD remarked the other evening upon the exceeding regularity that existed in the London Post-Office, and I was surprised to-day by an evidence of the truth of his remark. Some of my friends did me the favor to send me a copy of "The Northern Star." The parcel was about three inches long and less than an inch wide, and was simply directed to "T—— W——, London." The Packet ship that brought this Paper arrived here night before last, and yesterday morning the Paper was left at my Hotel! Had this paper been to the care of Baring & Brothers, there would have been no mystery about the matter; but how Post-Office Clerks and Penny-Posts divine the whereabouts of obscure strangers, is more puzzling.

I had supposed that street shows, for the edification of the sovereigns of the garrets and cellars, had abated here as with us. But in this I am mistaken. On our way yesterday to Westminster Abbey, we saw a particularly miscellaneous crowd assembled at some distance in a narrow street, which had been attracted, as we found, by a strolling company of "Ground and Lofty" Tumblers, who had stopped their donkey wagon, spread their cloaks in the street, and, in appropriate costume, were about to commence their "unrivaled, universally admired, never-to-be-equalled and truly wonderful feats of strength and agility." When the hat

went its rounds for pennies, those who had them (this class of the audience were in a very decided minority) gave as readily as if the Mountebanks had been invited to come to that particular street by the particular individuals who were so fortunate as to witness their prodigies. And at Greenwich, the other day, I saw for the first time in full thirty years, a regular and legitimate "Punch and Judy" exhibition! During this long lapse of time, I am sorry to say that I could discover no improvement in "Judy's" manners or temper. She was the same incorrigible scold and vixen now, at Greenwich, in England, that she was when I saw her, in 1807, at Catskill, in America; and she indulged in the same vexatious airs and attitudes until she provoked "Punch," now as then, to box her ears, at which John Bull was much delighted, in his old age and wisdom, as Brother Jonathan was in his youth and simplicity.

Talking of "Puppet Shows," I am reminded of SICKELS! There must be thousands in our State, who remember this indefatigable little man, with an enormously big wife, to whom, from 1800 to 1811 or '12, the Villages were indebted for rustic and primitive Theatricals. I certainly can never forget the ecstasies into which I was thrown during my "first night" at SICKELS's Exhibition — an enjoyment which would have been complete had not my Father, who took me to the door and paid the potent sixpence that gave *me* entrance, denied *himself* the luxury of laughing at "Punch and Judy" and weeping over "the Babes in the Woods." But when, some two or three years afterwards, I was again admitted to the "Exhibition," SICKELS had multiplied his wonders by the addition of a "Naval Engage-

ment between two Ships," where, according to the show-bills, there was to be "firing on both sides," with an assurance at the bottom, that "during the Performance there will be good Music on the Organ," I thought the perfection of the scenic art had been attained.

Noblemen, as a class, here, are distinguished as readily by the plainness of their dress as by the simplicity of their address. Were you to judge of rank by the cut and texture of the coat, or the tie of the cravat, you would be sure to mistake the Footman for the Peer. The Duke of Wellington, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Sir ROBERT PEEL, though certainly not "out at the elbows," are, when seen in Parliament, quite plainly dressed gentlemen. But their Footmen and Valets adorn their persons with as much taste, and as elaborately, as the exquisites who are to be seen in American Drawing and Assembly Rooms. And the consequential personages who stand in Noblemen's Halls, to answer the Bell, are so redundantly decorated with lace, spangles and powder, that they remind you of the Mock Duke in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife." The "swell" genus is almost extinct here. There is occasionally an old Beau, who makes himself up of artificial hair, teeth, eyebrows, whiskers, calves, &c., &c., after the manner of "Potts," whom LOCKHART immortalized in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk;" and you sometimes meet a *thing* that owes its existence to its Tailor, but they are rare, and belong, it is said, to CROCKFORD or some other Gaming House Proprietor. The moral of all this is, that we, instead of a new London rig all round, as was anticipated, wear our American made clothes. This is a great luxury to me, who, like Dominie Samson, have been accustomed

to find a new garment, in the morning, on the chair from which the old one had been removed as often as time and circumstances rendered such a change proper and necessary. Our Coats and Waistcoats, though not of the *latest* fashion, are such as were worn in London only six or eight months ago; and my Hat (one of FROTHINGHAM & Co.'s fine beavers) is so much better than those to be found here, that I am proud to wear it as a specimen of American manufacture.

While sitting the other evening at a large Table in the Coffee Room of our Hotel we were struck with the number and depth of the indentations upon its leaf, and after various conjectures the Waiter was called, and in reply to our inquiry how the Table got so many wounds, said — "It's the Free Masons, Sir. They spoils all our Tables. When the Song or the Sentiment pleases them they comes down right heavy with the hedges of their glasses. There's quite a number of the Lodges Sup here hevery week." Upon inquiring whether the Tumblers, as well as the Tables, did not suffer from such violent contact, he answered, "Oh, no, Sir; they has glasses made for themselves, strong enough to knock an box in the 'ead." This incident, which occurred several evenings since, is brought to mind from the circumstance that while I am writing the Members of the Fraternity in the adjoining room to me are now singing

"The Wife of a Free and Accepted Mason,"

in such high glee and joyous chorus, as to leave no doubt but that the Tables will catch it again to-night. The Ancient Free Masons' Tavern, of which we have read so much, and which HOGARTH introduced into one of his great Pictures of London, was, I believe, in the

vicinity of Blackfriars, and, for aught I know, this very Hotel may be the Phoenix that sprung from its ashes.

There are few, if any, respectable Hotels in America whose Proprietors have not a Private Library of Standard English Works. But it is otherwise here. With every disposition to oblige guests, your Host cannot, when you want to look at SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, JOHNSON, SCOTT, &c., take the Volume from his own Library ; nor can he, like our deceased friend CRUTTENDEN, give you the quotations and correct readings from the British Classics without referring to the texts. To purchase Books at English prices, when we can get them at home for less than a quarter what they cost here is out of the question. Nor do you fare much better at the Circulating Libraries, from one of which I ordered a Work yesterday. It came to me in five volumes, for which I pay as many shillings sterling.

The keepers of the "Crack" Hotels here have generally been in the service of Noblemen, who, in reward for their fidelity, establish them in business. Others have been intelligent and favorite head waiters, who have saved enough from their receipts to establish themselves. Head waiters and Chambermaids pay for their situations. Two of the waiters in this house pay sixteen shillings (or \$4) a week to its proprietor for the privilege of doing his work and attending upon his guests. The other waiters pay a less sum.

The young gentleman to whom I referred in another part of this Letter, as not having returned our call, came in an hour afterwards. He visits Europe more for information in relation to Civil Engineering, Mechanics, &c., than for pleasure, and had been actively

engaged for several days, but he is now done with London, and goes to Scotland with us.

The Queen went to the Opera, in state, last evening. The price of tickets, when it was known that her majesty was to grace the occasion, rose to two sovereigns. There was a great rush for seats. A young gentleman from Baltimore, spoken of in a former Letter as a fellow passenger, who has attached himself to our party, gives a ludicrous account of the scramble. He stationed himself at the Theatre door soon after four o'clock in the afternoon, and at half-past six, when the doors opened, was lifted off his feet by the mass that had collected around him, and thus carried into the Pit, where he stood wedged in, panting for breath, till half-past 12 o'clock.

I have spoken of the high price of books here. I paid either a dollar or nine shillings a number for the first four numbers of "The Burney Papers." The fifth number, that had not appeared in America when I left, cost me a guinea here! I am as much astonished as vexed, by the way, that these delightful Memoirs of MADAME D'ARBLAY are so little read. With the exception of HANNAH MORE, there are no Memoirs for the last fifteen years so replete with interest and information.

We went yesterday to a REVIEW in Hyde Park, which, to us, was a brilliant affair. The only very distinguished personages in the field were the Dukes of Wellington and Cambridge, the latter being, as you know, one of the two surviving Sons of GEORGE III, and Uncle to her present majesty. He has command of a Regiment, which adds some fifteen hundred pounds per annum to his income. I posted myself early near Hyde

Park gate, through which the Field Marshal was to pass. This gave me a good view of the Hero of Waterloo, who, with his suite, passed me on a walk. The veteran shows that old age has no respect for rank. He did not sit erect in his saddle, and his head and hands were both tremulous; tho' when I saw him afterwards, in the sham fight, receiving and despatching his Aids to the different divisions, he seemed two or three inches taller and twenty years more youthful. There were 2,000 "red-coats" in the field, and the Review occupied two hours.

I was more interested with the People than with the Troops. All classes were out, the day being extremely pleasant. Here, as with us, on such occasions, Booths, Stands, &c., &c., with refreshments, were erected throughout the Park. You saw nothing, however, in the way of beverages, but Ginger Beer, which was cried at a penny a (pint) Bottle. Women and Boys circulated among the spectators crying "Cherries, all ripe, twopence a pound, full weight;" "Strawberries, rare and ripe, threepence a pottle," &c., &c. But the principal traffic was in "Stands" and "Seats." Every garret and cellar within the precincts of Hyde Park, had been rifled of Chairs, Benches, Boxes, &c., to accommodate those who wanted to see or sit. At an early hour the crowd gathered in a small circle around the Troops. Soon a detachment of Horse Guards were ordered to enlarge the circle, and then commenced a backward movement in a dense mass of human beings (men, women and children) and a breaking up and over-setting of stands and chairs that was exceedingly ludicrous. The multitude, after retreating a few rods, would make a stand and resume their position, only, however, to be broken

up again as the Dragoons approached; and in this way the Horsemen cleared an area (which did not at first embrace more than twenty acres) of at least a mile square. And this was done so quietly that although the horses were constantly driven against a wall of People, not one was hurt, nobody got into a passion, and there was no cursing.

There was great competition among the proprietors of Stands and Seats, for occupants. The prices fluctuated for the same Stands. When a particular stand became eligible, from the circumstance that the Duke had planted himself opposite to it while the column passed him in review, the privilege cost half a crown (unless secured by chance before-hand), though ten minutes before it went begging at sixpence. I rented an old chair from a Poor Woman who rejoiced in two of these convenient household articles, together with an empty barrel across the head of which was a board. She was "a field" (having three "young 'uns" to assist her), with as high hopes and as much solicitude about the day's venture, as the merchant whose "mind is tossing on the ocean,

"Peering in maps, for ports, and piers and roads,"

for the safe moving of the "argosies with portly sail," which he expects from the Eastern Indies. I was to pay three pennies for the chair, and a penny to the boy who carried it about for me. With this portable stand I was quite independent, and therefore "kept moving" with the boy and chair at my heels, mounting my rostrum as often as there was anything within the walls constructed of heads and shoulders that attracted attention. At the close of the Review, when, in addi-

tion to the sum stipulated, I added two pennies to the boy's share of the "spoils," his bright face showed that he was mentally saying, "whatever may have been the luck of the other renters of old chairs, I am rich and happy."

The Review, as I remarked before, called forth all sorts of people and in vast numbers. But good order and good temper pervaded throughout. I mixed with the spectators, but did not, during the day, see any violation of the proprieties of life. The Park was thronged with highly respectable Females, who walked among the plainest and roughest of the other sex, without being shocked, as would, I am sorry to say, have been the case at an American Review, by profane or obscene language. Indeed during the whole day I neither saw nor heard anything to offend the eye or the ear

XIII.

LONDON, JULY 21, 1843.

S—— AND myself have dined with Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON! Are you incredulous? Then let me explain. We dined at the "Dr. Samuel Johnson Tavern," a Steak and Chop House in "Bolt Court," where the great English scholar and moralist lived. In entering the threshold, passed so many hundred times by the Author of *Rasselas*, emotions of reverence and awe came over me which the presence or personification of genius, virtue or piety only can inspire. Would that these walls could impart to visitors some portion of the ethereal spirit with which their former illustrious occupant was so deeply imbued.

When Dr. JOHNSON came to London he took up his residence in a Court which still bears his name; but he soon removed to the house I refer to in "Bolt Court," where he resided many years, and where so many of his achievements in Letters and Literature were accomplished. These Courts both run out of Fleet street, and are in the vicinity of Temple Bar and the Strand. The room in which Dr. JOHNSON read and wrote, upon the first floor, is a projection from the main building, about twelve feet long and eight wide, with a flat roof, through which he had a skylight constructed. This room remains as he left it, though the other portions of the building have been slightly modernized.

We ate a silent dinner, but memory was active and alert in conjuring up images of the Painters, Poets, Philosophers and Sages, who, in that Augustan age of British Literature, surrounded this great literary Leviathan. The foot-prints of men whose learning and researches, whose talents and genius, contributed to the supremacy which England attained in Letters, in Science and in the Arts, during the eighteenth century, had been left upon the plank that we now pressed. It was here that BOSWELL watched and waited with obsequious attention for the "fitly spoken" words that fell from the Lion's mouth. It was here that GARRICK came to play with the Lion's mane, see his claws, and hear him roar. It was here that GOLDSMITH came to encounter reproof. It was here that Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS and Mr. LANGTON came for social communion. It was here that BEAUCLERK, STEEVENS, COLMAN and SHERIDAN polished and chastened their wit. It was here that Dr. PERCY, Sir WILLIAM FORBES and Mr. CAMBRIDGE replenished their stores of knowledge. It was here, too, that WINDHAM and WALPOLE and BURKE passed hours in those "collisions of mind" to which the world is indebted for its mental lights. And here Beauty, as assiduously as Learning, paid its court. Here Mrs. THRALE, Mrs. MONTAGUE, Mrs. SIDDONS, HANNAH MORE and FRANCES BURNEY came to "make Tea" for the "Rambler!" It was here that the Doctor, on the occasion of Mrs. SIDDONS' first call to "Bolt Court," when a chair was not immediately at hand for her, said, "You, Madam, who have kept your visitors so frequently without seats, can the better excuse this discourtesy."

In this court the giant in intellect, but elephant in

person, was wont to take exercise — with gait “between an amble and a roll.” Here the caterers in “Paternoster Row” used to goad him on with his literary labors; and here “Printers’ Devils” used to beleaguer him for “copy.” Here Authors beset him for “Prefaces,” Players for “Prologues,” and surviving friends for “Epitaphs.” Here he made his powerful but unavailing appeal for Royal clemency to the Rev. Dr. DODD. It was here he rescued the manuscript Sermons of the Rev. Dr. BLAIR from an oblivion to which they had been consigned by an Autocrat Publisher.

Dr. JOHNSON, you know, was an inveterate Tory in Literature, Religion and Politics. In politics as in all else that concerned his principles (or prejudices) he was inveterate, vindictive and denunciatory. America, before and during the Revolution, came in for full and rounded measure of abuse, expressed in language and sentences that fell from his lips like thunderbolts. In speaking of us to the Rev. Dr. CAMPBELL, he is represented by Boswell as saying: “*Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for everything we allow them short of hanging.*” But I am willing to forgive him for that and all his other Tory offenses, for a single paragraph in the Pamphlet entitled “TAXATION NO TYRANNY,” which he wrote for the Ministry, in reply to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress in 1775. The manuscript copy of that Pamphlet, which was submitted, before publication, to the ministry, contained the following paragraph, which does not appear in the printed copy. The *style* would sufficiently establish its paternity, if there were not other and conclusive evidences of its Johnsonian origin:

"Their numbers are, at present, not quite sufficient for the greatness which in some form of government or other, is to rival the Ancient Monarchies; but by Dr. FRANKLIN'S rule of progression, they will, IN A CENTURY AND A QUARTER, be more than equal to the inhabitants of Europe. When the Whigs of America are thus multiplied, let the Princes of the Earth tremble in their Palaces! If they should continue to double and to double, their own hemisphere would not contain them. But let not our boldest impugnors of authority look forward with delight to this futurity of Whiggism."

The reason for suppressing this paragraph is transparent. It was a "handwriting upon the wall" of fearful import. Less than half the term of years to which Dr. JOHNSON looked forward has been numbered, but the prophecy is more than half fulfilled.

I have been to WESTMINSTER ABBEY, that magnificent and sublime sepulchre for Monarchs, Princes, Philosophers, Philanthropists, Poets and Painters. All that I had heard and read of the Architectural and Historical wonders of the Abbey, into whose Vaults, Aisles, Chapels, Naves and Niches, the ashes of the illustrious dead of eight centuries have been gathered, left me wholly unprepared for the grandeur and gorgeousness of the memorials here revealed. Here reposes all that remains of the mortality of those who were ennobled either by birth or by deeds, with all that marble and brass can do to perpetuate their fame. But Tombs and Tablets and Monuments and Statues, however ambitiously adorned or exquisitely wrought, serve far more effectually to illustrate a Creator's power than to magnify a creature's rank or name.

I lingered about these silent chambers of the mighty dead with inquiring eyes, until the visitors' hours had expired. Westminster Abbey has been so often

described that it is a relief to feel that my wholly inadequate powers need not be charged with a task of such difficulty and magnitude. And even were it otherwise, I should not have the presumption to attempt it. To say nothing of the thousands of comparatively ignoble whose undistinguished ashes rest here, there are nearly four hundred tablets, monuments, mausoleums, statues or other obituary memorials of persons whose history and character constitute the written annals of England.

If some of the inscriptions upon these monuments strike others as they did me, I shall not weary your patience transcribing a few of them.

That Duke of Buckingham, who was distinguished during the reign of King CHARLES I, lies in brass effigy, with a Roman costume, upon an altar with this inscription—"I lived doubtful, not dissolute—I die unresolved, not unresigned. Ignorance and error are incident to human nature. I trust in an Almighty and all good God." And below, both prepared by himself, is this—"For my King often, for my country ever."

The following is an extract from the inscription upon the monument erected to the memory of the young Princes who were murdered by the order of RICHARD III: "Here lie the relics of EDWARD V, King of England, and his brother RICHARD, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, RICHARD the Usurper. Their bones, long and anxiously inquired after, having laid 190 years in the rubbish of the Tower stairs, were on the 17th July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered."

The monument of the Duke and Duchess of New-

castle is one of the most costly in the Abbey. They lie, in bronze effigy, under a stately canopy. The inscription, after setting forth the Duke's qualities, states that his "Duchess was of a noble Family; for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous. This Duchess was a wise, witty and learned lady, which her many books do well testify, &c."

There is an expensive and exceedingly appropriate monument to the memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, with an inscription closing with this exclamation:—"How much reason mortals have to pride themselves in the existence of such and so great an ornament to the human race."

The monument to the memory of Major ANDRE, is a beautifully sculptured group, representing the first interview between WASHINGTON and ANDRE. The figure of WASHINGTON has been three different times so badly mutilated that new heads were supplied. There is now a striking and undefaced likeness of the Father of our country in Westminster Hall.

The colossal marble statue of GEORGE CANNING, and another of JAMES WATT, both by CHANTRY, stand conspicuously in the Abbey, and are noble specimens of Art. Would that the unwieldy, ill-designed, un-American marble effigy of WASHINGTON that shocks the national feelings of those who visit the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, had the form and comeliness of one of these all but speaking statues.

The Monument erected by King JAMES I to the memory of Queen ELIZABETH is the most imposing and costly, as it is most interesting, in other respects, to Visitors, of any in the Abbey. A full-length Likeness of

the Queen, in her Robes, is admirably cut in brass, and placed in a recumbent posture upon her tomb. The inscription, among other things, describes her "as the Mother of her Country and the patroness of religion and learning; that she was herself skilled in many languages; adorned with every excellence of mind and person; and endowed with princely virtues beyond her sex; that in her reign peace was established; money restored to its just value; Ireland, almost lost by the secret contrivances of Spain, recovered; the Spanish Armada defeated; and, in short, all England enriched; that she was a most prudent governess, and for forty-five years a virtuous and triumphant Queen," &c., &c.

The CORONATION CHAIRS, two of which stand in the Abbey, are interesting, not less for their antiquity than the uses to which they have been so long consecrated. The most ancient of these chairs was brought by King EDWARD I, with Regalia, from Scotland, in 1297. The other was made for Queen MARY. On Coronation occasions (which take place here) one of these chairs is covered with gold tissue and placed before the altar. These relics of ancient Monarchy, while it is evident that the utmost skill and taste of the artizan was bestowed, show that the business of chair-making, in those days, was in its rudest state.

We made an excursion to WINDSOR CASTLE the day before yesterday, which, unfortunately for us, chanced to be the only day in the week that the State apartments are closed. The view, as you approach this magnificent Palace, situated as it is upon an elevation which overlooks, as well the broad grounds and beautiful park connected with it, as the villages which dot the land-

scape in the other directions, and the view of these objects *from* the Palace abundantly repay you for a visit, even though the rooms should be closed. This Castle, you know, is one of the most ancient, as well as the most splendid in England. It covers an area of thirty-one acres, and its gray walls and towers, of impregnable strength, are truly imposing and majestic. There is a Royal Cemetery within the Castle walls, in which the remains of the deceased members of the present Royal Family are deposited.

After wandering about the Courts, Walls and Towers of the Castle, I strolled through the ancient town of Windsor, and observing the name of "Mrs. Ford" on a sign, my imagination went off upon a canter through all the pranking scenes of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," nor did it rest until it led me through "Datchet-dune" to the very spot upon the River where the fat Knight, smothered in a buck-basket, with foul linen, was thrown "by Ford's knaves," like a litter of blind kittens, into the Thames! And in looking around I saw the Tree through the branches of which (according to SPENCER, in his most happy Portrait of Sir John Falstaff) a boy stood laughing as Sir John rose from his impure baptism, with the water dripping from his gray beard and scarlet vestments! But though the tree was there—*the boy was gone*—and this broke my reverie.

We walked from Windsor to ETON, for the purpose of seeing a School in which the flower and chivalry of England has for so many ages been prepared for Oxford and Cambridge. This School is I believe governed upon Republican principles, the sons of Noblemen being required, as strictly as the sons of Commoners, to

perform certain menial services for their seniors, until they, in turn, become entitled to the same services from their juniors. The school numbers over 700 pupils now. They were out "cricketing" in great numbers, upon the ample and beautiful green in the rear of the School, a game which they played with great spirit.

While waiting for the Omnibus, a boy some 12 or 13 years old came to a man standing near me, who had cherries and strawberries to sell. "Are your strawberries full of worms, GARVY?" "No, my Lord." "How much for this pottle?" "sixpence, my Lord." "Are you going to the Trot, GARVY?" "Yes, my Lord. Will your Lordship be there?" "Yes, which horse shall I bet on?" "Neither, my Lord, from anything I say to your Lordship." This running talk was kept up until the boy eat his pottle of strawberries, adding a handful of cherries by way of dessert, and walked off, when the man informed me that this sprig of nobility was "Lord DUNGANNON," that title, with a large estate, having descended to him, I think from a deceased uncle. The School, added my informant, is full of the sons of Noblemen, but they are not all as "well-behaving and nice young men as my Lord DUNGANNON."

XIV.

LONDON, JULY 22, 1843.

THE last intelligence from America is exerting a benign influence here. The improvement in American Stocks at home, tells well abroad. The increased disposition to pay, which capitalists discover, is having a salutary effect. The fact that a new United States Loan was taken by our own people, is the occasion of much congratulation, to-day, in and about the Bank of England. The shock to American credit was not occasioned half so much by the inability of Illinois and Indiana, as the Repudiation of Mississippi, and the indifference of Pennsylvania. The insolvency of the Bank of the United States, and the robberies committed by the North American and other Trust Companies, though swallowing up millions of English capital, would have had no injurious effect upon our pecuniary character as a Nation, so long as the State Governments preserved their faith and asserted their integrity. Nor is the money we owe them wanted or required. They only ask that, like Bassanio, we should evince a determination to

"Come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein, something too prodigal, time hath left us gaged."

I had heard so much of the BRITISH MUSEUM, from those who had seen it, and read so much about it from Tourists and Travelers, that I had come to regard it as a New York or Albany Museum, upon a large scale ;

and went there to-day because it was *one* of the many London Lions, not expecting to be particularly interested. Those, therefore, who have been through this Institution, can judge of my amazement when its wonders were revealed to me. "Earth and Ocean" have been literally "plundered" to make up this endless collection of all that walks, or swims, or flies, or creeps, or crawls. You have here an epitome of all, and more than all, that Noah received into the Ark. I shall not, of course, be absurd enough to attempt to describe what I saw; but I do want to give you some inkling—some faint notion—of what this Empire has, by extraordinary munificence, gathered together for the gratuitous instruction and gratification of Visitors. But the attempt will be lame and impotent, for I could not even procure the various catalogues short of an expense of forty-three pounds sterling, or \$215! The catalogue of printed Books alone, in the Library, published by LONGMAN & Co., costs £4 6s.

There are 31 cases of "Rapacious Beasts," containing from one to fifty different animals of these species. There are thirty cases containing "Hoofed Beasts," each with from five to fifty specimens, while those of the species too large for cases, are arranged upon the floor in front. There are 30 cases of "Birds of Prey," each containing from an hundred to an hundred and fifty specimens. Of this number there are over forty different species of the Eagle. Of "Nocturnal Birds," mostly of the Owl and Bat species, there are five large cases, and over four hundred specimens. Of other Birds, embracing, I should infer, every known variety, there are 134 cases, each containing from one hundred to

three hundred specimens. Of "Shells" there are forty-one cases upon the tables, with specimens too various and too numerous to be even estimated. Upon the Walls, over the cases, hang the portraits of 116 Monarchs, Noblemen, Artists, or persons distinguished for their learning or virtue, all by eminent artists, among which are two fine Pictures of Cromwell, two of Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Isaac Newton, Martin Luther, &c., &c.

In another Gallery are 19 cases, containing more than a thousand specimens of "Reptiles." There are also 22 cases filled with "Handed Beasts," embracing every species of Ape, Monkey and Baboon, of which there are between two and three hundred. There is such an approximation between the highest order of this tribe, and the lowest species of the human race, that the organ of speech is alone wanting to form a connecting link. The Finny Tribe, in all their varieties, are arranged in cases which fill a gallery an hundred feet long. England, you know, abounds in Minerals, minute and beautiful specimens of which are displayed here. Sixty cases are devoted to Mineralogical collections, arranged in the same manner as in our State Geological Museum. This collection, however, in several respects, is not as complete as that obtained by our indefatigable Geologists. There are 1,105 different specimens of minerals, with labels describing their properties.

But the Gallery of ANTIQUITIES attracts most attention, and excites the highest admiration. I had only an hour where days would not suffice. Two large Galleries are filled with ancient Greek and Roman statuary. Among these is a bust of Trajan, a head of Apollo, a statue of

Thalia, a head of Marcus Aurelius, heads of Paris and Helen, a group of Bacchanalians, a bust of Severus, a head of Nero, a bust of Marcellus, with an inscription, Priam supplicating Achilles to deliver to him the body of Hector, Hercules, with a club, sitting upon a rock, &c., &c. There are four more spacious Galleries devoted to Greek and Roman sculptures, and two others to British Antiquities. These Galleries contain many thousand curious specimens of the Arts, when the world, many centuries past, was peopled by a now buried race of semi-barbarians.

I have, in this hasty, imperfect glance, passed without notice half a dozen Galleries, each containing innumerable objects of exceeding interest. The Galleries vary in length from one to three hundred feet.

And now, when enough to amaze and bewilder has been seen, the great treasure-house of Learning and Knowledge was opened to us. The LIBRARY of the Museum is only shown to visitors who obtain an order from a trustee or a letter to its most indefatigable librarian, the Rev. Dr. HORNER, who has devoted 17 years, not to the reading, but to the arrangement and classification of the Books. We attempted nothing, of course, but to walk through this long vista, walled up on either side with volumes. The Librarian, to whom we had a letter from Mr. WIGGIN, gave his time to us until we had gone quite through his vast literary domain. The books are placed on shelves in Galleries of iron balustrades thirty feet high, access to which is by stairs to the room. I know not how to give you an idea of the extent of this Library better than to say that there are shelves filled with books, on both sides of the room,

thirty feet between the floor and the ceiling, extending at least a quarter of a mile. One of these, from 80 to 100 feet long, contains the Library of Sir JOSEPH BANKS, which he bequeathed to the Museum. Another, still larger, contains the Library of GEORGE III, many of the works in which cost from one to three hundred pounds a volume. There is one Gallery three hundred feet in length. The apartment for Ancient Manuscript is from forty to fifty feet square, in which we were shown exceedingly well preserved volumes of Manuscripts a thousand years old. The books in this Library, if placed, as they stand upon the shelves, upon the ground, would, I should think, cover an area of more than two ACRES. The number of volumes is not exactly known, the catalogues being yet incomplete, but Dr. HORNER informed us that there were at least THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND!

The British Museum was founded in 1753, by Sir HANS SLOANE, an eminent Physician, who bequeathed a valuable Library of Books and Manuscripts, and an extensive collection of works of Art and objects in Natural History. Its accessions have been by donations or bequests from enlightened individuals, liberally aided by Parliamentary endowment. There were 547,415 visitors to the British Museum in 1842.

From the Museum we repaired to the NATIONAL GALLERY, where the eye and the imagination wander and wonder, with constantly increasing admiration and emotion at the excellence and power of art and genius. Here are the efforts of the great Masters, ancient and modern. Here are the productions of CLAUDE, TITIAN, CORREGIO, MICHAEL ANGELO, GUIDO, MURILLO, RAPHAEL,

RUBENS, REMBRANDT, VANDYKE, SALVATOR ROSA; and of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, HOGARTH, COPLEY, WILKIE, Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, BENJAMIN WEST, BEAUMONT, and a host of other Artists, less known, but of great merit. The Pictures upon which I dwelt with most interest were WEST's truly divine representation of "Christ Healing the Sick," MURILLO's "Holy Family," and "The Infant St. John, with the Lamb," than which it seems impossible for brush and canvas to accomplish more.

Connected with the National Gallery is the Exhibition of the ROYAL ACADEMY, through which we were forced to pass in a single hour. Here no Paintings are admitted that have been before publicly exhibited, and originals only are received. The Academy now contains 1,385 Paintings, by more than 400 different Artists. There are, also, over two hundred works in Sculpture, by some 70 different Artists. Among the Pictures is a splendid one by C. R. LESLIE, of the Queen receiving the Sacrament, as a concluding part of the Coronation, attended by the Royal retinue, all full lengths, and judging from the Portraits of the Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord MORPETH, whom I have seen, all admirable likenesses. There is a striking Picture by WARD, of Dr. JOHNSON perusing the manuscript of GOLDSMITH's Vicar of Wakefield; and a beautiful illustration, by W. COPE, of that scene in BURNS' "Cotter's Saturday Night," where:—

"But hark! a rap comes gently at the door;
Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'e the moor,
To do some errands, and convey her hame."

There is, too, a glorious group by CLAXTON, entitled "Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Friends." These

"Friends," of whom there are admirable full length portraits, are no less personages than EDMUND BURKE, HORACE WALPOLE, Dr. MUDGE, BENJAMIN WEST, Sir W. CHAMBERS, Sir GEO. BEAUMONT, Alderman BOYDELL, Lord MULGRAVE, Sir WM. HAMILTON, DAVID GARRICK, RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Admiral KEPPELL, JAS. BOSWELL, Lord BURGHERZH, Dr. JOHNSON, with Mrs. MONTAGUE, Mrs. SIDDONS, Marchioness THORMOND (Sir J. R.'s niece), Mrs. CHOLMONDELEY, ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, Mrs. THRALE and FANNY BURNEY!

We went to CHELSEA, where you know the Hospital for old and disabled Soldiers is situated, on Sunday, and after the Church service was over, we were allowed, and indeed invited by the old Veterans (many of whom went stumping it along with wooden legs) to walk through their apartment. Here are admirable quarters for men who have worn themselves out in the Armies of England, but the Hospital is far less extensive than that for old Sailors at Greenwich, and but very few of the tens of thousands who are "broken and bruised" in battle ever find their way to Chelsea. We saw the Pensioners at Dinner, which was excellent in quality, and profuse in quantity. They all speak with strong feelings of gratitude of their enjoyments and luxuries. Most of the Pensioners here have gone through the Peninsular wars. I talked for some time with one who was at Corunna with Sir JOHN MOORE. There were, they said, two or three Pensioners among them who were in Canada during our late war with England, but I did not find them. They invariably and voluntarily spoke with strong and indignant abhorrence of the Duke of WELLINGTON, who it seems, though I was not

aware of it, when Premier, endeavored to break up and discontinue the Chelsea Hospital. I do not know what his motives or reasons were, but if he designed to cast these war-worn Veterans, who dealt and received the hard blows which secured *him* Fame and Fortune, upon the cold world, homeless and houseless, there is a refinement of cruelty and ingratitude in his nature that should cause the present generation to detest his character, and posterity to loathe his memory.

The Dining-Hall of Chelsea Hospital is hung with trophy Colors and Standards, from the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S victorious battle of Blenheim, to the inglorious butcheries of the British Army in China. Among these emblems of British valor, are the sanguinary evidences that England has been at war with almost all the Nations of the Earth. There are three stands of American Colors displayed in this Hall. One was taken at Washington. I could not learn the history of the other two, but an old Veteran who heard me inquiring, came up and remarked that he had heard a Pensioner who was in the fight when one of them was taken, say—*"that Yankee Eagle cost more British blood than any other Stand of Colors in the Hall."* There is nothing very mortifying in seeing two or three captive American Eagles, with "E pluribus Unum" in a scroll suspended from their talons, provided there is neither dishonor nor cowardice united with their capture. And if it were otherwise, I should be indemnified by the reflection that in the way of trophies, we can display ten times the number of British Colors, Flags, Cannon and Ships-of-War, as evidences of American valor and prowess.

I have had but little leisure, and no facilities but such as are open to all, for obtaining political information here. I infer, however, from the course of the debates in Parliament, and from the newspapers, that the power of the Tory Ministry is upon the wane. The Whig Peers and press evidently feel stronger, and some old rats who retreated in the flush of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S triumph, now begin to put their heads cautiously out of their holes. If, as I apprehend, the faculties of the Duke of WELLINGTON are failing him, not only the Tory Administration, but the British Empire must be prepared for a tremendous shock. With him crumbles one of the main pillars that uphold this gigantic structure. He has been a Tower of strength to England not only in the Field but in the Cabinet.

XV.

LONDON, JULY 25, 1843.

HAVING failed to get into the House of Commons immediately after our arrival here, during the somewhat exciting debate upon the Irish Arms bill, I delayed my visit several days, in the hope that some other question of interest would elicit a debate. But as nothing sprang up in that way, I went the other evening, and was shown into the Speaker's Gallery, by the Hon. Mr. THORNLEY, an intelligent, practical member from Wolverhampton, to whom I had a letter of introduction from his mercantile friend Mr. H. L. WEBB. Mr. T. remarked that the sitting would be a very dull one, and advised me to go into the gallery of the other House, but in repairing thither for the purpose of procuring my admission, we found that "the Lords were up," as is their term for an Adjournment. I therefore returned to the Commons.

Parliament sits, you know, in a wing adjoining Westminster Hall, where the higher Courts hold their sittings. The sessions commence, or to use our own terms, the Houses meet at 5 o'clock P. M. As you approach the Hall, and especially if the Lords are in session, you see thirty, forty, and sometimes fifty grooms mounted (and in livery of course), holding saddled horses in readiness for the members, who generally, like JOHN RANDOLPH, go and return to and from Parliament

in this manner. If you are a stranger, Porters very civilly conduct you to the entrance, for which service they look for a penny. Here an individual receives your umbrella, overcoat, cane, &c., for taking care of which, when you return, he of course expects a gratuity. You then pass through a long narrow corridor into an anteroom, where, if you want to see a member, your card is handed to a door-keeper with gown and wig, who transmits it without leaving his post, through some "hole in the wall," to the member, who obtains a Speaker's order, and ushers you into the Gallery. And here, instead of the magnificent Hall, the brilliant Chandelier, and the grave, dignified and eloquent Representatives of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, you find yourself in a long narrow "ball-room," with rows of benches and settees covered with green baize, and occupied (when I went in) by some fifty or sixty garrulous gentlemen, huddled together and gabbling with as little regard to sense as order. Of what was said, except "hear," "hear," "hear," by at least a dozen voices, I could for a long time understand little; but finally, one persevering gentleman's voice was distinguished above the "hear," "hear," "hear," who spoke an "infinite deal of nothing," without, however, my being able to detect the "kernel of wheat" in his "bushel of chaff." There are no chairs or desks for members, who, when they speak, collect round a table, upon which they lean with one hand, while they hold their hats in the other. The members sit with their hats on and their legs up a la Trollope. Many of them sleep very soundly; and one member gave this as an excuse a few days since, in the London

papers, for having voted wrong. I remained here two hours without seeing or hearing anything that raised these members of the British House of Commons to an intellectual equality with a Board of Supervisors in the counties of Washington, Cayuga, Tompkins, Ontario, Monroe, Livingston, Genesee, Erie, Niagara, Chautauque, &c., &c.

The House of Lords, though presenting the same architectural aspect, was intellectually dignified, elevated and imposing. In my visit here I had the good fortune to hear Lords BROUGHAM and ABERDEEN, the Duke of WELLINGTON, the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, Earls STANHOPE and MONTEAGLE, and several other Peers of less consideration. Of Lord BROUGHAM I only heard enough to make me exceedingly desirous to hear more. He is a truly great man, whose voice and manner, instead of being harsh and stiff, as I had been led to suppose, are clear and graceful. Lord ABERDEEN is evidently an enlightened statesman. He spoke for some time in relation to former Treaties with France and America in a way evincive of his thorough knowledge of the Diplomatic history of England. His manner is calm and impressive — his language simple but effective. The Duke of WELLINGTON, who had been sitting for an hour dozing, when called out, spoke feebly and seems physically if not mentally broken. Earl STANHOPE, who seems much of a man of business, in person, face and features, is strikingly like CHARLES J. INGERSOLL, of Philadelphia.

The "Gallery" of the House of Lords is a small apartment or "dock" separated from its Lobby, and elevated three steps above the floor of the House, where

some twenty-five or thirty persons can stand up — many *must* stand, for there are no seats. I met Mr. LEAVITT, of the Emancipator, and Gen. WARD, of Westchester, there.

The new Parliament House, now in the progress of construction, on the brink of the Thames, near Westminster Bridge, is a most costly and magnificent pile. This edifice, in magnitude and munificence, is in keeping with the other architectural illustrations of Royalty in and about London. It was in reference to the proposed interior adornment of the new Parliament House, at a startling expense, that I heard Lord BROUGHAM speak the other night.

I quite forgot to say, in the proper place, that the King of Hanover, who is a son, you know, of GEORGE III, came into the House of Lords while I was there. As he passed me, with his upper lip stuck full of coarse bristles, I wondered what "Boar of Ardenne" he could be; and was not at all surprised, afterwards, when informed that this was the King of Hanover; a man whose gross nature and beastly propensities, were they not ennobled, would cast him without the pale of society.

England has, as she needs, a strong Government, for the support of which she pays roundly. There is much here, of what I have discovered something in America. The individual who, by a dispensation of Providence rather than the voice of the People, is now administering our Government, enjoys neither the confidence nor respect of any considerable number of his countrymen; and out of "respect of the office" he holds, when he travels, he is received with demonstrations of appar-

ent confidence and regard. Here the principle is carried farther. The public eye and ear are blind and deaf to the infirmities and vices of Royalty. This remark, however, has no reference to the present Monarch, whose own life is not only blameless, but who is surrounded by persons of better character than are usually found breathing a court atmosphere. But the strength of the British Government, with its own subjects, consists much more in their reverence for and devotion to ROYALTY, than in cannon or bayonets, powder or ball. And it is for this reason that Palaces are built for Kings and Queens, and that Princes and Princesses are ostentatiously born and luxuriously reared. It is for this reason, also, that immense sums are lavished upon a Royal Family. Royalty, surrounded by all that wealth can purchase, inspires the multitude with awe, if not with respect and affection. Indeed there are few, if any, deformities which may not be concealed by jewels and diamonds. But I am wandering far away from a few simple figures (not of speech) that I intended to furnish. Let me give a single item (the Queen's Civil List) of the Parliamentary appropriation, in 1843, for the support of John Bull's Government :

“The Queen's Privy Purse, £60,000; Royal Household Salaries, £131,260; Tradesmen's bills, £172,500; Royal Bounty Alms, £13,200; Unappropriated, £8,000; Duke of CUMBERLAND (who is King of Hanover), £21,000; Duke of CAMBRIDGE, £27,000; Duchess of GLOUCESTER, £16,000; Queen ADELAIDE, £100,000; Duchess of KENT, £30,000; Prince ALBERT, £30,000; King LEOPOLD, £50,000,” making in all over £700,000, or \$3,500,000 annually, for the support of the Royal Family.

I was recently expressing my surprise to an English gentleman, that London should be so comparatively exempted from crime and disorder. I say comparatively, because you see and hear of more burglaries and more violence in New York than in this great Babylon. He replied that the principal cause for this was in the circumstance that a law-breaker, when convicted, was transported, and did not return, as with us, to commit second offenses. Another reason for their security, he very frankly admitted, was that they had shipped off great numbers of their rascals to America. Persons from all parts of England, of dissolute character, who had entered or were entering upon a career of depredation, were first sent to the Workhouses, and from thence to America, their passages being paid by the Authorities. But more than all, London is indebted for the quiet and good order that pervades, to the excellence of its POLICE. There is a body of Policemen here who are schooled and disciplined to their duty; and they discharge that duty with equal discretion and fidelity. By their tact and good temper, they prevent ten tumults where they have occasion to suppress one. The moment you see or hear anything that looks like a collision or outbreak, a Policeman steps in, not with a bludgeon to enforce physical arguments, but as a Peacemaker; and in no instance that has fallen under my observation, has their oil failed to quiet the troubled waters. Nor do they drag people indiscriminately to the Watch house. Last evening, passing along Fleet street, I saw a row in a narrow court which instantly collected a crowd. Two Policemen came, when it appeared that two women, each with an infant, were pulling caps and hair most

furiously. The Policemen interfered, but the Tigresses were lost to all but a thirst for revenge. The efforts of the Policemen were totally disregarded, until they separated and held the termagants by force. After the "whirlwind of their passion" had subsided, instead of hurrying these poor creatures off to the Watch house, the Policemen calmly advised them to go home and take care of their children, which with tears and thanks, they promised to do. On another occasion, when passing along Farringdon street with the "full tide of human existence," a man near me had his board jostled from his head, and his entire stock of potter's Nelsons, Wellingtons, Victorias, &c., dashed in pieces upon the sidewalk. A rush, hurried words, and a fight, followed with electric rapidity. The Policemen were soon within the ring, and the combatants drew off to parley. Some charged that the board was knocked off the man's head by design. The accused party and their champions protested their innocence; and the result was, that after explanations and statements, all parties agreed to contribute something for the sufferer, instead of pummeling each other. This amicable and equitable adjustment of a difficulty was effected by the good sense and kindness of Policemen, at a moment when a different course would have been very likely to have produced a serious outbreak, for it was a case well calculated to excite popular passions.

The London Policemen deserve the thanks of strangers for their uniformly polite and civil attentions. To these oral guides I am indebted for much information. They seem to take pleasure in imparting to others their familiar knowledge of London. They give courteous

answers to all your questions. They will direct you to any part of the city you desire to go, and indicate the shortest routes and the best modes of conveyance. These men seem to have been selected with a proper regard to their intelligence, sobriety, discretion and good temper. I have remarked, in a former Letter, upon the gentlemanly conduct and bearing, and the fine appearance of this class of men in Ireland. The Policemen, here, as in Ireland, dress in uniform blue coats and pantaloons, with white facings and the number of their stations upon the stand-up collars of their coats.

An American gentleman to whom I expressed my surprise at the absence, in London, of the uproarious, dram-drinking dens which infest New York, told me I had not seen "Life in London" yet, and proposed to conduct me that evening to some of the "Gin Shops" in High Holborn and Drury Lane, which according to his account, outstrip the "Five Points," except that they have no Negro vagabonds, and therefore cannot mix colors as well as liquors. But as one of my "walking-beams" is not in a condition for hard service, I was forced to deny myself the amusement and instruction to be derived from a round of visits to the London "Gin Shops."

XVI.

BRISTOL, JULY 27, 1843.

WE left London after breakfast this morning, by the Great Western Railway, and in four hours and a half were set down at the "White Lion," in this place. The distance is 118 miles. We came, some part of the way, at the rate of a mile in a minute and sixteen seconds, and two miles were whistled off, on a descending grade, in two minutes and twenty-four seconds. Traveling at this top speed, I could see but little and learn less of the country through which we passed. Windsor Castle loomed up with its massive walls and towers, as we passed within two miles of this Royal Fortress. The country for the first forty miles, along the windings of the river Thames, presents the same highly cultivated fields, verdant lawns and beautiful landscapes that I have spoken of in former Letters. Farther on it begins to undulate and becomes less extensively cultivated. Our route was through Slough, Maidenhead, Reading, Thatcham, Newbury, Hungerford, Marlborough, Swinton, Chippenham and Bath. Chippenham has a most imperturbable appearance of Antiquity. Its buildings are in a cluster, apparently for mutual support, for I can conceive of no other motive for such excessive neighborhood intimacy where there is "ample room and verge enough;" and altogether it is an old, bald, gray-headed town.

BATH, you know, was once, and during the most gay and dashing Reigns, the fashionable watering place of England. But here, Fashion follows Royalty. Everything depends upon the patronage of Princes. The smile or the frown of Majesty makes or mars the fortunes of those who reside in Watering Places. The glory of Bath was first, I believe, eclipsed by Brighton; and now, though Brighton struggles hard to maintain its supremacy, the sun of Fashion shines brightest at Cheltenham.

In 1831 Bath had a population of 50,000, dependent mainly upon visitors for their support. The Baths are owned by the city corporation, and have produced, in the best years, from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds sterling. The price of a Bath is 2s. 6d. The Baths are supplied by springs which furnish some twenty gallons per minute at a temperature of 114 degrees. The water from the "Hot Bath" is at a temperature of 117 degrees Fahrenheit. Bath is very ancient. It has a tradition which claims BLADUD, King of Britain, 680 years B. C., as its founder, in gratitude for his recovery, by its waters, from a Leprosy. The healing virtues of Bath water were known to the Romans, and it was the site of one of the early monasteries. The city is situated in a narrow valley upon the river Avon (not SHAKSPEARE'S Avon), surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, which, looking down upon its bright terraces and dingy streets, presents a scene of much beauty.

I have passed a day of much interest in Bristol, a place which in its construction contains as much that is curious of Antiquity as there is imposing and beautiful

in modern architecture. Perhaps it contains more of the blendings of the past with the present than any other town in England. It is situated upon two rivers (the Avon and Frome) and in two counties (Gloucestershire and Somersetshire), and claims territorial jurisdiction over respective parts of each. Its people, in 1831, numbered 117,016. Its public edifices (among which are numerous free schools and charitable institutions), not less than its terraces of splendid mansions, are indications of wealth and munificence. The church of St. Mary, erected in 1346, is a noble structure. Its tower contains some good pictures by HOGARTH and TRESHAM. There is among the monuments in this church, one to the memory of Sir WILLIAM PENN, the father of *our* WILLIAM PENN.

The Great Western Railway terminates at Bristol. There have been so many accounts of this great work published recently in America that I need not repeat them. Its Tunnel through Boxhill, one mile and three quarters in length, and a part of the way four hundred feet below the surface of the earth, was a gigantic undertaking. The train dashes through this dark, cold cavern-way without any abatement of speed. There are twelve regular Passenger Trains over this Railway, daily, between London and Bristol. The fare in first class cars, is two pound six (for 118 miles), or \$11.50. In the 2d class, it is one pound one. The day that Prince ALBERT came down to see the Great Britain launched, the receipts for Passengers amounted to twelve thousand pounds. I had heard much about the Railways in England having increased their receipts by cheap fares; but I find that these prices are only cheap

in comparison with their own more exorbitant rates. The cheapest fare here is higher than the largest sums fixed for Passengers over American Railroads.

I have been around, on board, and all through the steamer GREAT BRITAIN, now riding with her six tall, slender masts and her enormous hull, in the British Docks. She is indeed a marine monster. All descriptions fail to convey adequate conceptions of her vastness. Prepare yourselves, therefore, if she reaches New York, for a surprise. Her model is fine, and as far as I can judge, her proportions are good. If a vessel can ride on two waves instead of one, she may answer, but to my eye she seems too long, when her head goes down with one wave, to recover before the next breaks over her. But my judgment in such matters is good for nothing in comparison with those who ought to know. I am told that Capt. HOSKEN, who is to command her, has great confidence that she will take to her element kindly. She is to be propelled by an Archimedean Screw attached to her stern. This contrivance looks wholly inadequate for moving such a monster, and I shall certainly be disappointed if in this respect there is not a signal failure. The Great Britain is 223 feet long, 50 feet in breadth, 33 feet deep. She has 26 State Rooms with one bed, and 123 with two beds; and has an Engine of 1,000-horse power. She is expected to leave for New York early in September.

You have a commanding view of Bristol from Clifton Hill, where the Aristocracy reside in much splendor. From this eminence, too, you overlook a vast extent of highly cultivated rolling country. We stopped, while here, to see a Florentine Anatomical preparation, in wax,

which is represented as being more perfect than any other in existence. Here the mechanism of the human system is wonderfully revealed. Every formation of life is minutely displayed. To the medical profession such a subject, for illustration, must be immensely valuable.

We intended to have gone from Bristol through Wales to Holyhead, but found more difficulty than was apprehended in obtaining a conveyance, our party having been enlarged at London, where we were joined by the Rev. Mr. PINCKNEY, of South Carolina, Mr. NEWTON (son of Mr. ISAAC NEWTON, of New York), and EDWIN BURR, Esq., also of New York. Coach and Hotel Proprietors here, are frequently identical; and they have what would be called in America, "a Yankee trick" of despatching their coaches a few hours before the arrival of Railway trains and Steamers, which causes a detention over night. Nor can a party of seven or eight rely with any confidence upon obtaining seats in the same coach, or even on the same day. And what seemed strange to us, the "Booking Office" Agent could give no information about the hours of departure for coaches beyond his own terminus, at Hereford; nor did he, though he had been for years at the desk, know the distance to Holyhead! In this dilemma, it was thought best to separate temporarily, and L —, W — and myself, who are more or less of invalids, take the steamer direct for Dublin, leaving the other gentlemen to "rough it" through Wales, where the "Rebeccaïtes" are simplifying and facilitating travel by the demolition of Pike Gates.

We were subjected here to one of those annoyances

of which travelers, with or without reason, are so accustomed to complain. Our "White Lion," if not particularly distinguished for the excellence of his cheer, is a rampant fellow in his charges. We dined indifferently well, were lodged in dark rooms, and had unsettled coffee for breakfast, for which we each paid \$2.75. This, however, was but the commencement of the exactions, for the "Chambermaid" desired to be "remembered" 25 cents worth, the "Waiter" solicited a similar remembrance, the "Porter" commended himself to our regards for the same amount, and "Boots" preferred his claims to our affections for 12½ cents, though in the case of two of the party he had forgotten to exercise his polishing functions.

STEAM PACKET SHAMROCK, BRISTOL, July 28.

We left Bristol this morning at half-past 7, locking out of the Docks behind six other Steamers, bound for different Ports, either on the English coast or across the Channel to Ireland. Before we got under way a dozen Schooners and Brigs were locked out of the other Docks, and passed down the River in tow of Steam Tugs. This River, from Bristol to the Channel, is in some places scarcely wider than our Enlarged Canals, but with water sufficient, when the tide is in, for Ships of the largest class. There is an unfinished Suspension Bridge over it, extending from Clifton Hill to a lofty eminence on the opposite bank. Persons cross over now in a basket attached to ropes, from which, to the water is some 300 feet. Upon the Clifton side of the River, and adjoining the Bridge Tower, is the Zoölogical Garden, in which I saw gay groups enjoying them-

selves yesterday. Among the sports was a Donkey Course, where children, instead of "mewling in their nurses' arms," were galloped through a quarter of a mile heat in wicker saddle. "Children of a larger growth," up to eight or ten years, had their Donkeys too, and all, boys and girls, dashed laughingly through, the Donkeys—patient and obedient creatures as they are—requiring no guides and taking instinctive care of their infantile riders.

The distance from Bristol to Dublin is 200 miles. The Steamer performs her trips in 24 hours. The Fare is \$10. It was quite calm when we entered the Channel, but the wind freshened so much that at Dinner the Captain took the head of his Table, but no Passengers made their appearance. The steward was despatched to invite gentlemen personally, but still the Seats at Table were vacated. I was not Sea-Sick, but had no appetite for Dinner. We ran, all the afternoon, along the rugged, rock-bound Coast of Pembrokeshire, in Wales, with a wind that teaches how terrible a lee shore is to the Shipwrecked Mariner. At midnight the wind lulled—at daylight all was calm, and we were within twenty miles of the broad and beautiful Bay of Dublin.

DUBLIN, July 29.

We are detained here for the friends who went by Coach through Wales; but it is no hardship to pass a day or two in Dublin. Your only cause of regret here, is that a City with every element of prosperity within and around it, should exhibit nothing but the perishing Monuments of its Manufactures and its Commerce. Here is a population as intelligent, as enterprising, as

industrious, as patriotic and as virtuous, as any that lives; and yet their canvas is scarcely seen upon the Atlantic; their looms and shuttles stand still; you neither hear the hammer's click nor see the anvil spark; the Mariner lingers despondingly about the Quays; the Mechanic seeks in vain for employment; the Shopman sits listlessly behind his deserted counter; and the Agriculturist, though he causes the bountiful earth to bring forth its gifts, sees the fruits and the fatlings of his toil and his care rapaciously devoured by his oppressors.

Who, therefore, in view of these wrongs, and with a knowledge of the causes that produce them, can fail to "sympathize" keenly with Irishmen? And above all, what AMERICAN who remembers the generous alacrity with which Irishmen shed their blood in the two Wars we have been compelled to wage for the achievement and maintenance of our National existence, can withhold his Prayers for the disinthralment of Ireland? It is consoling to see and to know, as I do, that the cause of REPEAL is acquiring a moral power and energy that will tell with prodigious effect upon those who presumptuously threaten TO PUT IT DOWN BY FORCE!

The hands and hearts of the Repealers here are strengthened and cheered by the auxiliary movements of their friends in America. Nor are these movements without their effect upon the Tory Ministry. This is not the age for ascertaining the rights either of Nations or of individuals by brute power. We live in an illuminated era, when even Monarchs are held amenable to the principles of justice, and are compelled to be

guided by the light of truth and swayed by the force of enlightened opinion.

My blood has been stirred and my spirit refreshed, to-day, by the reading of Mr. WEBSTER'S second BUNKER HILL ORATION. Such a theme was worthy of such an Orator. The man was made for the occasion. What a power of conjuration Mr. WEBSTER exerts over language ! How he makes the simplest words express the sublimest thoughts ! Who else could imbue sentences so unambitiously constructed, with every element and attribute of eloquence and poetry !

XVII.

BELFAST, August 3, 1843.

WE left Dublin with an American party six strong, in the Royal Mail Coach for this place. The distance is 80 Irish or about 100 American miles, which was driven in 12 hours. The suburbs of Dublin, in this direction, are less beautiful, and exhibit a population less comfortably housed than in other quarters. ASHBOURNE, a new village, is the first place for changing horses. Here is an ancient Tower in good repair.

The next point of interest is DROGHEDA, a town situated on the river Boyne, with a population of more than 20,000, whose annals are replete with stirring events. After a gallant resistance in 1641, its defenders were finally overpowered and put to the sword by CROMWELL'S Army. Here is an obelisk commemorating King WILLIAM'S victory in 1690. This place abounds in Antiquities, among which is a Priory erected by King RICHARD II; an Augustine Abbey; a Castle once inhabited by the Archbishop of Armagh; the remains of Monasterborie Abbey, &c., &c. There are several fine modern structures, among which is St. Peter's church and spire, of hewn stone; the Linen Hall, Corn Market, Barracks, Hospital, &c. The general aspect of the town, however, is anything but pleasant. It presents no indications of prosperity. Its population, to a

great extent, are evidently unemployed, and there is consequently a corresponding amount of destitution and suffering. The Harbor and Bay of Drogheda, extending some two or three miles from the Irish Sea, are vainly inviting the trade and commerce for which the town and its inhabitants are languishing. There is a deep and strong Repeal sentiment at Drogheda, which, for the present, keeps hope alive, but when these hopes are blasted, should that unfortunately happen, desperate men, with hungry wives and children, will do desperate things.

DUNDALK is a fine town with several spacious public buildings, and is surrounded with rich fields and parks, but is not otherwise interesting. There is a field here, and hereabouts, for the benevolent labors of Father MATHEW.

NEWRY is a pleasant, bustling, active, manufacturing town, enjoying a very good coasting trade. A canal, navigable for vessels of 150 to 200 tons, passes from Carlingford Bay through the town. The descent from the Dublin road into Newry is by a steep hill, from which you have a delightful view of the Town and Bay. It is refreshing to find, in oppressed Ireland, here and there a spot where the evidences of comparative prosperity and happiness exist. The Abbey of Newry was founded in the 12th century by MAC LAUGHLIN, and endowed by HUGH DE LACY. Newry contains over 10,000 inhabitants. This being market day, a large number of the peasantry had assembled, in whose dress, countenance and manner, were agreeable indications of the improved condition and increased comforts of the People of the North of Ireland, where something

more of the advantages of trade and manufactures are enjoyed.

After passing BANBRIDGE, a pleasant town in the county Down, you come into the Flax-growing part of Ireland. Here, for some thirty miles, luxuriant Flax fields, the pulling of which has just commenced, meet the eye in every direction. Every tenant has his patch of Flax, some containing a quarter, some half, and others three-quarters of an acre, while the FARMER rejoices in fields of Flax containing, in some instances, from ten to fifteen acres. Along here you see better dressed women, in cleaner cabins, and in many instances, neat cottages, feeding the spindle or plying the shuttle.

HILLSBOROUGH is a pretty town, surrounded by an industrious and thrifty agricultural population, whose neat, white-washed stone cottages present an aspect of cheerfulness and comfort seldom found in Ireland, much of which is attributed to the liberality of Lord DOWNSHIRE, a wealthy Nobleman, who, in various ways, gives encouragement to industry, extends patronage to enterprise, and manifests a laudable solicitude for the welfare of his tenants. The Park, Castle and broad Domain of Lord DOWNSHIRE, each furnishing evidence of great wealth, are in full view from the road.

Next to Hillsborough comes LISBURN, in Antrim, known abroad by the excellence of its Damasks, which are fabricated here in great quantities. Its Cambric and Muslin fabrics are always in much request. The view north from Lisburn is bold and picturesque. Beyond a rich valley, commences an elevation which rises for several miles, and terminates in a high mountain, extending as far as the eye can reach, and under the

shoulder of which Belfast is situated. These mountains would resemble some of the bald ones in New Hampshire, except that upon every patch of soil, wheat, or oats, or barley, or rye, are seen waving.

From Lisburn it is but seven miles to BELFAST, a place which bears so strong a resemblance to American cities that I became at once domesticated here. There is much intercourse between Belfast and New York. This has produced an assimilation in manners too obvious not to be noticed. I dropped into familiar conversation with merchants at the Hotel here, and felt *almost* as much at ease as I should have been at the Astor House. This qualification, by the way, is not strong enough. It is quite as impossible for the guests of the Astor to feel as much at ease in any other Hotel, as it is to find elsewhere the enjoyments and luxuries that surround you there. I know something now of the Hotels of England and Ireland, which, in some respects, may claim superiority over American Hotels; but I have no hesitation in saying, that for half the money paid for apartments at the very best Hotels in London, you can secure all the quiet, all the attentions, all the conveniences, and much more than all the luxuries and delicacies at the Astor House. Nor is this the opinion of an humble American alone. I have met English gentlemen who hold the same opinion, and I am assured that Lord MORPETH, whose knowledge and taste will not be questioned, frequently speaks of the Astor as the best Hotel he has ever known.

Belfast has increased more in wealth and population for the last fifteen years, than any other town or city in Ireland. In 1832 its population only reached some

35,000. They now claim to have a population of over 100,000. The Rev. Dr. Cook, the most learned and eminent Divine in the North of Ireland, to whom I had letters, is in London. I lost much valuable information in not seeing this distinguished man.

We visited the Linen manufactories and Bleaching establishments, which are the principal source of business and prosperity to Belfast. Not more than one half of the Looms are now employed, though business is reviving. Linens are manufactured at Belfast for all parts of the world. America, however, is regarded as their best market, though most of the orders from our country reach the manufacturers through English houses.

I intended to have said a word, in another place, about the Irish Poor House system. Each county has its spacious and expensive poor house, for the erection and support of which the property of Ireland is heavily taxed. But I am told that the system does not work well. The poor, unless driven to the direst extremity, will not go to the poor houses. Women evince the strongest aversion to places which offer them shelter and food, mainly, it is said, because they are there deprived of the chances of occasionally tasting tea and tobacco. There is another objection which some speak of with horror. They are not only scrubbed clean when they go there, but are required to perform daily ablutions in cold water! "It is bad enough," said one of them, "to be compelled to drink their ugly cold water, bad luck to them, without having the life frozen out of you with washing in it every morning."

The Coach, at several of the first changes out of

Dublin, was beset by an unusual number of very importunate beggar women, whose claims were urged, sometimes in the most piteous accents, and at others, with an adroitness and humor quite amusing. At Drogheda, the beggars besieged us in a way which, though embarrassing to a young Lady, was quite amusing to the other passengers. In handing this lady into the coach after dinner, a woman approached us saying, "Your honor will sure give something to a poor starving widow for the sake of the sweet lady that owns you." To get rid of this mode of attack, I gave her a penny. This encouraged another, who exclaimed "Your honor's a happy man, with such a beautiful lady by your side. Don't forget a poor creature with eight starving children." She got her penny and departed only to give place to a third, who began, "Long life to your honor and to your honor's beautiful lady. May you find the sweet little ones quite well when you get home." This one gave place to another who commenced, "God bless your honor and long life to your honor's jewel of a lady. It was a lucky day she made choice of your honor, who is so good to the poor widows." This, to use a cant phrase, was "coming it too strong," and the lady exclaimed, "Go away, you jade; I am not married at all." But nothing daunted, the hag continued: "Well, if not married already, it's soon you will be, for you're too good and sweet a lady to let his honor be breaking his heart for you." My small coin was exhausted, and rather than stand such fire the lady gave "the jade" a penny herself, when we were spared further annoyance by the Guard's "all right" to the Coachman, the crack of whose whip dashed the hopes of half a

score of other "widows" who were gathering for the onset.

STEAMER COMMODORE, River Clyde, 9 P. M.

We took passage in this fine, staunch and beautifully finished and furnished Steam Packet, from Belfast to Greenwich, in Scotland. The distance is 86 miles. The cabin fare is half a sovereign. The fare on deck is two shillings sterling. Four o'clock is the hour fixed for leaving Belfast, but when we arrived, a few minutes before four, the quay was choked up with cars, trucks, crates, hampers, men, women and children; the crates and hampers filled with pigs, poultry and vegetables, going to Paisley and Glasgow to be eaten; and the men, women and children going first to Scotland to the Hay and Oat, and then to England for the Wheat harvest. After a scene of great noise, confusion and labor from four till after seven o'clock, the vegetables and the animals, biped and quadruped, were stowed away either under hatches or upon deck, when we took our departure from Belfast. The channel, for several miles, is narrow and intricate, but our vessel dodged around, by short curves and abrupt angles, among the buoys and beacons with admirable obedience to her helm, and in an hour we were far enough out to have abundance of sea room, with the Irish coast in sight on our left, while the shores of Scotia were dimly seen on our right.

I went forward, after we got under way, among the deck passengers, some 250 in number, two-thirds of whom were as wild, ragged and desperate a set of fellows as I had ever seen. Many of them were Con-naught lads, who, from economy in words, or some other cause, are in the habit of using scythes, hooks, pitch-

forks, or whatever argument, of this description, they may happen to have in their hands, for the purpose of convincing those with whom they differ. But fortunately there were no differences here. All was hilarity. After a few songs, a dance was called, when, instead of a Fiddler, a Fifer was procured for the occasion. A ring was made. The insides were required to sit, those next to kneel, and the outer strata were allowed to stand up. This gave all a chance. The dancing (Irish jigs) commenced with great spirit and with more grace than I expected to see in dirt and rags. The parties "leading off" continued to dance more and more vehemently, until exhausted, when they called successors to the floor, and in this way the amusement was prolonged until a late hour.

On board the steamer I met with a most extraordinary man—in many respects the *most* extraordinary of any living individual. That there are other men who have lost both Arms and both Legs by amputation, I doubt not, but that those others walk about directly, and are able to feed themselves, and even to write, I much doubt. This individual is NEAL DEWAR, a native of Argyleshire, in Scotland, who was shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador in the schooner Rebecca, of Quebec, in 1817. The survivors (the captain, mate and four of the crew) found themselves upon the inhospitable shore of Labrador in the month of November, with a cask of cherry brandy their only sustenance. The mate and one of the crew perished with cold and hunger. The captain died soon afterwards. The subject of this paragraph was so badly wounded in the legs as to be unable to accompany his companions in

an attempt to find assistance. These companions returned towards night the following day with information that they had found an Indian hut, to which they with difficulty assisted him. Here they found a hunter with a white man and two Indians in his employment. The hunter did all in his power to relieve the sufferers, but it soon became evident that nothing but amputation would save the lives of DEWAR and DONALDSON, one of his companions. The latter died from loss of blood, during the operation. The life of DEWAR was saved by an application of hot pitch to his bleeding stumps. The operation was performed by the white man, assisted by the Indians. His arms soon healed, but his legs continued in a deplorable state till spring, when his kind host had him conveyed to the coast on a sledge, and in September he obtained a passage in a schooner to Quebec, at which place he was received into the Hospital of St. Rochs and very kindly attended by the nuns. But here it was found necessary to re-amputate both his legs! In 1819 he obtained a passage home to Scotland, but on the passage his wounds broke out afresh, and while in the Glasgow Infirmary, a *third* amputation of both his legs was performed by surgeons CORKINDALE and CUMIN!! The wounds soon healed, and for nearly twenty years he has enjoyed excellent health. By the aid of Cork Legs and the assistance of a Cane jointed to a Cork Arm, he walks without difficulty. He takes his meals by jointing a fork into his left arm, and by "unshipping (as he expressed it) the cane and shipping a knife" into the joint of the right stump.

XVIII.

GREENOCK August 5, 1843.

SCOTLAND, the birth-place of BURNS and of SCOTT, the land of Lake and of Mountain, is revealing her beauties to my admiring eyes. Nor in her case does the reality disappoint the expectation. Scotia's bards have scarcely taken a Poet's license in their descriptions of her Lake and Highland scenery. I have had as yet but a day's enjoyment among them, but that is sufficient to enable me to attest the fidelity of those who have celebrated the picturesque charms of the Clyde, Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond, Loch Long, &c., &c.

We left the Belfast steamer at an early hour this morning at this town, in whose harbor there is an appearance of considerable commercial activity. It has, I learn, several ships constantly employed in the East India trade. It is situated on the Clyde, under the brow of a hill, along which its principal street extends for more than one mile. On the opposite sides the hills of Argyleshire and Dumbartonshire are seen. As an evidence of the pride and enterprise of the citizens of Greenock, it is stated that when the Government was about to erect a Custom House, they subscribed and paid \$10,000 to insure the construction of one that is now an ornament to their town. Greenock

is the birth-place of the justly celebrated WATT, of whom there is a splendid Statue by CHANTRY in Westminster Abbey.

After an early breakfast we took the steamer for an excursion through the Lakes. The morning was dark and rainy, not, however, without a bow of promise in the west; and soon after we were afloat upon the Clyde, the sun appeared to brighten a genial sky and to bless a beautiful verdant landscape. Soon after 9 o'clock, DUMBARTON CASTLE, lifting its two frowning, bald rock Towers high up in the clouds, attracted our attention. Arriving opposite the Castle the steamer lay off in the stream until passengers for Loch Lomond were despatched to the shore in a small boat. And this proved to be no sinecure job, for, in addition to some twenty passengers, there were two Packs of Dogs in leash, a litter of Puppies in hamper, with liberal supplies of small arms, fishing tackle, ammunition, "provant," &c., &c., for gentlemen having deadly intentions towards grouse and trout. In good time, however, all were landed on the beach at the foot of Dumbarton Castle, and proceeded from thence on foot to the ancient Town of Dumbarton, from which place the sportsmen despatched cars for their "luggage."

Dumbarton Castle is a fortress of much historical interest. It is a rock in the Clyde measuring a mile in circumference at its base, and rising almost perpendicularly on all sides to the height of 560 feet. During the early Scottish Wars, this Rock was always strongly fortified; but impregnable as it seems, it was once taken, in the night, by means of ladders so placed as to enable a scaling party to ascend the most precipitous

points The assailing party was commanded by a Capt. CRAWFORD, who was personally the most efficient man in the daring and difficult enterprise. Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, after his capture, was for a long time on Dumbarton Rock, in a Tower still bearing his name. At the Union between Scotland and England, the former stipulated that Dumbarton Castle should always remain a fortification, with a Garrison to protect its works. There are, therefore, detachments of infantry and Artillery stationed there now.

At Dumbarton there was a scene as rich as that from which Sir WALTER SCOTT drew his first chapter of the *Antiquary*. Passengers for Loch Lomond take Coach here over to the Lake, which is five miles distant. The quiet town of Dumbarton was invaded this morning with an unusual number of Visitors, to say nothing of Dogs, Luggage, &c. Extra conveyances had to be provided. This created delay. The "Dumbarton Arms," as well as the "Coach for Loch Lomond," rejoiced in "Mrs. Currie" as Proprietress. There was a gentleman with us, who, with less perhaps of natural hostility to "womankind" than MONKBARNES, manifested the same testy impatience that characterized the *Antiquary's* colloquy with "Mrs. Macleuchar," whose placard assured the public that her Coach for "Queen's ferry" left Edinburgh promptly at 9 o'clock. This gentleman first mildly urged "Mrs. Currie" to hasten the departure of the coach, which she said would be "round to the stand in no time." After waiting a few minutes he rang the bell furiously, and when the Lady made her appearance the gentleman pointed to the clock with the remark that she had kept him twenty minutes too long,

and that if he lost the Steamer by her means he would not pay her a baubee for the Coach. She reiterated the assurance that the Coach would be round to the door by the time the gentlemen could get down stairs—and then retreated to her own dominions. The gentleman hastened to the door and waited for a few moments, when, there being no sign of the Coach, he returned to the sitting-room and again rang the bell. When "Mrs. Currie" appeared, he assailed her with a volley of imprecations, and while threatening her with pains and penalties for interrupting his visit to the Trossachs, the Coachman's horn announced that all was "right," and the Landlady marshaled her excited patron to the door. But here an unexpected delay occurred. The testy gentleman's Son was missing! It was now "Mrs. Currie's" moment of triumph and revenge! "The Coach canna wait, sir. It is o'er late noo." "But I cannot leave my son!" "Its na' my fault that your daft son is na here." "Wait but a moment—Run after my son, boy, you shall get a penny for it." "Will you step into the Coach, sir, or shall I despatch it without you! The 'Emperor' will be half way up the Loch before it gets there, and gentlemen will miss their visit to the Trossachs!" "I entreat you to wait but a minute, Mrs. Currie." "Awa' wi' your Mrs. Curries; it is but a moment since ye were misca'ing me an ugly old woman; but it is no use clavering here. The Coach must be awa'. You can wait another day for your ne'er-do-well Son." At this critical moment the young gentleman was seen running towards us with a boy at his heels. During this scene the other Passengers were convulsed with laughter, and Mrs. Currie, while taking

her revenge, in great apparent earnestness, had much difficulty to preserve the rigidity of her own muscles. It turned out that the youth had indulged a very natural desire to get a sketch of Dumbarton Castle, and while engaged in his drawing, had forgotten the Coach.

In our drive to Loch Lomond, about two miles from Dumbarton, we passed the cottage in which Dr. SMOLLET was born. Farther on are highly cultivated grounds and a stately mansion, owned and occupied by a descendant of SMOLLET.

We were joined at the foot or outlet of Loch Lomond, by a large and fashionable London party, among whom was a DIANA VERNON in habit, hat, manner, &c., but I doubt much whether Mr. FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE would have discovered in this "counterfeit presentment" much resemblance to the charming original. The party, consisting of about sixty, was taken in a large Durham boat from the Balloch Suspension Bridge to the steamer that lay puffing off her high pressure steam out in the Lake; and when aboard and under way a scene opened as rich and beautiful as painter or poet ever imagined. Loch Lomond is 28 miles long, and varies in width from half a mile to five miles. It is studded with Islands, some of which are half or three-quarters of a mile long, while others are but a few rods. "Inch Mulvin," the largest Island in the Loch, belongs to the Duke of Montrose, and hundreds of Deer are seen feeding and sporting as you pass. When we came in sight of Ben Lomond, his head was hid in the mist, but as we approached, the veil was rent and a splendid spectacle presented itself. Ben Lomond is 3,200 feet above the level of the Lake,

and taken in connection with the objects that surround it, is eminently bold and striking. But it is not to any single object that this tour owes its attraction. The charm is continuous and variegated. Of the 32 Islands in Loch Lomond, some are rocky and precipitous, others are of even surface and carpeted with verdure, while others are handsomely wooded. There is one view which reminds you strongly of West Point, though it lacks the grandeur of that scene. At another place you seem, as at a pass in the Massachusetts Railroad, running into the Mountain without any possibility of an outlet.

This tour, it will be recollected, takes you into the country of the MAC GREGORS. These hills are memorable for the protection and impunity they gave to ROB ROY. It was from these mountain fastnesses that ROB ROY used to make his incursions upon the Herds and Flocks of his Lowland neighbors. And it was here, when pursued, that he used to hurl destruction upon his enemies. You are pointed, in passing, to a shelving rock, still called "ROB ROY'S ROCK," from which it is said he used to suspend Gentlemen who refused to pay him Black Mail. Without inquiring into the authenticity of this tradition, I sought for points of interest in relation to which there is no question; for there are localities, you know, connected with ROB ROY'S history, attested by a writer of eminent and *veritable* character and accuracy. It was to this region that ROB ROY despatched "BAILIE NICOL JARVIE" and "FRANK OSBALDISTONE," under guidance of the "creature DUGALD." The "Clachan of Aberfoil," where the BAILIE flourished the "hot poker" with such gallantry

and effect, is situated a few miles from the Loch, and out of sight; but I was enabled to trace their route into the Highlands, along the precipices bordering Loch Lomond. And I either identified or imagined the narrow pass where Capt. THORNTON was hailed by ROB ROY's wife, who stood out boldly upon an overhanging rock above, with a man's bonnet and feather, an unsheathed sword, and pistols at her girdle, commanding the soldiers to "stand! and tell me what ye seek in the MAC GREGOR's country?" And when assured by Captain THORNTON that he "made no war upon women," she replied; "Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither honor nor fame—my mother's bones will shrink from the contact when mine are laid beside them in the grave. Ye have left neither home nor hold, neither cattle to feed nor flocks to clothe us. Ye have taken from us all—all—the very name of our ancestors, and now ye come for our lives."

And here, after the English officer, disregarding the caution of HELEN MAC GREGOR, had encountered a fire from her followers, which proved fatal to most of his men, and led to the capture of the survivors, I looked peeringly around for "the projecting branch of a haggard thorn, which, catching hold of the BAILIE's riding coat, supported him in mid air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in Ludgate Hill." ANDREW FAIRSERVICE, with better fortune than the BAILIE, attained a foothold on a cliff higher up, from which "he roared for mercy during the encounter, in Gaelic and English alternately according to the side on which the scale of victory

seemed to predominate." And finally, I almost saw the bubbles rising from that portion of the Loch into which HELEN MAC GREGOR, while her blood was up, took hasty vengeance upon one of her husband's enemies, by ordering the wretch MORRIS manacled and weighted, "cast from the rock into the waters which settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence."

Returning, we left the steamer at Tarbet, where we dined, and crossed over to Loch Long in a "noddy," where another steamer lay in waiting for the Passengers from Loch Lomond. Loch Long is an arm of the sea, bounded by very high hills denuded of wood and shrubs, but with tolerable grazing for the flocks of sheep and herds of black cattle that are seen feeding upon them. From Loch Long we had a fine view of "Ben Arthur," a bold promontory 2,359 feet above the level of the water. We emerged from Loch Long into the broadest part of the Clyde three miles below Greenock, and thus terminated the "sight-seeing" of an exceedingly interesting day.

The London Globe of yesterday contains a paragraph in relation to Free Trade which, though brief, sums up the whole case. Here it is:

"How idle it is to talk about reciprocity when we refuse reciprocity; and to set ourselves up as Free Trade teachers to the world, and wonder they disregard our instructions, at the very moment we persist in making exceptions from Free Trade of the very articles of which our most effective natural demand consists, and of which the New World will form, at least ultimately, the most extensive source of supply — as on the other hand, to the New World we must look for the most effective natural demand for *our* product. The intentions of Nature and Providence may doubtless be thwarted

on both sides; but not without loss to the laborer, and loss of cheapness and abundance to the markets of both, in those commodities which each wants from the other, and which each can pay for, if each will but accept payment in the form that will best satisfy its wants."

This frank admission of an important fact which bears directly and forcibly upon the question of Free Trade, from a leading London paper, ought to have its influence upon our Anti-Tariff people. There is no escape from this well compacted argument. Free Trade, without reciprocity, would answer if we had nothing to sell. But we abound in products of which England is short; while we need the manufactures that England must sell. When, therefore, England thinks proper to take our Produce upon Free Trade principles, she may with propriety ask us to receive her manufactures upon reciprocal terms. But England will only consent to one-sided Free Trade. She cannot let in American produce without ruining her Agriculturists, who are the Aristocracy. Indeed, one has only to make a radius across this highly cultivated Island, teeming as it now does, with the bounties of the Earth, to see that England is as eminently an Agricultural, as she is a Commercial and Manufacturing country. Here the three great pursuits of civilized life are rendered, as they should be with us, instrumental to sustain, cherish and protect each other.

XIX.

GLASGOW, August 7, 1843.

WE arrived at Greenock, on our return from the Lakes, in season to take the last Railway run, and were here before 9 o'clock on Saturday evening. The distance from Greenock to Glasgow is 22 miles. The fare, in first class cars is five shillings; in second class, two and sixpence, and in the third sixpence! But the third class passengers stand up, and are exposed to the weather, there being no seat or covering to these cars. The train passed through Paisley, but its stop was too short to enable me to do more than count twenty-three manufacturers' tower chimneys vomiting forth smoke and fire, and indicating more or less of business activity. I hope, therefore, that the inhabitants of this town who have suffered so severely, are not now out of employment.

In entering Glasgow I was struck with its magnitude. Argyle street, where we lodge, seems as rife of human existence as London itself. Nor was my surprise at all diminished upon learning that Glasgow is a city of over 300,000 inhabitants. There is, just now, a great deal of suffering in Glasgow, arising as much from its redundancy of population, as from the depressed condition of its commerce and manufactures. The Poor, or rather the vagrant poor, resort to all sorts of contrivances to "raise the wind." At one point you find a Blind Bag-

Piper, and at another a Blind Fiddler. Then you encounter two or three Musicians either halt or blind, "making night hideous" in concert. Next come the Vocalists. The first of this class I encountered were two ragged girls seven or eight years old, singing "I'm o'er young to marry yet." The next was an old man in a tartan and cap, singing "Wha'll be King but Charlie!" Then three boys of "rake-helly" aspect, in a boisterous glee, the words of which I could not catch; and finally, a Father, Mother and five small children, walking with slow and solemn tread along the sidewalk singing sacred melodies with much taste and sweetness. This is no exaggeration. I saw, in a crowded street, in passing two blocks, or less than a quarter of a mile, all these musical appeals for charity. And each suppliant had his group of admirers, and each received more or less for the music they discoursed.

Though Glasgow has a population nearly as large as New York, it bears no comparison to our great Metropolis in other respects. There are a few fine streets with spacious granite buildings, occupied by her opulent merchants and manufacturers. But the city does not cover half the territory that New York occupies, nor are there half as many buildings here as there. The Poorer classes are huddled together in the same building, each "flat" (as they call stories) having its half dozen tenants.

Glasgow owes much of its prosperity to the wisdom and enterprise of her merchants, who have, by excavations, actually created a ship navigation for themselves. Some thirty years ago the Clyde was only navigable for vessels to Port Glasgow, some 18 miles below.

Flat-bottomed boats with difficulty made their way here. Now, the Harbor of Glasgow is filled with large Brigs, Schooners and Steamboats. But the navigation terminates abruptly at the point where the excavations cease. Above the Bridge, which the bowsprits of the vessels touch, there is scarcely water enough to float a canoe or turn an over-shot mill wheel.

Scotland, you know, is distinguished for its observance of the Sabbath. There are no modes of conveyance here on Sunday. Railways, Steamers and Coaches rest on the Sabbath. This morning (Sunday) the streets and marts that were so thronged last night, and in which there was all the noise and confusion of Babel, are now totally deserted. No sound from voice or footstep is heard. Even upon the Quay, where Loafers "most do congregate," there is silence and solitude.

The sound of the "Church-going bell," however, put everybody in motion. And now the teeming streets reminded me of Albany, whose Churches are as well attended as any in the World. I mingled in this stream of human beings and was wafted—where I have often and anxiously wished myself—to the TRON CHURCH; but the voice of one upon whose eloquent teaching tens of thousands have founded their faith, is no longer heard there. I should have esteemed it a great privilege to hear the Rev. Dr. CHALMERS.

The singing is conducted here as it was with us twenty years ago, the Leader standing in a desk in front of the Pulpit, and instead of a Choir in the Gallery, the congregation participates in this part of the exercises. The Leader indicates the music by displaying on either

side of him a narrow panel on which its name is painted thus—"Devizes," before the sermon and afterwards, "Arnold."

You are aware that the Church of Scotland is just now painfully distracted. The convulsion is universal, and the evils, I fear, will prove as lasting as they are pervading. Congregations are broken up. Brethren are divided. Children arrayed against Parents. The waters of strife and bitterness are poisoning the religious communion and intercourse by which Scotland has so long been distinguished. These difficulties originate with the relations existing between Church and State. The Clergy were desirous of securing to the People more power in the selection of Pastors than was allowed by the Government. Having matured and adopted what they deemed proper forms of proceeding, a delegation proceeded to London to confer with the Ministry, by whom their proposition was discourteously rejected. The Clergy having gone too far to recede, hundreds of them have relinquished their Churches. The followers of the dissenting Ministers are erecting new Churches. I do not pretend to understand the merits of this controversy, but reasoning from general principles, it is not unsafe to assume that the Government has, like the sons of Levi, taken too much upon itself. Scotland is eminently indebted to her fearless and faithful Ministers, in all ages, for the high civil and religious privileges she enjoys. Nor is she less indebted to the learning and piety of this class of Teachers for the intelligence and virtue that characterize and adorn her People.

GLASGOW is in all respects a place of much greater importance and magnitude than I was prepared to see.

It is possible that others may not be aware of its claims to consideration. That it is one of the oldest places in Scotland is known; that it was frequently devastated by fires and scourged with plagues and leprosy, is also known. Up to 1775 its principal article of commerce and source of profit, was Tobacco, which they imported from the American Colonies in great quantities and under advantageous auspices. The Revolutionary war cut up this trade, but not until the Glasgow merchants had made large fortunes by it. From the Tobacco business they turned their attention to the manufacture of Cotton Goods, in which they were eminently successful. It is supposed that Glasgow now employs 40,000 hand-loom weavers. There are, it is estimated, 1,100,000 spindles now employed here. Over 100,000 bales of Cotton are consumed annually. Education here, as in all parts of Scotland, is within the reach of all classes. Glasgow abounds, too, in Religious, Charitable and Philanthropic Institutions, for the support of which over £50,000, or \$250,000 is raised in donations annually.

In St. George's Square, a fine large central Park, is a large monument to the memory of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and statues of Sir JOHN MOORE, who was a native of Glasgow, and of JOHN WATTS, a native of Greenock. Argyle street, which is known as Gallogate and Tron-gate at either extremity, is a broad, busy thoroughfare, over three miles in length.

Upon the Necropolis are monuments to the memory of JOHN KNOX and of the late Rev. Dr. DICK. At the foot of this elevation stands a venerable Cathedral. The Lunatic Asylum is as noble in its structure as beneficent in its object. The Glasgow or Broomielaw

Bridge, 60 feet wide and 500 feet long, of Aberdeen granite, is one of the finest in the world.

During the year ending July 1838, there were 4,600 arrivals of sailing vessels at Glasgow. The city derived a revenue of £43,287 from its harbor charges. The Post-office revenue of Glasgow, last year, was £47,527.

Glasgow merchants are stockholders in the Cunard Steamers. I have heard, indeed, that a majority of the stock of the Line is owned here, but not from a source that I can vouch for, though it may be true.

We have, at the suggestion of a gentleman who traveled with us from Dublin to Belfast, been stopping at the "Commercial Inns" at Belfast, Greenock, and Glasgow. This, by means of a sort of "gark," as the ostler at York called the "pass" that "JIM RADCLIFF" gave "JEANIE DEANS" when she started for London, has introduced us to the "Commercial Gentlemen," a class unknown in America. These gentlemen are the Agents of the large Manufacturing and Commercial Houses, who are constantly traveling through the large towns in England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland. The mode of purchasing goods, you will perceive, differs entirely from ours. Country merchants do not go (as in America, to New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore) to London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, &c., to purchase goods, but the manufacturers and importers send Agents, with samples and prices, throughout the Kingdom, from whom the goods are purchased, generally on time, and to whom, when paper matures, payment is made. The country or interior

merchant, therefore, seldom if ever goes to the commercial or manufacturing cities.

These "Commercial Gentlemen," as you will suppose, are active, intelligent, conversable, shrewd, plausible men. There is a "Commercial Room" at the Inns they frequent, where they so far depart from the English mode of living at Hotels, as to dine together. This affords me an opportunity of hearing much that both interests and amuses. The Senior (or the gentleman who has been longest at the Inn) takes the head of the table, and is addressed as "Mr. President." The President orders what Wine and as much or little as he pleases. Until the meats, "sweets" and cheeses have been removed, the conversation is confined to matters of business. After cloth has been removed and the Wine returned, the President gives "The Queen." This is followed by, "The Ladies," from the Vice-President, and then the conversation becomes general, discursive and lively. They have been exceedingly attentive and kind to us. The first and last inquiry of an American, is whether our Tariff will be modified? If those on our side of the Atlantic could hear Englishmen, manufacturers and merchants talk upon this subject, we should hear no more of the argument that Duties upon importations are a Tax upon the consumers! I am amazed that this fallacy can mislead and delude intelligent men.

In a stroll this evening, we came in front of a dimly lighted building, at the window of which the Manager of a Company of strollers was expressing his "mingled emotions of astonishment and mortification that so many gentlemen should be content to deprive them-

selves of the exquisite enjoyment of seeing the popular tragedy of "DOUGLAS," the part of "Young Norval" by Mr. BOXLEY, the modern GARRICK, who even bids fair to surpass that great Dramatic master; and especially when he repeated, what he had had the honor of assuring them before, that this truly thrilling tragedy, with the inimitable farce of the "Review," and a Scotch Reel by Miss FITZ ALLEN, could all be seen for ONE PENNY!"

Unmoved by this moving appeal we passed along to the Circus, where we most unexpectedly (for we had not seen the bills) encountered a troupe of familiar faces, among whose were those of two of the "Columbian Minstrels," who were our fellow passengers in the George Washington, BANCKER, the inimitable clown, Master COOKE, the Equestrian, &c., &c. The Company, I believe, is in charge of Mr. WALSH, of Westchester, whom we know as an enterprising, reputable man. There were from 2,500 to 3,000 persons in the Circus.

XX.

GLASGOW, August 9, 1843.

WE have just returned from a visit to the birth-place of ROBERT BURNS. We lingered for hours around objects made classic by his genius. This true Poet of Nature has invested everything that surrounds Ayr and Alloway with an interest that can never die. Every brook, and brae, and craig, and "Brig," are the self-erected monuments to his memory and his muse.

The Glasgow and Ayr Railway enables visitors to go to Alloway in three hours and a half. The cottage in which the Poet was born is about two and a half miles from Ayr. It is and has been occupied by a Mrs. GOUDIE (an intelligent and communicative old lady, who was acquainted with BURNS) for forty-two years. The cottage, as constructed by the Poet's Father, on seven acres of ground, for which he bought a perpetual lease, is small and humble, consisting of a single room and kitchen. When the Poet's Father rented Mount Oliphant, a farm near the cottage, he sold his seven acres to the Shoemaker's Corporation of Ayr, for £60, to whom Mrs. GOUDIE pays an *annual* rent of £45.

From the cottage we proceeded to the "Burns Monument," a very tasteful, poetic structure, erected on the banks of the "Bonny Doon," at an expense of £3,300, raised by subscription. The grounds around it are handsomely laid out and adorned with many varieties

of shrub and flower. Within the monument, upon the ground floor, is an apartment lighted from a cupola, with stained glass, in the center of which stands a table with relics of BURNS inclosed in a glass case. Among these mementoes are the two Bibles presented by the Poet to his "Highland Mary." In the fly leaf to each volume "ROBERT BURNS, Mossgiel," as written by himself, is seen; and in the 1st Book "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely," and in the 2d, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths," appear in his handwriting. With these sacred volumes is a lock of "Highland Mary's" hair. After the death of MARY CAMPBELL, these Bibles were given by her mother to Mrs. ANDERSON, another daughter, who subsequently gave one to each of her daughters. A son of Mrs. ANDERSON, who resides in Canada, came afterwards in possession of both these volumes, but was compelled by pecuniary misfortunes to part with them. They were purchased for £25 by some Scotch gentlemen at Montreal and returned to Scotland for preservation in the monument, where they were deposited on the 25th (the Poet's birthday) of January, 1841. The view from the monument is one of surpassing beauty, every bright feature of which has its poetic associations. From the monument we passed over to

"Alloway's auld haunted Kirk,"

the walls and bell of which alone are preserved, the woodwork having long since been transformed into snuff-boxes. Near the Kirk yard gate are the remains of the Poet's Father, distinguished by a slab on which these lines, written by BURNS, are inscribed:

"Oh ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 "Draw near with pious reverence and attend;
 "Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 "The tender father, and the generous friend.
 "The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
 "The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
 "The friend of man—to sin alone a foe,
 "For e'en his failings leant to virtue's side."

The tomb of the Lord of Alloway is in the area of the Kirk, and at the west corner of the Cemetery is a handsome modern monument to the memory of Gen. HUGHES. A few yards farther west, and by the side of the door, is the

"Well
 "Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'."

Going south a few hundred yards you come to "Auld Brig," over which "Tam O'Shanter" was pursued by the witches, and still farther on you see

"The meikle stane
 "Where drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane."

A sister of BURNS resides about three-quarters of a mile from the Cottage, upon whom we intended to call, but just as we had terminated our view of external objects, the rain descended in such torrents that we were compelled to forego the visit. Mrs. GOUDIE informed us that this sister is a widow lady upwards of seventy, but enjoying good health.

We returned to Ayr, an ancient town of much historical interest, through which—the rain having abated—we wandered for an hour. Ayrshire contained a population of 145,000 in 1831, and boasts of having given birth to BRUCE, WALLACE and BURNS. Ayrshire was also the scene of the great Eglintoun tournament in 1839. The river Ayr abounds in trout and salmon. The salmon, by the way, have never been so plentiful

as this season. Immense quantities are taken daily from Ireland and Scotland to England. They have been sold, where they are taken most abundantly, for three cents a pound.

The Ayr "folk" have erected a noble Tower in honor of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, which is adorned with a statue of the Scottish Chief by THOM. There is another statue of WALLACE in a niche of an ancient stone building in which he once took refuge when hard pressed by a superior force.

The Tower of St. John's Church, erected in the 12th century, but converted into an Armory and Fortification by OLIVER CROMWELL, in 1652, is a venerable relic. The Rev. JOHN WELSH, son-in-law of the Reformer, JOHN KNOX, was Pastor of St. John's Church in 1560.

But I passed these objects with a cursory glance for the purpose of seeing and crossing "The Brigs of Ayr," whose relative claims to consideration were so glowingly sung by

"The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
"Learning his tuneful trade from every bough."

While standing upon the "Auld Brig," looking towards its gay rival, it required but a slight effort of the imagination to endow it with the powers of speech, and to suppose it exclaiming:

"Conceited gowk! puff'd wi' windy pride!
"This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
"An' tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfeairn.
"I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn."

And having imagined this, the supercilious reply of the "New Brig" was, of course, heard:

"Fine *Architecture!* trowth, I need not say't o't!
"The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
"Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,

"Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices;
"Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
"Of any mason, reptile, bird or beast."

It is a little singular that the poetic prophecy of BURNS, that the Old Brig would be a Brig when the new one became a "shapeless cairn," is about to be realized. The new Brig, since the construction of the Ayr Railway, which terminates near it, is found too narrow for the increase of business, and is to be taken down. This Bridge was built in 1778. The "Old Bridge" was erected in 1285, and looks as if it might stand as much longer.

Before leaving the "Brig" my attention was arrested by what with us would be regarded, if not patented, as an "Improved Washing Machine." At least a dozen washtubs were placed along the shore of the river Ayr, in which as many females, some old and ugly, and others young and pretty, were "pounding clothes" with their feet! I have heard that the Scotch lasses, who have large "Bakings," knead their bread in the same manner; the truth of this, however, I cannot vouch; but that I saw them dancing in washtubs, without stockings or garters, is certain.

Within a mile of the village of Tarbolton, near the river Ayr, is the scene of BURNS' last and truly affecting interview with MARY CAMPBELL. It was of a Sunday in May. Their mutual faith was plighted, first by laving their hands in the pure stream, and then crossing them upon MARY's Bible. Preparatory to their marriage, MARY visited her friends in Argyleshire, and in returning, fell sick and died at Greenock. BURNS retained through life the most devoted remembrance of this early attachment. Mr. LOCKHART, who, from fre-

quent interviews with the widow of the Poet, derived many very interesting facts in relation to BURNS, states among other things that many years after his marriage, and on the anniversary of the death of "Hiland Mary," after working hard all day in the fields, though out of health, he wandered into the barnyard, where he remained so long that Mrs. B., alarmed at his absence, went repeatedly and begged him to come in, which he promised to do, but remained stretched upon a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed upon a beautiful planet that shone like another moon, until a late hour. On entering the house he called for his desk, and immediately wrote the following sublime and pathetic lines :

"Thou lingering Star with lessening ray,
"That lov'st to greet the early morn;
"Again thou usher'st in the day,
"My Mary, from my soul was torn.
"Oh, Mary! dear departed shade,
"Where is thy place of blissful rest?
"Seest thou thy lover, lowly laid?
"Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
"That sacred hour can I forget,
"Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
"Where, by the winding Ayr we met,
"To live one day of parting love?
"Eternity will ne'er efface,
"Those records dear of transports past;
"Thy image at our last embrace;
"Ah! little thought we 'twas our last."

WILLIAM BURNS, the Poet's Father, is remembered as an intelligent, worthy, pious Farmer, but one on whom fortune bestowed more of her frowns than her smiles. At his death, the family were left entirely destitute, but soon removed (in 1784) from Alloway to Moss-giel, where the Poet found in GAVIN HAMILTON (from him his mother leased a farm) an early and generous friend.

Most of his Poems, during the three years he resided here, from his 25th to his 28th year, were written.

I am surprised in finding upon the Register kept for visitors at the Birthplace of BURNS, the names of but very few Americans. In looking back for the last four months I noticed the names of three of my countrymen, one of which was that of Professor MUSSY of Boston.

The Glasgow and Ayr Railway, though undertaken with serious doubts of its answering the hopes of stockholders, proves a most profitable investment. It is fifty miles in length and runs through Paisley, Johnstone, Lochwinnoch, Beith, Kilbirnie, Dalry, Saltcoats, Kilwinning, &c., which are manufacturing towns; and through Irvine (a beautiful place), Troon, Monkton, Prestwick, Ayr, &c., which are upon the sea coast, and commercial in their pursuits. The capital stock was £520,000, most of which was subscribed by the merchants of Glasgow. Forty per cent only had been called when the Railway was completed. Its stock is at or above par. I allude more particularly to this subject now for the purpose of remarking that, but for the circumstance that this Railway was to approach the Birthplace of BURNS, the stock would not have been taken, nor would the Way have been constructed. This circumstance *popularized* the enterprise. Many capitalists ventured to take stock who, but for the charm which BURNS has thrown around Ayr and Alloway, would have held their hands. Nor was this view of the question too poetical. A considerable item in the receipts of the company is derived from visitors to the Birthplace of BURNS.

XXI.

EDINBURGH, August 9, 1843.

LEAVING my friends to extend their walks in and about Glasgow, I hastened up here for the letters and newspapers which I hoped to find from HOME. Nor were these hopes disappointed. My letters, with files of the Evening Journal, Argus and Tribune, had been forwarded from London by the Barings, whose attentions and kindness to all Americans are too proverbial to render my poor acknowledgments of any service to them. The afternoon and evening were joyfully devoted to the reading of these welcome missives. With the exception of a single "Commercial Advertiser" at Dublin, and a file of the "Courier and Enquirer" at Belfast, I had been three weeks without newspapers. This, for one who was all but cradled in a Printing office, and to whom newspapers had been a daily aliment for more than thirty years, was a long fast.

Edinburgh is emphatically a *Bookish* city. It is literary in all its aspects, and if possible, in its atmosphere. Bookstores, Printing offices, Paper warehouses, Print shops, &c., with garnished signs, emblazoned illustrations and ornamented windows, furnish abundant evidence that Books constitute the *staple* of the commodity in which the citizens of Edinburgh traffic. Indeed she has no commerce, and except in Books, very little manufactures. But in LITERATURE and the Profes-

sional — if I may use another word — the *practical* sciences — she long since attained, and still retains, an elevated and enviable rank.

In 1832, the population of Edinburgh (including Leith, its seaport neighbor) was 164,909, since which there has been no comparative increase. Of this number 7,462 were either Professional men or persons engaged in Banking; while Glasgow, with a much larger population, had but 2,723 Professional men and Bankers, though it employed 19,913 of its citizens (excluding operatives) in manufactures, while Edinburgh gave employment, in this way, to but 792 of her citizens. Edinburgh, depends, for its prosperity, almost entirely upon its Literary, Judicial and Educational pursuits and institutions. In all these elements and sources of refined enjoyment, rather than of wealth, she is eminently endowed. In Medicine, Law and Theology (but more especially the two former), Edinburgh has been the Gamaliel at whose feet the most eminent men of England and America were brought up.

It is estimated that the members of the legal profession form one-third of the population in the higher and middle ranks of the society of Edinburgh. There are over 450 members of the "Advocates' Faculty," many of whom have, however, retired from the practice of the profession. The "Writers to the Signet" Society number about 700 members, of whom nearly 500 are in practice.

Edinburgh has no poverty, no loathesomeness, no dilapidated, windowless abodes of dirt and vice, in its suburbs. The approach to the city, in all directions, is through cultivated and adorned fields and gardens, by

the side of broad and pleasant avenues. Its poverty and filth are pent up in the narrow streets and high, toppling tenements of the old town.

When I remarked a few days ago that Bristol, in England, was distinguished for combinations of modern and ancient Architecture, I had not seen Edinburgh, a city to which the remark applies with far more effect. Here are two distinct cities, one old and dingy and ragged—the other new and bright and well dressed; and though *divided* by a gulf, are yet *connected* by numerous bridges. The old and new towns of Edinburgh are not situated, as I supposed, the former upon low ground, and the latter rising up behind it, but side by side, or in other words, “cheek by jowl,” upon parallel hills, between which a deep gulf intervenes. The new town is built with much architectural taste and care, upon broad streets and around spacious squares. There is so much about it looking and speaking quiet comfort and enjoyment, that I was not surprised to learn that many of its inhabitants, having made fortunes elsewhere, selected Edinburgh as their city of refuge. But the new town, beautiful as it is, has little of the deep, exciting and absorbing interest that attaches to “Auld Reekie,” through whose streets and courts and closes I wandered with eyes and ears, if not mouth wide open. After gazing with amazement at lofty buildings with ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen and even fourteen “flats,” or stories, until my strained eyes and dizzy head admonished me to forbear, I mounted to the CASTLE, which is at once the ornament and the defense of Edinburgh; and from which, as far as the eye could reach, you overlook fields teeming with veg-

etation and scenes rich in historic incidents—to all, or nearly all of which SCOTT'S Poetry or Romance has lent enchantment.

It is not known when this Castle was founded. Though apparently impregnable, it was, during the turbulent eras in Scottish history, several times taken and retaken. The "Regalia of Scotland," a Crown, Sceptre and Sword of State—now *mere* baubles—are kept in the Castle. The Room in which Queen MARY gave birth to JAMES VI, is also shown to visitors. The enormous piece of ancient Artillery called "Mons Meg," cast in 1463 at Mons, in Flanders, and burst in 1682 in firing a salute in honor of a Duke of YORK, is mounted upon the Castle wall. This piece was taken from the Scotch by England and kept for nearly a century in the Tower of London, but returned to Scotland by GEORGE IV. There are parts of two regiments stationed in the Castle, which has barracks for 2,000, and an Armory for 30,000 stands of musketry.

This reminds me of an incident that amused me yesterday. While standing at the door of my Hotel a red-coated Corporal, with a Drummer and Fifer, passed, with a bevy of boys at their heels. I asked the waiter if this was a recruiting party? "Na, na, sir, they are only crying dpon their credit." In explanation I learned that a detachment of troops had arrived at the Castle that day, and that this was the mode of warning people not to trust the soldiers! An English Commercial Agent standing near remarked that this was "the usual custom when they came into a town, but that it might safely be dispensed with here, for Sawney would

take care of himself." The troops whose credit is thus cried down, have just returned from China.

From the Castle we proceeded to Holyrood House, which was a palace, you know, when Scotland was an independent Kingdom. This once residence of Kings and Queens is situated at the eastern end of the old Tower fronting the foot of the Canongate, and cutting but a sorry figure in an unsightly location. Its bloody history is written in so many books that I need not dwell upon it. We were shown the Room where RIZZIO, after being dragged by DARNLEY, RUTHVEN and DOUGLAS from the Queen's Supper Table, was assassinated. Formerly visitors were edified with a view of the floor stained by the favorite's blood, but the oaken plank, more fortunate than Lady MACBETH, whose "little hand" resisted "all the perfumes of Arabia," has finally worn "out" the "damned spot." In the Queen's sleeping apartment the bed upon which her head found "uneasy rest," is still preserved and shown. In the Picture Gallery the Portraits of 106 Scottish Kings are suspended, most of them executed in a style which shows the Arts to have corresponded in barbarity with the age and character of the People and their Monarchs. Apartments were fitted up in Holyrood for GEORGE IV, when he visited Scotland in 1822. The exiled King of France (CHARLES X) with his Family, resided here from 1830 to 1833.

The Abbey of Holyrood is a most interesting Ruin. It was founded by King DAVID, in 1128. Here are monuments over the remains of King DAVID, King JAMES II, King JAMES V, Queen MAGDALEN, Lord DARNLEY, and many other illustrious personages.

Passing up the Canongate, you see a Hospital, which was once the Palace of the Duke of QUEENSBURY. Near this is the Canongate Kirk, a most antique and grotesque pile, adjoining which are the Court Rooms and Jail of the Canongate. Farther on is the residence of the ancient Earls of Moray, erected in 1618; and still farther, as you enter Highgate, stands the House of JOHN KNOX, from the window of which the Reformer used to address the multitude standing in the street. There is a statue of the great Teacher, rudely sculptured, now standing at this window. The building is now an "*omnium gatherum*" for those who traffic in meats, vegetables, wares, old clothes, beer, &c., &c., whose show-boards overlay and nearly obliterate the following inscription, cut in freestone by the Reformer:

Luff. God. above. al. and. your. neighbow. as. your. self.

The courts were not in session, but Professor THOMAS MURRAY (to whom the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE gave me a kind Letter of introduction) took me through the Chambers of the Court of Exchequer, the Parliament House, the High Court of Justiciary, and the Libraries of the Faculty of Advocates and of the Writers to the Signet. The Advocates' Library is second only to that of the British Museum. It contains 100,000 printed volumes and 1,700 volumes in manuscript. Among the latter is a beautifully written copy of the Bible, with illuminated illustrations, bearing date in the 11th century. There is also an illuminated manuscript Life of Christ. There are numerous original Letters from MARY, Queen of Scots, written in 1570, from Loch Levin. Among the earliest printed volumes, I saw "The Works of the Famous and Worthy Knight, Sir DAVID LINDSEY,"

printed in 1632. And "The Acts and Life of the most Victorious and Conquering ROBERT BRUCE," printed in 1620. The original COVENANT of the Church of Scotland, bearing the signature of "J. KNOX," in a strong, bold hand, with those of the other high contracting parties, is deposited in this Library.

There is a large collection of American Law Books in the Library, in glancing over the catalogue to which, I noticed the works of Judges MARSHALL, STORY, KENT, REEVE, CONKLING, COWEN, BETTS, &c. The enlightened and amiable Librarian, (DAVID IRVING, LL. D., who worthily succeeds such men as DAVID HUME and ADAM FERGUSON) handed me, with evident satisfaction, an *Edinburgh* copy of Chancellor KENT's Lectures upon Commercial Law, of which he spoke in high terms. This most extensive and valuable Library derives its Fund mainly from the admission fee paid by each Advocate on becoming a member of the Faculty. Strangers, and Students who are attending Lectures at Edinburgh, are allowed to visit the Library and read the Books, without expense, and even without introduction.

My friend took me to the Desk which Sir WALTER SCOTT occupied so long as Clerk of the Court in which one of the noble judges (I can't remember which) found himself reading "Old Mortality," instead of attending to the argument of a complicated Law question*; and where, even now, when the Court is sitting, the

* One of the Judges of our own Circuit Courts, to whom the unsoiled ermine of a distinguished Judicial Father has descended, is so devout an admirer of Sir WALTER SCOTT, that, if no other opportunity for reading him affords, would be quite sure to follow the example of his Edinburgh brother.

Bench and Bar are constantly interested by recollections and reminiscences of the bright mental luminary around which they all used to revolve.

HERRIOT'S HOSPITAL takes its name from the Philanthropist by whom it was munificently endowed, the opulent Jeweler of King JAMES VI, and the "Jingling Geordie" of the "Fortunes of Nigel." HERRIOT, when dying, said: "For the wealth God has sent me, it shall not want inheritors while there are Orphan lads in Auld Reekie." It is a splendid Edifice, and cost, it is said, £27,000. Its generous walls have furnished an Asylum for 180 Orphans, during nearly two hundred years, who are taught English, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c., &c. Boys are admitted at from 7 to 10, and leave at 14, with a Bible and two suits of Clothes. Such as go Apprentices, receive £10 a year and £5 when free. Those designed for Professions are sent to College, and receive £30 annually for four years. In 1836, by act of Parliament, the Surplus Herriot Fund was applied to the establishment of Free Schools in the different City Parishes, of which seven, with more than 2,000 children, of both sexes, are now enjoying the blessings of instruction. How honorably does the conduct of the Trustees of this Fund contrast with the perfidious and criminal waste and squander of the magnificent bequest of STEPHEN GIRARD! If the spirit of FRANKLIN could revisit earth, how indignantly would it rebuke those who have thus robbed the ORPHAN? Or if old STEPHEN GIRARD could rend his cerements, how he would make the wretches who have consumed his substance and betrayed his Trust, quake and tremble!

I sought out the Site of the Old TOLBOOTH, interesting alike from its real and its romantic history. It stood, until 1817, in the centre of what is now the High street, but no vestige of it remains. Its padlock and key, I am told, are preserved in Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Cabinet of Strange Curiosities at Abbotsford.

I was attracted into the tap-room of a Publican occupying the first "flat" of a towering old Mansion, whose health I drank out of respect for the taste displayed in his Sign, which represented, with considerable effect, that exquisite scene in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," where "Dumbiedikes," repenting his refusal to supply "JEANIE DEANS" with the means of defraying her expenses to London, mounting his wilyward pony, had overtaken her, purse in hand, on the road. And now, with my own head and heart as full of that incomparable woman as the stupid Laird whose suit she rejected, because, as she informed him, "I canna break my word till REUBEN BUTLER, that's Sculemaster at Libberton, if ye wad gie me the haile barony of Dalkieth," I followed her out to "Libberton," where "REUBEN BUTLER" had a "Scule," and where, at a moment when time was so precious to the Lovers, that omnipresent nuisance, "Saddletree," intruded himself, with the benevolent design of using up the poor Schoolmaster's half play day in conversation "anent Effie's misfortune."

While at Libberton, which place is about two miles from the centre of Edinburgh, I was informed of an instance of Theological patriotism that would have made the old "Cameronian cow-feeder," were he alive, leap for joy. Observing a dozen stone masons very actively engaged in putting up the walls of a small edi-

fice, at which as many persons were lookers-on, my cabman informed me that they were building a new Kirk for a "non-intrusionist" Minister; and on further inquiry, I ascertained that this humble Temple was designed for an eloquent Preacher who, with a devotion worthy of "REUBEN BUTLER," or even of the stoutest Cameronians who hid themselves in caverns during the "persecuting times," had renounced a living of \$3,500 per annum, with a fine Parsonage House and Glebe, rather than compromise his principles!

I returned from Libberton by the way of Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat, than which it is impossible to imagine bolder or finer promontories. But I will not mock you with any attempt at a description of Arthur's Seat, when, by looking into the "Chronicles of the Canongate," you will find one traced by an inspired pen, from which, however, I cannot forbear making an extract:

"A nobler contrast there can hardly exist than that of the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel, and the lofty and craggy hill, silent and solitary as the grave; one exhibiting the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation; the other resembling some time-worn anchorite, whose life passes as silent and unobserved as some slender rill which escapes unheard, and scarce seen, from the fountain of his patron saint. The city resembles the busy temple, where the modern Comus and Mammon hold their Court, and thousands sacrifice ease, independence, and virtue itself, at their shrine; the misty and lonely mountain seems as a throne to the majestic but terrible genius of feudal times, where the same divinities dispensed baronies and domains to those who had heads to devise, and arms to execute bold enterprises."

But I will not tell you how carefully I looked for, and how satisfactorily I identified the old Cameronian cow-feeder's Cottage, and "Nicol Muscat's Cairn," where "Jeanie" met "Robertson," and where they were surprised by the bloodhounds of the law, under

the guidance of "Ratcliffe," who managed, however, to make "Madge Wildfire" give warning of their approach; because, if I should tell you all this, you will say that I am a romantic old fool, as I am, whenever I get "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," the "Antiquary," "Guy Mannering," or "Kenilworth" into my hand or head.

XXII.

MELROSE (SCOTLAND), AUGUST 13, 1843.

WE left Edinburgh in the "Chevy Chase" Coach this morning, and at 11 were set down at the "George Inn," Melrose. The distance is 36 miles over a smooth Macadam road, and through a diligently tilled, but not fertile soil.

At half past 12 we left for Abbotsford, three miles from the village of Melrose. Abbotsford is concealed from view, by a young but dense forest, until you approach within ten rods of it, beautifying a sequestered vale at the foot of a graceful declivity, and within one hundred yards of the river Tweed. The mansion and grounds, so far as their architecture and picturesque beauties are concerned, owe their existence to the taste and industry of their late illustrious proprietor, Sir WALTER SCOTT, who found health, relaxation and inspiration in the agricultural, arboricultural and floral employment of a considerable portion of his time. Most of the trees which are now affording a grateful shade to the mansion, and give such happy effect to the landscape, were set out by Sir WALTER himself. "He has done things," says Mr. LOCKHART, "since he came into possession of Abbotsford, which would have been reckoned wondrous, even had they occupied the whole of a clever and skillful man's attention for a still greater number of years." There are

fine paths and riding ways wending through the forest, with poetic waterfalls in the ravines, and benches and bowers in which the Poet used to indulge his imagination.

The "Roof-Tree of Monkbarns," as the house has been styled, connects itself on three sides with the beautiful gardens. Though "a thing of shreds and patches" in detail, its general effect is as truly imposing as it is chaste and elegant. It abounds too, in historical interest, for much of the material of which it was constructed was obtained from the various ancient Castles, Abbeys and Monasteries that constitute the themes and were the theatres of his Poetry and Romance. The gateway is in part constructed from materials belonging to the ancient Castle of the Douglasses. A portion of the walls came from the old Abbey of Dumfermline. The hall is floored with black and white marble from the Hebrides, and is hung with Arms and Armor, as ancient and curious as that to be found in the Tower at London. In an adjoining arched room you find an endless collection of swords, firelocks, arrows, darts, daggers, broadswords, claymores, each with their sanguinary history. Among these are Rob Roy's gun, drinking can and leathern pouch. Here, too, is the Padlock and Key of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. These relics of other and darker ages remain precisely as Sir WALTER disposed them. In the dining-room are busts of SHAKSPEARE and SCOTT. There is also a glorious portrait of Sir WALTER, and his favorite dog Maida, by REABURN, with portraits of MARY, Queen of Scots, the Earl of ESSEX, the Duchess of BUCCLEUGH, &c., &c. Near the drawing-room window is a water Fountain in

a green-house, which "in days of yore graced the cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the Coronation of the Stuarts." The splendid furniture of the drawing-room is of ebony wood, and was presented to the Poet by GEORGE IV. The library is an oblong some thirty feet by forty, with a roof of carved oak. It contains over twenty thousand volumes, classified and arranged by him whose mind was imbued with their contents. There are two large cases of MSS., one of which relates to the Revolutions of 1715 and 1745, and the other to Magic, Demonology, &c. There are in the library, copies of the works of all the Authors of the present century, from those Authors, with their Autographs.

We were shown into the WAVERLY SANCTUM, a snug, quiet apartment, to which there was but one privileged visitor. This was MAIDA, the Poet's favorite and faithful Dog, of whom there are two portraits, one of which is said to be so life-like that the Gamekeeper used to insist upon whistling him into the fields. There are Books on three sides of this study, and a light staircase by means of which Sir WALTER went to and from his sleeping apartment without passing through the other rooms. There is a portrait of CLAVERHOUSE and a small full length Painting of ROB ROY in this room. The Table, by which, and the Chair in which he sat, while writing as man will never write again (for there can be but one SCOTT as there is but one SHAKSPEARE), stand as they did when his lamp of life was put out! Adjoining the sanctum is a small press or closet in which he used to hang his overcoat, gun, implements of husbandry, &c., in which the clothes last worn are now

deposited. He was dressed when he was out last with LOCKHART, in mixed pantaloons, drab coat, plaid vest and white hat. These all but sepulchral vestments were viewed with melancholy interest.

Next to the pleasure of seeing "Sir WALTER himself wi' his great fot hond," as CHRISTOPHER NORTH described a striking Portrait of him, was that I enjoyed "in meditation high" about the room in which the great intellectual engine of the 19th century wrought so many of its prodigies. In the wide world there is no spot so hallowed by genius. Here rose the sun whose rays were reflected as far as letters are known. This is the literary storehouse from which the richest treasures were drawn. This the crucible that gave out the purest gold. Here the noblest creations of the imagination were conceived, matured, perfected. This was the birthplace of a race that will not die; for here WAVERLY and MANNERING and MONKBARNES and OCHILTREE and MEG MERRILLIES and PLEYDELL and BAILIE NICOL JARVIE and DUGALD DALGETTY and DIANA VERNON and CLAVERHOUSE and Lord EVANDALE and MAUSE HEADRIG and JEANIE DEANS and SADDLETREE and MADGE WILDFIRE and CALEB BALDERSTONE and IVANHOE and REBECCA and ANNOT LYLE and TRESSILIAN and AMY ROBSART and MIKE LAMBOURNE and WILDRAKE and RAVENSWOOD and Sir PIERSIE SHAFTON and REDGAUNTLET and ANNE of GIERSTEIN and NORNA and the UDELLPER, with many others equally illustrious, were born.

Sir WALTER SCOTT commenced his literary labors in 1796, by the translation, from the German language, of the works of BURGER. In 1799 he translated a German Tragedy and wrote several Ballads, thus trying

his "prentice hand." In 1802 his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," in 2 volumes, was published. He wrote Reviews of several new works that year. "Sir TRISTRAM," by THOMAS the Rhymer, appeared in 1804. In 1805 came "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," with numerous Reviews. In 1806 "Ballads and Lyrical Poems," with additional Reviews. In 1808, "MARMION," with a "Life of DRYDEN," and other works published under his auspices with notes. In 1809 he edited and published the works of different Authors, running through 16 volumes, and wrote several Reviews. In 1810, "The Lady of the Lake" was produced, together with "English Minstrelsy," in 2 volumes, Miss SEWARD's Life and Works in 5 volumes, and more Reviews. In 1811, the "Vision of DON RODERICK," with the "Secret History of the Court of King JAMES I." In 1812, "ROKEBY." In 1813, "The Bride of TREIRMAN." In 1814, "WAVERLY," with the "Life of DEAN SWEET," "Memoir of the Somervilles," and several other works. In 1815, "GUY MANNERING," "The Lord of the Isles," the Field of Waterloo, and a popular song. In 1816, "The ANTIQUARY," "PAUL's Letters to his Kinsfolk," first series of "TALES OF MY LANDLORD," and the "Edinburgh Annual Register." In 1817, "ROB ROY," "HAROLD the Dauntless," "Border Antiquities," with other works of less magnitude. In 1818, "THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN," "Antiquities of Scotland," "The Scottish Regalia," with several Reviews. In 1819, "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR" and the "LEGEND OF MONTROSE," "IVANHOE," with other works. In 1820, the "Monastery," "THE ABBOT," "Lives of the Novelists" and "The Visionary." In 1821,

"KENILWORTH," "The Pirate," "Coronation of GEORGE IV," and other works. In 1822, "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Halidon Hill," and "Memoirs of the Civil Wars in 1653." In 1823, "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK," "QUENTIN DURWARD," "St. RONAN'S WELL," and an "Essay on Romance." In 1824, "RED GAUNTLET" and a tribute to the memory of "Lord BYRON." In 1825, "TALES OF THE CRUSADERS," "WOODSTOCK," with Reviews and songs. In 1826, "Letters of Malachi Malagrowther," "CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE" (first series), "Life of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE" and Reviews, In 1827, "Tales of a Grandfather," "Essays on Agricultural and Ornamental Gardening," "Reply to Gen. GOURGAUD," and "Miscellaneous Prose Works." In 1828, "CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE" (second series), "Tales of a Grandfather" (second series), "Religious Discourses"* and Reviews. In 1829, "ANNE OF GIERSTEIN," "Tales of a Grandfather" (third series), "History of Scotland," "The Waverly Novels, with new Introductions and Notes." In 1830, "The Doom of Devorgoil," "Demonology and Witchcraft," "Tales of a Grandfather" (fourth series), History of Scotland (second vol.), with elaborate Reviews. In 1831, "TALES OF MY LANDLORD" (fourth series).

This list, formidable as it is, by no means comprises all the works that emanated from Sir WALTER SCOTT. There was a vast quantity of incidental matter, in addition to the gigantic amount of intellectual labor which this long catalogue of Books exhibits, appearing

* The sermons were written for a young clergyman (MR. GORDON), who subsequently obtained Sir WALTER'S leave to publish them for his own (G.'s) benefit.

simultaneously in the magazine and newspapers. Nor was this his only employment, for while these works dropped from his pen, like ripe fruit from an overburthened tree, he was discharging his duties as Clerk of a busy Court and Sheriff of his county, and was actively engaged in improving and cultivating his grounds.

The Character of Sir WALTER SCOTT, viewed in any of the varied and even chequered aspects that it presents itself to the world, excites the highest admiration. His genius derives lustre from his virtues. When, after he supposed himself in possession of an independence, he was overtaken by pecuniary misfortune, with what lion-hearted firmness he met the shock, and relying upon his pen, determined to *work* through an appalling load of debts. See with what true philosophy he writes in his Journal:

January 22. — I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the bad — now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted — sat the last time in the Halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill luck — i. e., if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant and lose my popularity with my fortune! * * * * * But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. When I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would have said, I am just the same man I ever was."

Again, when negotiations were pending with his creditors, Sir WALTER says:

"If they permit me I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements."

And again:

"Now that the shock of discovery is over and passed, I am much better off on the whole. I feel as if I had shaken off my shoulders a great mass of garments — rich, indeed but always more a burthen than a comfort. * * *

If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank and fortune as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, Time must salve that sore, and to Time I trust it. * * * * A most generous letter from WALTER and JANE, offering to interpose with their fortune, &c. God Almighty forbid! — that were too unnatural in me to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in them to offer."

And again:

"Feb. 3. — This is the first time since my troubles that I felt at awakening,

'I had drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.'†

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamed a single dream, nor even changed my side. This is a blessing to be grateful for."

When the pecuniary calamity came upon him, and like BYRON, he saw his "household gods shivered" around him, Sir WALTER was engaged upon WOODSTOCK. After his affairs had been put into the hands of Trustees, he "returned to the wheel," and on the 4th of February said:

"From the 19th of January, to the 2d of February inclusive, is exactly fifteen days, during which time, with the intervention of some days' idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little, I have written a volume. A volume, at cheapest is worth £1,000. This is working at the rate of £24,000 a year! but then we must not bake buns faster than people have appetites to eat them. They are not essential to the market, like potatoes."

From this time forward Sir WALTER labored with indomitable energy to extinguish a debt, from the coinage of his brain, of more than £300,000, for which he had become liable by his business relations with CONSTABLE & Co., and BALANTYNE & Co. But the labor was too severe even for his herculean mental and physical powers. There were admonitions of the fate which awaited him as early as 1826, as may be seen by a note in his private Journal:

† MR. O'CONNELL must have borrowed this idea in the remark he made to us at Dublin, which I quoted in a former letter.

"*March 14.* — What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart is! I know it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous; but the effects of it are sickening to a degree. Is it the body brings it on the mind, or is it the mind that inflicts it on the body?"

The result of Sir WALTER'S literary labors, from January, 1826, to January, 1828, was a dividend of six shillings sterling on the pound to his creditors, amounting in the aggregate to £40,000, or \$200,000! What other Author ever did or ever will realize such another sum from his own intellectual labors? For this illustrious demonstration of genius, industry and integrity, the Creditors, as well they might, "unanimously voted him their thanks." After this dividend had been made, his private Journal says:

"I see before me a long, tedious and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honor. If I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience."

But human faculties, though with all the strength and tenacity of iron and steel, may be over-taxed as were those with which nature endowed Sir WALTER SCOTT. Some of the rapacious creditors who made merchandise of his brain, to use his own burning figure, "treated me like a recusant turnspit, and put a red hot cinder into the wheel along with me." And finally, the "feather which breaks the camel's back" having been added to Sir WALTER'S burthen, he was struck down by paralysis, and after lingering a few months, was gathered to his fathers. How painfully sublime to the sorrowing friends who surrounded him, must have been the breaking of that athletic frame, the quenching of that towering spirit, the going out of that "light which no Promethean spark can relume?"

We followed Sir WALTER from Abbotsford, the theatre of his glorious achievements, to DRYBURGH, whose ruined Abbey is hallowed by his Dust. How appropriately chosen for the final repose of such precious remains! What monument so fitting and expressive as the crumbling walls, and lofty, but *silent*, towers of an Ancient Scottish Abbey! Dust to Dust! Ashes to Ashes! Ruin to Ruin!

DRYBURGH ABBEY has a romantic location, about five miles from Abbotsford, upon the River Tweed, in a wood whose foliage conceals it from view until you approach its ivy-protected walls. It was founded in 1150, by HUGH DE MOREVILLE, Constable of Scotland, upon a site previously devoted to Druidical Worship. EDWARD II, in his retreat from an unsuccessful invasion of Scotland, in 1322, burnt the Abbey, which was rebuilt by ROBERT I, and again partially destroyed by the English in 1544. In 1604 the Abbey became the property and residence of the Earl of MAR. It now belongs to the Earl of BUCHAN, who is a relative of the late Sir WALTER and who resides near it. The remains of Sir WALTER repose by the side of his Wife (who died about five years earlier), in St. Mary's aisle, one of the most solitary, and yet striking features of the Abbey. The day after the Funeral of "his poor CHARLOTTE," the widowed Poet said in his Journal:

"The whole scene floats as a sort of dream before me — The beautiful day, the grey ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking, gaping for its prey."

Sir WALTER SCOTT's youngest Daughter, of whom there is a most spirited Portrait at Abbotsford, as is known, survived her Father's death but a few months,

and Mrs. LOCKHART died in 1837. Two Sons, one a Lieut.-Colonel in the British Army, and the other an under Secretary in the Foreign Office, are all that remain of this Family. Abbotsford, though still incumbered, will continue the property of the present Sir WALTER. The copyright of the Waverly Novels has extinguished much of the debt since the Author's death, and will, should Parliament extend the laws protecting this species of property, ultimately wipe out the entire amount.

But perhaps I am exhausting the patience of those whose admiration of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and all that is connected with his writings, his character and his memory, is less enthusiastic than my own; and though I never weary in reading or writing of the Author of WAVERLY, I will not hazard, at this sitting, a heavier draft upon the good nature of my friends.

XXIII.

LONDON, AUGUST 24, 1843.

I HAD intended, just before the sailing of the next steamer, to throw together whatever there might be in the way of news here for the benefit of your readers, but as we are on the wing for Paris several days earlier than I expected, my *news* will be *old* if not stale.

Let the American Millers and Flour Merchants take my word for one thing, which is, that unless the weather for the next ten days should be horridly bad, the crops in England, Ireland and Scotland will prove more abundant than they have been in many years. I have crossed England in three directions, Ireland in two, and traveled nearly 300 miles in Scotland. The "Corn," as they call it (though there is not a blade nor an ear growing in either of the three Kingdoms), is, in all these Islands, filling and ripening auspiciously. In England, full one-half of the crop is already secured.

Parliament, which threatened to become a "Rump," has finally brought its slow length to an end. The forms of Prorogation, by the Queen, were gone through with to-day. The Members had generally taken themselves away to their Castles and Lodges and Preserves. It is difficult to keep the Nobility and Gentry in London after the 12th of August, when the "Grouse shooting" commences.

This going in state, of the Queen, to prorogue Parliament, is a very gorgeous affair. It is one of the pageants of Royalty that amuse John Bull wonderfully. I hired a chair in a balcony to see the Queen pass and repass, in a coach that cost, at the least, half a million of dollars, drawn by horses whose caparisoning would more than pay the salary of the Governor of our State for two years.

This long session of Parliament has been entirely barren of all useful legislation. If the marked coldness with which the Queen was received may be regarded as an indication of the popular feeling, Sir ROBERT PEELE'S ministry is most decidedly *unpopular*. Or if the leading London journals speak the sentiment of the Nation, the Premier has become emphatically odious.

It has been the habit, for more years than you or I can remember, to apprehend the overthrow of the British monarchy. I shall not presume to express any such opinions; but unless I am grossly deceived, there are elements in operation which cause much solicitude.

The PRINCE DE JOINVILLE of France, whose visit created quite a stir here, has departed so abruptly as to cause much speculation. It is conjectured that the arrival of ESPARTERO, the exiled Regent of Spain, who is to be received at Court, hastened the leave-taking of the French Prince. The newspapers say that the French Prince came to invite the Queen of England to pay LOUIS PHILIPPE a visit, and that her Majesty has accepted the invitation.

The good Father MATHEW, who has been scattering his Temperance blessings through England for two

months, is just now encountering the hostility of Church and State in this Metropolis. The Church affects to fear the spread of Romanism with the increase of Temperance; and the State thinks it has discovered a Repeal clause in the Temperance PLEDGE! But the lazy, ease-loving Clergy will soon forget their alarm, and the Politician will start some other phantom, while the great Temperance Reformer, regardless of embarrassments and hindrances, will go on steadily and faithfully, imparting gladness and joy, and conferring food and raiment upon his tens and hundreds of thousands. I wish you could see this truly amiable man—and you *will* see him when he arrives in America. In face, form and manners there is more to win confidence and affection, and awaken respect and admiration, than I have ever met before; and he is as good and as pure as he seems.

London, considering what a Babylon it is, in many respects has surprised me much by the good order and tranquility that prevail. You walk the streets here, day or night, without seeing half the disorder and violence that is to be met with in New York. Nor is there, comparatively, a tenth part of the crime committed here. I attribute these advantages, in a good degree, to the excellence of the London Police. I wish you could see how admirably their system works, and what a fine, intelligent, discreet, and yet efficient body of men are organized under that system. OLIVER M. LOWNDS, Esq., of your city, who is here, and whose duties as Sheriff and Police Magistrate, have made him familiar with this question, says that by the organization of a Police similar, in most respects, to that in London, New York might preserve good order and quiet, greatly

diminish the evils of gambling houses, and prevent a vast amount of crime.

"Repudiation" subjects an American to many mortifications abroad. If the citizens of Pennsylvania knew what a reproach they have brought upon their Country, I am sure that from very shame they would promptly redeem their faith. It is not the loss of the money that the English capitalists regard, half as much as our shameless refusal to pay! The money is not wanted. An open, frank, full avowal, by the defaulting States, of a determination to pay their debt, though they may be now unable to provide even the interest, would go far to retrieve American character from the infamy of "Repudiation." The British Government is infinitely worse off than Pennsylvania, or Illinois, or Indiana. *Its National Debt is never to be paid.* But she provides faithfully for the payment of interest, and would regard a whisper of Repudiation as high treason.

English manufacturers and merchants reproach their own government rather than ours for the depression of business and trade by reason of our Tariff. I was equally surprised and gratified to find wealthy and intelligent English manufacturers express just and fair sentiments upon this subject.

Could our Free Trade People hear intelligent, practical men on this side of the Atlantic, talk upon this subject, they would blush to find themselves advocating Free Trade in favor of a nation whose policy is eminently restrictive. And could those who believe, or pretend to believe, that the consumer of imported articles pays the duty, hear the language of the manufacturer of these articles, we should see the end of that

fallacy. It is truly amazing that not even the evidence of facts and figures, of dollars and cents, can dispel this delusion. The Free Trade politicians, like fanatics in religion, have found "a dear falsehood," and they "hug it to the last." But were they here, among manufacturers, they could not keep their eyes closed to the fact that a Tariff is not a tax upon those who consume the articles subject to duty.

England is far more extensively Agricultural than I had supposed. And this interest is the great obstacle to the even more boundless extent of her Commerce and Manufactures; for it is not here, as with us, that the Agriculturists are the yeomanry of the country. The Lands, you know, are owned by the Nobility, while those who cultivate the soil are scarcely a remove above the "Gurths" and "Wambas" who formerly wore the collars of Athelstane and Cedric. Having entire control of one of the Legislative branches of the Government, there will be no voluntary relinquishment of or relaxation in a policy which virtually prohibits the Agricultural products of Nations upon whom England relies to purchase her Manufactures. There is, however, to be a great conflict between these classes, whose interests are becoming more and more fatally hostile.

PARIS, August 29.

Since this letter was commenced, by the agency of steam, that element which brings States and Nations into each other's neighborhood, I have been transferred from the Metropolis of England to that of France—

"beautiful France." We came direct from London to Havre (230 miles) by a steamer, in 19 hours; from Havre to Rouen (90 miles) by steamer, and from Rouen to Paris (100 miles) by Railway.

The weather is in the highest degree favorable to the crops here. The Peasantry, between Havre and Paris, as we passed, were busy in their fields. Their modes of harvesting are, however, exceeding primitive. A farmer of Western New York would be amused to see a French harvest field. The grain is cut (by men and women) with a sickle, and after being raked and bound very clumsily, the sheaves are placed in a sort of rack on a donkey's back, who carries them to a street where they are loaded into a wagon and taken home. The work done in an Ontario or Genesee wheat field, by four men, occupies at least 24 here.

The French are much charmed with the contemplated visit of QUEEN VICTORIA to LOUIS PHILIPPE, at his Villa, which they confidently expect.

The sudden departure of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE from Windsor was owing to the arrival of ESPARTERO. It is said that the King of France proposes the alliance of his youngest son with the still younger Queen of Spain.

You will have heard, ere this reaches you, of the rebuff given at Dublin to one of your neighbors. The blow rebounded throughout England, the London papers having all copied what Mr. O'CONNELL said, approvingly. This makes a finish of the Herald in Europe.

I see that you are republishing my hastily written and crude Letters from the Evening Journal. It will not be decent, therefore, to double dose your readers. So adieu.

XXIV.

DUBLIN, August 2, 1843.

LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION. — Such is the title of an Association that holds weekly meetings at the Corn Exchange in this city. It assembles more for ACTION than for display. It is the REPEAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, or perhaps I may better call it Ireland's "Committee of Safety." I had the good fortune to be present during its proceedings, for three hours, yesterday, and will give you an abstract of them.

The Association met at 12 o'clock. Within fifteen minutes the Hall was literally packed. The LIBERATOR, who attended a meeting at Castlebar the day before, and who had 114½ Irish miles to ride, to get back to Dublin, arrived at 3 o'clock, and was received with hearty acclamations.

The officers of the Association made their Reports of Letters, &c., inclosing various amounts of Repeal money from Clergymen, Gentry, Mechanics, Laborers, Waiters, Women, &c. Among the donations was a handsome one from a Lady, it being the proceeds of her Strawberry Garden, for which the Association voted her its thanks. Votes of thanks and Diplomas were tendered to several patriotic Ladies who had been distinguished for their efforts in favor of Repeal.

The Preliminary business over, Mr. O'CONNELL (who was attended by the "Head Pacificator," THOMAS

STEELE) rose, as he said, to produce his Budget. It was not like the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget, telling where and how money must be obtained, but the Budget of moneys received from Castlebar, where the demonstration in favor of Repeal was as enthusiastic and triumphant as any he had witnessed. The meeting was attended by the Bishops and the Catholic Clergy of the surrounding country. It was attended, too, by "JOHN of Tuam," who delivered, in the day time, one of the best *Sermons* on Education he (Mr. O'C.) had ever listened to, and in the evening, one of the best *Speeches* on Repeal that was ever uttered by a human being. The Bishop of Tuam stated a fact which ought to be known far and near. The College of Maynooth is in debt. That debt the Government had authorized Lord ELIOT to pay—for a *quid pro quo*! But the offer had been spurned in the same indignant spirit that prompted American patriots to spurn the bribes offered during their struggle for Freedom.

After describing, in glowing terms, the mighty gatherings of Repealers at Galway and Tuam, Mr. O'C. spoke of the admirable arrangements for the meeting, and the still more admirable conduct of the People of Castlebar, where he was able, from his eligible position, to convey his voice to a greater number of Repealers than it had ever reached before. And what was to him a source of the highest gratification, every hearer was a Teetotaler! There was not a drop of Whisky drank in Castlebar that day! These "signs," together with the glorious demonstrations from Connaught, must be hailed as the forerunners of the restoration of the Irish Parliament in College Green.

Mr. O'CONNELL then proceeded to read Letters and hand over to the Treasurer the sums of money, large and small, that he had received during the week, amounting in the aggregate to TWO THOUSAND AND FOUR POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS AND EIGHTPENCE HALFPENNY. This announcement was received with tremendous cheering. Funds, you see, at the rate of \$40,000 a month, flow into the Repeal Treasury. Among these contributions were £270 from St. Johns, Newfoundland, and £20 from Worcester, Mass., with Letters breathing such generous sympathy and ardent patriotism that they were valued even more highly than the money.

Perhaps I over-estimate the importance of this Repeal movement. Perhaps the concentrated voices of more than 7,000,000 of People will not be heard, or if heard, will only excite the derision or provoke the chastisement of their Rulers. It is possible that sympathy for the oppressed and hatred of the oppressors may render me blind to the course and consequences of these demonstrations. But unless my vision and judgment are both clouded, England cannot close either her eyes or her ears to the progress of this War of Opinion. A wave of popular sentiment is rolling up into colossal dimensions and strength. This, with a clear sea, excites admiration rather than awe; but when breakers offer resistance, destruction will be the inevitable consequence. This movement is eminently peaceful. Millions of men are instructed to be obedient to all laws. They are imbued with a conviction that the natural and inherent justice of their cause, accompanied by a pacific declaration of their rights, will procure the Repeal. *"Every man who commits crime gives strength to the*

enemy," is inscribed upon the Banners and impressed upon the memories of the Repealers. Such admonitions constrain men to obey even obnoxious laws. And in this way the Government is kept doubly in the wrong.

But when and how is all to terminate? This is a pregnant question. Repeal cannot and will not, any more than revolutions, go backwards. The Army of Repealers are now amenable to reason and argument, because they know themselves to have the right side of the question, and believe that reason and argument is to prevail. When, however, these expectations shall be disappointed; when their patience exhausts itself; and when "hope deferred" has made "the heart sick," what are to be the consequences? I will not attempt to predict. But I may say, what a sojourn in Ireland will teach any observer, that calm and quiet as is the surface of things here, there are volcanic fires beneath that may be ignited by a spark. Yea, a train might be fired that would set all Ireland in a blaze. Men are quiet, and will talk calmly with you about their wrongs; but this is because they are so instructed, and not that they are irresolute or pusillanimous. There is not a man who pays his *money* for Repeal, that would not just as readily pay his *blood*, if that was required.

It is impossible to breathe Irish atmosphere without inhaling Irish principles. You have practical evidences and painful illustrations of the civil and religious justice and equity of these principles. Here is a People national in everything but their Government. They are endowed, by nature and cultivation, with all the attributes and qualities requisite for self-government.

They have learned all the arts of civilization. They enjoy all the advantages and know how to avail themselves of all the facilities of commerce and manufactures. Their lot was cast upon a soil of surpassing fertility. And yet they are restrained from the exercise of these attributes and withheld from the enjoyment of these blessings!

I should utterly fail in an attempt to describe the intensity of the Repeal feeling here. It pervades all classes, cheers all hearts, and absorbs all other thoughts. The shipman pays a share of his scanty receipts into the Repeal Treasury. The Mechanic carries forward his Repeal offering. The Laborer, though more than half the time unemployed, when fortunate enough to earn five or six shillings in a week, goes home with it on Saturday night, and is not allowed by his wife to use a penny for the food which she and her children stand in need of, until his dues, as a Repeal Associate, have been paid. And among the most gratifying features in this generous devotion of their hard earnings to a great public object, is the fact mentioned to me by an intelligent laborer to-day, that "but for Father MATHEW, the money which now goes to help us to the Repeal, would have been spent for whisky."

There was an attempt made in England, and in some parts of America, to arrest Repeal contributions, by alleging that the Fund was not properly used. Do not listen to such accusations. They are calumnies. Every pound and shilling, every dollar and cent, is carefully and honestly invested. And there will be legitimate uses for it all. No great work can be carried forward without means.

The presence of half a dozen Americans, at the Repeal meeting yesterday, afforded much and evident gratification. Indeed, it was only by assuring them that we were humble citizens, desirous of seeing without being seen, that a popular demonstration of their regard for Americans was prevented.

S — went with me this morning to the Liberator's House on Marion Square, where we found him hard at work, assisted by Mr. STEELE, the "Head Pacificator," a Protestant Repealer of whose personal attachment to Mr. O'CONNELL, hatred of Oppression and whole-hearted devotion to the cause of Irish Liberty, I had occasion to speak in a former Letter.

Mr. O'CONNELL is getting together the material for a strong speech at the Corn Exchange on Friday. Among other things, after paying his respects to some "Noble Lords," he will draw parallels between American and Irish History, showing that in the case of America, England always made her reluctant and grudging concessions too late; that influenced by their fears and necessities, rather than from considerations of duty and justice, Ministers never conceded *one* point until America had become strong enough to demand *two*; and in this way to warn the present Ministry to profit by the costly experience of a former one. It is probable, also, that he will then say something in reply to the sensitiveness manifested at Baltimore, Charleston, &c., in relation to slavery; not, however, to qualify or soften things, for his sentiments on the subject of slavery are as stern and uncompromising as upon Repeal.

. I was struck when I saw Mr. O'CONNELL, first, as I

was yesterday, and again to-day, with his strong resemblance in voice, expression and manner, to our own distinguished fellow citizen, Gen. PETER B. PORTER.

All that I have seen and heard of this extraordinary man, in Ireland and England, serves but to increase my admiration for his talents and his character. That he is a true and unpurchasable Irish Patriot I have no shadow of doubt. And that he is destined by Providence, in some wise way, to work out and perfect the restoration of Ireland to the Family of Nations, I most undoubtingly believe.

XXV.

MELROSE, August 13, 1843.

No brighter sun ever rose to bless and beautify the Earth, than that which dawns upon us this Sabbath morning. Nor is it possible to breathe an atmosphere more bracing and balmy than that which refreshes and gladdens our spirits. The view from Eildon Hill, at the foot of which Melrose reposes, is one of surpassing beauty. Every object within the vision's reach, has been made classic by the inspirations of Poetry and Romance. Beyond the Tweed, the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow are seen. Upon its banks the ruined Abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh yet lift up their broken towers and crumbling walls. And in every direction you identify points, or features, or objects, with which the imagination had been made familiar either in "MAR-MION," the "MONASTERY" or "St. RONAN'S WELL."

On our return from Dryburgh Abbey yesterday, we learned that there was to be Preaching to-day in Melrose Abbey! Our visit to this magnificent ruin was, therefore, gladly deferred, that we might have the unexpected privilege of attending Church in a Temple erected eight hundred years ago, and where, for more than two hundred years, the voice of Thanksgiving and Prayer had scarcely been heard.

At half-past 10 o'clock this morning, the rusty bell which yet hangs in the Abbey tower, with hoarse and feeble voice summoned the congregation. Temporary

seats had been ranged on the green grass-carpeted area of the Abbey. At 11 the service commenced. Two discourses were preached, one from the Old and the other from the New Testament. Both were purely doctrinal. No allusion was made, either in the Prayers or the Sermons, to the circumstance that a Christian Ministry of the 19th century was proclaiming, to an enlightened people, the open and widely diffused truths of Revelation, upon the very graves of those who, in by-gone centuries, and in a dark age, were practicing mysterious rites and barbarous orgies upon their deluded and besotted followers.

But though the Preacher was as literal in his texts and contexts, as any "Kittle Drummle" or "Muckle-wrath" that ever edified a congregation of Covenanters, I doubt whether the imaginations of his hearers could be restrained. What an occasion was here for an historical discourse? And how deeply I regretted that some of our own eloquent Divines were not standing in the shoes of this very worthy, but exceedingly unimaginative Clergyman?

The presence of so many strangers disturbed the Swallows, Wrens, and other birds that have for so many ages had undisputed possession of the Ruin. They were flying, fluttering and singing above our heads during the service. Nor did their natural melody mingle unharmoniously with the voices of those singing the praises of their Creator with a more intelligent and responsible sense of His perfections and power. The "delicate air," the "lov'd mansionry" of birds, and the scene — a Scottish Ruin — recalled vividly to memory this beautiful and not inapplicable passage in Macbeth :

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Melrose Abbey has its literal and its romantic history. For the latter, it is indebted to the creative genius of the Author of *Waverley*, in his "Monastery." The former, is written among the annals of fire, rapine and blood. It was founded in 1136, and is esteemed the finest specimen of Gothic Architecture in Scotland. King DAVID conferred it upon Monks of the Cistercian order, by whom it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was plundered and desecrated by the English army under EDWARD II, in 1322, but repaired by ROBERT BRUCE, whose Heart was subsequently deposited here. In 1382 it was burnt by the English under RICHARD II. It was again rebuilt, only to be plundered again by Lord EVERS in 1545, and subsequently almost wholly destroyed by the Earl of HARTFORD. And during the civil wars, while affording an Asylum to the inhabitants, it was bombarded by CROMWELL. But even yet, much of its massive masonry remains, and it still abounds in ancient statuary and carvings of exquisite workmanship. The Abbey is 287 feet long, 195 feet wide, and 943 in circumference. The tombs of ALEXANDER II, of St. WALDENE, its second Abbot, and many of the DOUGLASES, who were buried here, are yet preserved and identified. The Abbey and lands around it are

the property of the Duke of BUCCLEUGH, who looks carefully to their preservation. In obedience to the following poetic direction of Sir WALTER SCOTT, in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* :

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey,"

We obtained the Abbey keys and returned to view its Ruins at 10 o'clock in the evening, by the "pale moonlight." Now it was a Ruin in all its solitude and sublimity. The moon's beams were reflected through portals and windows, casting a mellowed light upon canopies, pedestals and niches, with chiseled or carved Apostles, Saints, Abbots, &c., &c., with which the Abbey abounds. The choir or chancel, which is still preserved, displays the happiest architectural taste ; and the eastern window, that looks out upon the rising sun, is very magnificently constructed. In describing this portion of the Abbey, the Poet says :

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone
By foliated tracery combined :
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
"Twixt poplars straight and osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined ;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Having lingered for nearly an hour amid these solitudes, almost as silent ourselves as the mighty dead upon whose sepulchres we were treading, we returned to our Hotel and our pillows, where the objects that had absorbed our waking thoughts, came trooping back in dreams and visions.

In our visit to Dryburgh Abbey, we were rowed across the Tweed by an old Lady who has officiated as the "Charon" to this River for nearly thirty years. She had often, she said, ferried Sir WALTER over, who came sometimes to show the Abbey to strangers, and sometimes to wander about its ruins alone.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, August 15.

Having passed two delightful days at Melrose, we left Scotland in the coach after breakfast yesterday, without having seen many of its places and objects of interest, partly because we had several days of bad weather, but mainly because of the infirmity which restrains my pedestrian habits and inclinations. My intended visit to Falkirk, Sterling Castle and Bannockburn, was interrupted by two days of constant and heavy rains. Of some of these great historical landmarks we had distant views. The sanguinary field of Bannockburn is seen from the Railway in your approach to Edinburgh, and in crossing the hills near Melrose, many striking objects are pointed out, among which are Nidpath Castle, Ravenswood Castle, Mount Bengar, (formerly the residence of the ETTRICK SHEPHERD) and the crystal Lake where WORDSWORTH says :

"The swans on sweet St. Mary's Lake,

"Float double — swan and shadow."

Thirteen miles from Melrose we came to the ruins of Jedburgh Abbey, situated upon a romantic rock, by the side of the miniature River Jed, at the western end of the town of Jedburgh, and surrounded by what is here regarded as dense forests. This ancient Burgh, upon the "border" of Scotland, was the theatre of stirring and sanguinary events in the "troublesome times."

It was frequently plundered, and has been the scene of much bloodshed.

There is not much to interest travelers between Jedburgh and Newcastle. The road crosses several hills and through extensive heaths, upon which it is said Cattle and Sheep graze to much advantage.

Newcastle, though we were approaching it on a clear day, was enveloped in clouds of smoke, the darkness of which was visible several miles out. It is a place of about 50,000 inhabitants, who seem actively and prosperously employed. The Coal Mines are not only a great source of wealth to the Noblemen and Gentry to whom they belong, but of employment and support to the other classes. Newcastle enjoys some Commerce, and it has engaged to some extent in the manufacture of iron, steel, glass, and even woollens. It contains, too, the Hospitals, Churches, School Houses, Barracks, and other public buildings to be seen in all large English Towns or Cities. This was the birth-place of Admiral COLLINGWOOD, and of AKENSIDE, the Poet. Several of the wealthiest Noblemen in England not only derive their income from their Coal Mines, but have erected splendid Mansions near Newcastle, where they reside. Lumley Castle, the residence of the Earl of SCARBOROUGH, Lambton Hall, the seat of Lord DURHAM, and Howick, the seat of Earl GRAY, are each within a short distance from this place. Although for several miles around Newcastle the Earth has been disemboweled, and you travel upon its rim, there are but few external indications of these subterranean excavations. It is difficult to realize or believe, while walk-

ing or riding on the surface, that thousands, shut out from Heaven's light and air, are laboring below you.

There are several entire Streets of large Stone Stores and Dwelling Houses in Newcastle, without occupants, and, of course, presenting a gloomy aspect. They are monuments at once of the enterprise and folly of a wealthy individual, whose hallucination led him to suppose Newcastle was to rival London. He died a beggar, and, I believe, in a Debtor's Prison.

There was a Horse Fair here to-day, and one of the squares is yet filled with hundreds of the most inhumanly used beasts I have ever seen. "All the ills" that horse—"flesh is heir to," stand revealed in these poor animals, whom the jockeys and grooms, with the aid of spurs and other stimulants, keep prancing and vaulting before the "Jimmy Greens" who are to become purchasers of an "'orse." The bipeds, who seem equally divided between sharps and flats, are most vehement in voice and manner, but their conversation is, for the most part, in a language either too refined or too barbarous for our comprehension.

In the evening we went to the Theatre. The price of Box Tickets was threepence. The Company, could it have rejoiced in an "Infant Phenomenon," might claim remote kindredship to that of the never to be forgotten "CRUMMELLS," who, you will remember, confessed that he "never knew the worth of that incomparable woman (his wife) until he saw her balancing upon a fourteen-foot pole, with a brilliant display of fireworks at her heels!" One of the Stars in this tragic firmament, is a gentleman whom I well remembered to have seen playing in the Albany Theatre, from the circum-

stance that he talks as if he had a mouthful of hot buns. We remained to see a robber shot, a bandit dirked, a heroine faint, and half a dozen outlaws arrested, when we left without taking "checks" for the Afterpiece.

YORK, August 16.

Leaving Newcastle at half-past 7 this morning, we proceeded by coach to Darlington, 36 miles. The first thirty miles is through a much worked coal region. Lands here are doubly valuable, yielding, as they do most abundantly, agricultural wealth from without and mineral treasures from within. We passed, with only a brief stop, the ancient and venerable looking town of Durham, which is 14 miles from Newcastle and 155 from London. Its magnificent Cathedral, in the Norman style of architecture, founded in 1093, stands upon an eminence from which the town and surrounding country are seen to great advantage. The Bishop of Durham is a personage of vast wealth; and there is an appearance of substantial and tolerably well diffused prosperity throughout the town. Durham is as much distinguished in England for its army of "Old Mails," as it is in America for its fine breed of Cattle. The streets and houses here, though very old and antiquated, are kept clean, and with their arbors and trellis work, abounding in roses and honeysuckles, present a cheerful aspect.

York, at which place we arrived at 1 o'clock, ranks next to London in historical interest, and was at one time a place of even greater consideration than the now mighty Metropolis. The earliest history of York is obscure. As early as 124 it is known to have been occupied as a Garrison by the Romans. ADRIAN estab-

lished his head-quarters here. SEVERUS, by whom the wall around the city of York was erected, died in 212. CONSTANTINE CHLORUS, another Roman Emperor, died here in 307, after which his son, CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, who was born at York, was proclaimed Emperor by the Army. In the 9th century York is said to have been the seat of England's Commerce and Literature. The first meeting of what became the Parliament was held here, in 1169. York was the theatre upon which WILLIAM RUFUS, KING STEPHEN, KING DAVID of Scotland, HENRY II, RICHARD II, HENRY VIII, and CHARLES I, enacted some of their sanguinary dramas. But York Minster is the object of abiding and absorbing interest. We have all heard and read much about this vast pile, of which, however, it may be said, as it was said of the magnificence of an Oriental Ruler, that "the half has not been told." St. Paul's Church and Westminster Abbey, but for their sepulchres and monuments, would be thrown into the shade by this mighty structure. In magnitude and splendor this Minster is said to be surpassed by the Church of St. Peter at Rome. Among its principal monuments are those of Archbishop SCROPE and Sir GEORGE SAVILLE. The nave and choir are adorned with carved heads of the Kings of England from WILLIAM I to HENRY VI. Its numerous and elaborate windows are of glass, filled with exquisitely painted scripture illustrations. This noble Cathedral suffered severely by two greatly to be deplored conflagrations, but in repairing it, care was taken to restore, as faithfully as possible, its original features.

Nor is York Minster the only object of historical

interest here. The place abounds in Antiquities. There are no less than sixteen Churches that look old enough to have been built before the deluge. Its Castle was erected by WILLIAM I. The Church of St. Mary, of All-Hallows, and St. Denis, were founded when York was the Eboracum of the Romans. The Romans also built Clifford Tower, of which the Ruin is preserved. York is pleasantly situated upon the River Ouse, which is navigable for vessels of about 150 tons. Its ancient streets are remarkably clean, and its seeming antediluvian tenements are so uniformly neat and cheerful as to impress a stranger with very favorable opinions of the domestic taste and habits of its Wives and Daughters.

SHEFFIELD, August 17.

This, you know, is one of the great manufacturing towns of England. Its celebrity for Cutlery and Plated ware is proverbial. Indeed the mouths of the whole civilized world have been fed with the Knives and Forks manufactured at Sheffield. It is a place of some 60,000 inhabitants, and, though with a smoky atmosphere and dingy appearance, furnishes abundant indications of industry, enterprise and opulence. The place is remarkable for little else than its manufactures, and for the excellence and fertility of the surrounding country. In inquiring for its antiquities I was told that it could boast of a Monument which was CHANTRY'S first effort in sculpture, and of affording the rights of sepulchre to the executioner of CHARLES I. We visited the salesroom and manufacturing establishment of "J. ROGERS & SON," whose names are familiar

to all Americans, and whose knives, &c., are to be found in every house in our country. From anything that has crossed the Atlantic, no adequate idea can be formed of the perfection and expense to which this description of manufactures is carried on here. We saw a Penknife, perfect in all respects, which has 70 blades, and weighs less than a half-penny. We saw, also, the duplicate of a KNIFE presented to GEORGE IV, which contained 1,841 blades, and is valued at 200 guineas. We also visited the extensive, reputable and well known House of SANDERSON BROTHERS, where our letters of introduction from Mr. BENEDICT and Mr. CORNING, procured us a cordial reception and kind offers of every attention; but having looked through their works, and witnessed the process of converting Iron into Steel, we hurried to the Railway Station, not, however, until the Messrs. SANDERSON had confronted me with the New York Tribune, containing one of my letters in which a fellow-passenger was made a member of *their* House, instead of another extensive and respectable concern — to which he had belonged. The error consisted, not in the peculiarities I had ascribed to that gentleman, but in making him a partner in the wrong firm.

HAMPTON, 4 P. M.

This is the termination of the Northern Midland Railway, and its intersection with the London and Birmingham Railway. We are waiting for a Train that will take us to London (112 miles) in four hours and a half. Yorkshire and Derbyshire, through which Counties we have passed to-day, are just presenting their bountiful harvests to the Sickle — literally to the

Sickle, for there are neither Cradles nor other machines for harvesting here. The crop promises a rich yield. The scene, for an hundred and fifty miles, has been gorgeous to the eye and grateful to the heart. Here every nook and corner of soil is pressed into the husbandman's service. The whole country, in every direction, as far as we could see, rejoices in Wheat fields, apparently like some golden lake waving in gentleness and beauty. In the North of England the harvest is a week later, but if the weather should continue favorable the People of England would not lack bread if they had wherewithal to purchase it.

England, hereabouts, abounds in Railways. I saw, near Normanton to-day, seven several Trains upon three independent Railways, darting off like Meteors in different directions.

We passed through Wakefield, a most romantic and beautiful town, which you readily enough imagine to have been the residence of GOLDSMITH's amiable Vicar. Chesterfield, through which we passed, is celebrated for its extensive manufacture of worsted Stockings, and for its tall, leaning spire to an ancient Church, resembling, it is said, the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The Train which takes us to London is coming. So adieu.

XXVI.

LONDON, AUGUST 24, 1843.

LONDON is now in the country, but unless you have occasion to visit the West End, this circumstance would escape your notice. There, indeed, the change is apparent, in the absence of equipages and the comparative solitude that pervades the Palaces and Mansions of the Nobility and Aristocracy. Everybody who have Places in the Country are off to them, as are everybody who have invitations to Places. And those who have neither Places nor invitations, but do not lack the "needful," go to Cheltenham, or Brighton, or Margate, or the Lakes, or to Scotland, or to the Continent. And though London has thus emptied itself of its tens of thousands, yet Cheapside and Ludgate-hill, and Fleet street, and High-Holborn, and Oxford street, and the Strand, and the Charing Cross, and an hundred other thoroughfares, are no more affected by the absentees than the Hudson river is by a bucket of its water.

Parliament is drawing one of its longest sessions to a close. If the "Times," "Standard," and half a dozen other leading London Journals are to be taken as authority, there has never been a Parliament so barren of all useful action and results. Nor has any former Ministry promised so much and accomplished so little. And yet the Ministry commenced and closed the session with a strong majority in both Houses. This seems to

show that the Patient is either in a state for which there is no remedy, or that he is in the hands of Doctors who do not know what medicine to administer.

Sir ROBERT PEEL's "sliding scale," as is agreed on all sides, works badly. But nothing has been done to adjust or perfect its machinery. The Agricultural interests are willing to pay their Income Tax as long as the English markets are virtually closed against those grain-growing Nations that have their manufacturing done here. But the Manufacturing and Commercial interests of England *begin* to discover that their business and profits would be greatly enhanced by an *exchange* of products. It is, I say, beginning to be understood that it is as true with nations as with individuals, that when each party wants, what the other wants to part with, both can be benefited by the exchange. England has a redundant population, for which she wants employment. America has surplus products for which *she* wants a market. The true interests of the English people, in this state of things, would be promoted by an exchange of *their* manufactures for *our* produce. This change of policy, however, will not occur under England's present form of government. Nor is it desirable, so far as the true interests, prosperity and independence of our Country is concerned, that there should be any such change of policy on the part of Great Britain. By the encouragement and protection of Home Industry, we can create a Home Market for the products of our soil, upon which the Farmer may rely with far greater safety and confidence, to reward his care and toil. Our course, however, be it what it may, will not alter things here. England will not change her policy

in this respect, without a Revolution. The restrictive policy is indispensable to the Nobility of England, whose enormous revenues, with here and there an exception, are derived from their vast and fertile Domains. The "Corn Laws" are a contrivance by means of which the HUNDREDS are made voluptuously rich, while the MILLIONS are kept wretchedly poor. The owners of the soil are the Peers of the Realm, and constituting, as they do, one of the Legislative branches of the Government, there will be no change in the Corn Laws, "and least of all such change" as would seriously diminish the income of their noble selves.

This Government is a problem. Its very weakness seems to constitute its strength. With a National Debt, the annual interest on which amounts to £29,000,000 or nearly ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, capitalists continue to take its loans, and Merchants, Traders and Mechanics still invest their surplus earnings in the Funds! And yet none of these People believe that this debt will ever be paid, and they all apprehend a convulsion which must result in its repudiation.

When in London, a month ago, I omitted to deliver my letters to several distinguished gentlemen. Since our return from Scotland, having a week on my hands, I ventured to the West End with the hope of seeing two of the Literary Lions (Mr. LOCKHART and Sir E. L. BULWER), but they were off with the other Fashionables to their lairs in the Forest.

I spoke, in a former Letter, of the excellence of the London Police, and have seen much since to confirm my high sense of its efficacy in the *prevention* of crime and the preservation of the order and tranquility which

reigns throughout this vast metropolis. OLIVER M. LOWNDSE, Esq., who, as a magistrate, has been long and usefully connected with the New York Police, and who is now here, participates fully in my admiration of this most efficient system of Police. He agrees with me in the opinion, that with a similar organization, New York would derive advantages, the value of which it will be difficult to calculate. I had, a few evenings since, renewed experience of the attention and civilities of these Policemen. All other efforts to ascertain where Father MATHEW lodged having failed, I determined to try the Policemen. Meeting one in Farrington street, I asked if he could inform me what Inn Father MATHEW lodged at! He said that he did not know, though he believed it was in the neighborhood of Cheapside, and advised me to inquire at some of the stations around St. Paul's Church. And proceeding as he advised, I was informed by another Policeman that it was in Aldergate street, but *he* did not know the number. He remarked, however, that if I would stop till he went to the end of his beat, he would take me near the place I was in search of. Arriving at the end of his beat this way, he transferred me over to a third Policeman, who conducted me to the door of a Private Boarding House, where the great and good Temperance Reformer is staying. Without the aid of Policemen I might have devoted a week to unavailing inquiries.

Father MATHEW has worked like a slave since he came to England, throughout whose Towns and Cities he is diffusing happiness and multiplying blessings. In Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, York and Sheffield, his benign mission was triumphantly successful. But

in London, I am sorry to see, he encounters embarrassment, opposition, hostility and even opprobrium. The indolent, voluptuous, well-fed and well-paid Clergy of London, have become suddenly aroused to the dangers of Romanism. They have discovered that by making men sober and temperate, the supremacy of the Church of England is endangered! They believe, or would have others believe, that there is another "Popish plot" concealed in Father MATHEW's Temperance Pledge! Nor is religious fanaticism alone at work against the Reformer. The Clergy have Political auxiliaries. The Ministry conjure up a Repeal phantom out of this Temperance movement. They think they see Mr. O'CONNELL's finger pointing at them! Nothing, however, can be more unjust and unfounded than these suspicions. Father MATHEW's purposes are as single as his heart is pure. He aims to avoid all "entangling alliances" with either Church or State, Religion or Politics, and those who impugn his motives do him cruel injustice. Nor is there anything in his manner or conversation to offend. He neither assails nor denounces any, but is kind and tolerant to all. And he goes patiently and diligently forward, regardless of the obstacles thrown in his way, and of the sinister designs most unjustly imputed to him.

In walking up Regent street yesterday I witnessed a scene of anguish, new to me, but not so to those better acquainted with the abodes of destitution. Observing a crowd gathering upon the opposite side of the street, I crossed over and saw an infant that had just breathed its last in the arms of its mother, who had been sitting or standing all day in that street, endeavoring to sell

matches. The child died for the want of food and nourishment, and the mother, who was still pressing her dead infant to her bosom, was a picture of destitution and despair. There was scarcely strength enough in her trembling limbs to bear her into an Apothecary's shop, where the restoratives tried in vain upon the child, were needed by the fainting mother. This poor woman, by her language and deportment, excited much sympathy. She was evidently in a greatly debilitated state from the want of food. She had only received two halfpence for matches in two days, and had no other means of support. Regent street, where this Mother and Child sat starving, dazzles the eye and bewilders the imagination with its wealth and magnificence. The mines of Potosi and the treasures of Golconda seem to have been poured into the luxurious lap of Regent street. But amid all this wealth and luxury, a Mother toiled in vain for the coarse food that would enable her to give nourishment to a dying infant! And thus is human life in this great city painfully diversified.

I passed from this heart-sickening scene over to the Brunswick Hotel, in Hanover street Square, to pay my respects to ABBOT LAWRENCE, of Boston, whose health, I am happy to say, has improved and is improving. This enterprising and enlightened American Merchant is enjoying the best society of England. His company is sought, not only by the noble in rank, but by those who are ennobled by talent and genius. It is gratifying to see Americans of Mr. LAWRENCE's intelligence and worth abroad. Their presence, here, furnish the best answers to the malignant and miserable calumnies and caricatures which Mrs. TROLLOPE, BASIL HALL and

CHARLES DICKENS, have perpetrated upon "society and manners" in America.

The Queen came in state to-day, from Buckingham Palace (having arrived there, from Windsor, yesterday) to prorogue Parliament. This is one of the great Pageants of Monarchy. Having witnessed it once, in all its magnificent emptiness, I am content to let that curtain fall. Having "no friend at Court" by whose favor I could get into the gallery of the House of Lords, I hired a chair (for seven shilling sterling, by way of vindicating the proverb "that a fool and his money is soon parted") in a balcony midway between the Horse Guards and Westminster Hall, where I sat patiently for three mortal hours, viewing the *reality* of one of the Royal Processions which we have so often seen mimicked in Theatres and personified on canvas and paper.

The multitude, ever anxious to see these Royal shows, began to assemble in the avenues leading to Westminster Hall, at 11 o'clock. Every description of vehicles, from the Coaches with emblazoned Arms and liveried Servants, to the plebeian Cab, filled with fashionables, were stationed in lines extending more than a mile along the Streets, through which Her Majesty would pass. Windows and Balconies were hired by those who either preferred them, or could not obtain Carriages. Strong detachments of Horse Guards and Policemen were stationed between Westminster and Buckingham Palace. By one o'clock everybody seemed to have got their seats or their stands, and from that time until two, when the Royal cortege came in sight, there was profound silence. The Queen's Trumpeters, with a troop of Horse, came first. Then followed a

massive State Coach, with a Guard, containing the Crown. Then came three magnificent State Coaches, drawn by six superb bay Horses, led by grooms, in which Members of the Queen's Household were seated. Then came another State Coach, still more magnificent, drawn by six beautifully jet black Horses, in which the Countess of DUNMORE, the Earls of EXETER and LIVERPOOL, and the Marquis of LONDONDERRY were seated; and finally, preceded by twelve tawdrily dressed and solemn visaged Pages, or Ushers, on foot, with long staves, came the gorgeous ROYAL COACH, drawn by eight cream colored Horses, in harness richly embossed with gold, and flanked by Horse Guards, in which the Queen, Prince ALBERT, the Duchess of Buccleugh, and Earl JERSEY, were seated. The Queen was dressed in white satin, with Jewels sparkling in a cluster at her forehead. Prince ALBERT wore a Field Marshal's Uniform.

The English are rather phlegmatic on such occasions, or the Queen was coldly received. There was no enthusiasm—no acclamation. The few attempts to get up a cheer, as her Majesty was passing, were utterly abortive. There were but few persons of distinction, other than such as is derived from position in the Queen's Household, in the Procession; and among the few I observed our Minister, Hon. Mr. EVERETT, with his Daughter, in a bright yellow Coach, with Coachman and outriders, in rich Livery, and Mr. E. himself (instead of the plain Republican garb with which BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JOHN ADAMS and JOHN JAY used to appear on such occasions), in full Court Dress, with gold and embroidery. I don't half like this departure from the simplicity which distinguishes our form of Gov-

erament, though it is certain that the American Minister has acquired great popularity here, and perhaps augments his influence, by his conformity in matters of display and etiquette.

You will see the Queen's Speech in the newspaper account of the Pageant. As a Show, it was all it is represented, in gorgeousness and magnificence. But for every useful or practical purpose and end, it was the vainest and the idlest thing imaginable. The Parliament had virtually prorogued itself. There were not thirty, if even twenty, Members of either House present. The Speech is an unmeaning form of words, done into sentences by Sir ROBERT PEEL, and read by the Queen, as Hamlet's Players read what was "set down" for them, not as "trippingly" perhaps, and certainly with less effect upon the auditors.

This Royal demonstration exhibited in bold and striking relief, the contrast that exists between the Rich and the Poor of England. The trappings upon the Horses that drew the Queen's Coach, would have furnished the whole Poor of London with a sumptuous repast. The livery of the fat Coachman who held their reins, would have made the infant I yesterday saw die in its starving Mother's arms, comfortable for the ordinary term of human existence. The solid gold with which that Coach is so expensively and ostentatiously adorned, would raise a thousand families from indigence and suffering to a competency and to happiness. I wished, most devoutly, that the whole American People could have seen this vainglorious display of the expense of sustaining a Monarchy. Nothing could have been bet-

ter calculated to make us love and cherish our own Government and Institutions.

The Old Bailey Assizes are now sitting at Newgate, whither I went to have a peep at their Worships in Wigs and Gowns. The absence of Lawyers in a Court of Justice, struck me with surprise, until I reflected that very few of the involuntary suitors in these Assizes have either money or friends, and are unable, therefore, to pay Counsel. It is due, however, to the Bar of our own State, to say that accused persons there never go to trial without Counsel, however destitute or friendless. The law is administered here most rigorously in all cases of larceny and forgery. They gave a girl yesterday a year's imprisonment for stealing a handkerchief; and to another, for a petit larceny, it being the second offense, twelve years transportation, while a man convicted of bigamy, got off with two months in the Penitentiary!

Having heard and read much of the extent and magnitude of the "London Times" Printing Office, I asked and obtained permission (by informing a Proprietor that I belonged to the "Craft") to look through the Establishment. Over one hundred persons are employed in the Composition and Press Rooms. The Paper is worked upon two Machines that throw off 5,000 sheets an hour. Thirty Compositors are employed during the day, and twenty during the night, on Advertisements. The news and original matter begins to be put in hand at 6 o'clock P. M., and the Paper gets to Press at 4 A. M. They pay Journeymen but ninepence (eighteen cents) a thousand for bourgeois and minion composition, and tenpence for nonpareil. The Salaries paid to Editors, Reporters and Foreign Correspondents, are enormous,

though not half so enormous as the profits of the Establishment. Upon learning that I was acquainted with the "Genoese Traveler," their American Correspondent, the gentleman who accompanied me through the office remarked that his Letters were highly appreciated by Statesmen, Capitalists and Merchants on this side of the Atlantic.

There are no Subscribers here, as with us, to Newspaper Offices. The papers are bought and distributed by Agents and Newsmen, who have their Rooms and Depots in various parts of the city. Each Advertisement pays a duty of eighteen pence to the Government!

We are packing up for a contemplated departure to France by to-morrow's Steamer; so London,

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still forever, fare thee well."

XXVII.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 16, 1843.

THE United States Steamer Missouri, on her way to China with the American Commissioner to that Government, was totally destroyed by FIRE, twenty-four hours after her arrival at Gibraltar. The account in the London papers, stating that the fire was occasioned by the spontaneous combustion of her coal, is erroneous. It originated from Turpentine, a case of which was broken and spilled by one of the crew. The Turpentine was observed leaking through some part of the ship in season to have saved her if it had been known that the vessel was thus endangered. The sailor who broke the case, accidentally, did not make the fact known, supposing that he could take care of it himself, and wholly unconscious of the disastrous consequences. These facts, elicited by a Court of Inquiry, were communicated to MR. LEDYARD, our Charge d'Affaires, by Lt. WINSLOW, who goes home in the Boston Steamer with the official account of this very serious and mortifying calamity.

Lt. WINSLOW says that the Missouri proved an excellent sea boat. Her machinery worked well, and she was in every respect fulfilling the expectations of the Government.

LOUIS PHILIPPE has returned from his Chateau at Eu to St. Cloud. The pride of France is much flattered

by the visit of QUEEN VICTORIA. The King is strong, and in the main popular. France is prosperous and tranquil.

There are many Americans in Paris, some of whom are living fashionably and expensively. Mr. E. BROOKS, of the Express, a most intelligent and enterprising Traveler, has just reached this place, after a Tour through Germany, Sweden, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, &c. He goes to Scotland before his return home, preparatory to resuming his post at Washington, as a Reporter, in December.

I met Gov. THROOP at Mr. LEDYARD's a few days ago, and he has since passed an evening at our Room. He has acquired a good knowledge of French and is devoting his time to Literature. He seems to have lost all interest in and familiarity with American politics.

Dr. ARMSBY returns in the Great Western, with Mr. HAWLEY, whose health has been greatly benefited by his voyage and tour. •

Paris is rendered exceedingly pleasant to strangers by the attentions they receive from our Charge d'Affaires, Mr. LEDYARD, and our Consul, Mr. DRAPER, whose uniform kindness, not less than his hospitalities, serve to divest a strange land of that sense of loneliness that arises from a formal, cold, or repulsive reception by a Foreign Minister.

I have just received my Letters by the Hibernia, with a note from my London Banker informing me that the Post-Office regulations will not permit them to forward my packages of Newspapers.

I am deeply afflicted with the intelligence of our friend WILLIS HALL's severe illness. May the blow prove less disastrous than is apprehended.

We have delightful weather here. I have not, however, been much about Paris yet. A Compress Stocking which has been made here for my infirm Leg, promises to enable me to resume locomotion.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1843.

WASHINGTON IRVING, our distinguished Minister to Spain, who had been seriously ill at Madrid, has sufficiently recovered to make a visit to France for the benefit of his health. He arrived at Versailles on the 16th of September inst., where, and in Paris, he will pass several weeks.

The King goes from St. Cloud to Versailles in a few days.

The warm pleasant weather continues. This is helping the Vintage, which, in consequence of the cold and wet spring, will produce less than one-third of last year's gathering.

Gov. THROOP received Letters by the Great Western which induce his return to America this fall. He had not intended to leave Paris until next summer.

I met many Americans at Mr. LEDYARD's at Tea last evening. The Minister brings his countrymen thus together very often. Among those last evening, were the widow and daughter of the late THEODORE SEDGWICK, Esq. These Ladies have been some time in Paris. But *the* Miss SEDGWICK is not in Europe.

XXVIII.

ON BOARD STEAMER LONDON MERCHANT,

August 27, 1843.

DESIROUS of seeing more of the Thames, we left London this morning, direct for Havre, instead of taking the more frequented routes by Brighton or Southampton, and esteem ourselves fortunate in having done so, for we have been gliding all day through still waters in view of a delightfully cultivated country. The Thames, for the first thirty miles, is narrow and serpentine. At Woolwich, where the Government cast Cannon and manufacture Engines, &c., the Boilers in view covered several acres, and looked like clusters of Irish cabins. At a place in the river called the Long Reach, I counted over two hundred sail of Merchantmen at anchor waiting for wind or tides. Farther down I saw the glorious stripes and stars displayed by a noble ship, but we were not near enough to make out who she was. In the afternoon we passed close to Margate and Ramsgate, two rival watering places, much frequented in the summer months, by wealthy commoners and tradespeople. The shore, in front of each of these ambitious towns, is lined with small dormitories on wheels that are trundled out into the surf, and from which the visitors enjoy a sea bath. Near Ramsgate, half a mile from shore, lay her Majesty's Ship-of-War the Lord Howe, of 120 guns, riding peacefully and

quietly at anchor. This floating Palace made a truly magnificent appearance. There was not a breath of air, and everything on board the ship seemed as tranquil as the sea. Unpoetical as I am, while looking at this majestic ship, "moored" in the Downs, I found myself humming the popular song of

"All in the Downs the Fleet was moored,
When black-eyed Susan came on board."

In their models the British Ships of the Line are less beautiful than ours. They are "pot-bellied" in their construction. This is deemed necessary on account of the immense weight of armament; while in our Ships the "line of beauty" is preserved, and though our guns are farther from the water, I do not understand that the evils apprehended by the English have been experienced.

Our superiority in ship building is as apparent in Foreign as in American ports. You see vessels from all the commercial nations of the Earth, and of every form of construction, in the Liverpool and London docks. But you look in vain for those that compare, in grace and beauty, with our own. The English and European ships, though admirable in many respects, have palpable defects. There are many with beautiful sterns, whose ugly bows amount to deformity. Others present tolerable bows with high, awkward, toppling sterns. Again you see a good hull, the effect of which is spoiled by disproportioned masts. And in their more ambitious and successful efforts, there is a want of that perfection in symmetry, that elegance of model, that exquisite taste in rigging, spars, &c., which present

an American ship to the eye and imagination as a "thing of life."

Soon after passing the Lord Howe, we came in sight of DOVER, and as the atmosphere was remarkably clear, we had a good view of CALAIS, its French neighbor. The channel between these two places, as you know, is only about 18 miles wide. During the wars between England and France, these towns, frowning and growling like caged Lions at each other, must have been points of exceeding interest. The shore, upon the French, as upon the English side of the channel, presents high and bold chalk cliffs, the character and conformation of which create an impression that in some remote time, back to which the memory nor the annals of "man runneth not," there was at this point no water line of demarkation between what are now the boundaries of England and France. The day was so clear that by the aid of a spy-glass not only the houses but even the people at Calais were seen.

Dover makes but a sorry appearance, squatted down, as it is, in a gulf, and looking dull and dingy. The high hill on its left, has an old and strongly fortified Castle. On its right, too, there are remains of formidable fortifications. The Cliffs of Dover are high, bold and perpendicular; and, as viewed from the Steamer, realize the description of them which SHAKESPEARE puts into the mouth of Edgar in King Lear:

"Come on, sir; here's the place: Stand still.

——— How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Scarce show so gross as beetles: Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her boat, her boat, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: — I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

Soon after leaving Dover the channel widens, and before dark we lost sight of either Coast. At 5 o'clock this morning, when I came on deck, we were running along the French coast, a quarter of a mile from shore, and fourteen miles from Havre. The French Pilot, who came on board at 4 o'clock, informed our Captain that Havre was filled with People yesterday, drawn together by Boat Races, which the Duke de NEMOURS, the King's eldest son, attended. We reached Havre at half-past six, but not until the tide had fallen so much that we were compelled to drop anchor in the outer harbor, where we remain until 11 o'clock, when the return tide will enable us to get into the docks.

XXIX.

LONDON, August 25, 1843.

I STATED in a former Letter that I should have occasion to speak of Bishop HUGHES again, and if I now say less of him than I then intended, it is because a longer and more intimate acquaintance with him, has imposed restraints that may not be disregarded. Nor will I, with the Atlantic between me and the country, the friends, and the home of my affections, willingly say aught to wound those who hold my views upon the Public School Question to be erroneous. Waiving these topics, therefore, I shall now content myself with saying that Bishop HUGHES is destined to exert a powerful influence over the minds of men. He is in the prime of life, with tastes and habits and aspirations which will not rest while there are treasures of knowledge unexplored. And next to the sacred office to which he has been consecrated, he is desirous of promoting the general welfare of his fellow citizens. He believes it to be not less the privilege than the duty, of classes of men, to dedicate their whole time and talents to the enlightenment of the mind, and the alleviation of the sufferings and the elevation of the pursuits of their countrymen. He believes that the spirit of the age, scarcely less than the genius of our institutions, eminently demands this service from the gifted men of a Republic which is becoming the "seat of Empire." That he is a CATHOLIC who will exert his

utmost efforts to vindicate and extend his religious principles, is most true; but that he is also a PATRIOT and PHILANTHROPIST in the broadest and most enlightened sense of the terms, and that he will devote a clear head and a warm heart to the advocacy of rational Freedom, of universal Education, of pure Morals, and those true Christian virtues, Charity and Peace, is equally true.

Four years ago, in crossing the Atlantic, Bishop HUGHES encountered a heavy Gale, an account of which he then committed to a Journal kept for the eye only of his sister. On our passage, while I was conversing with him in relation to a Sermon he had that day Preached on board, in which he had dwelt very eloquently upon the power and wisdom of God as displayed in the "mighty deep," the Bishop referred to the Storm he had once witnessed, and on a subsequent day read to me the account he then wrote of it. This struck me as one of the most graphic and beautiful descriptions of a Gale that I ever met with. Believing that this extract from the Bishop's Journal will interest others as it did me, I obtained his reluctant consent for its publication, promising to state the fact that it was hastily written on board ship, in obedience to a request of a Sister that he should keep a Journal of his tour for her, and without the slightest expectation that it would ever come in contact with types or printing press:

EXTRACTS FROM BISHOP HUGHES' JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

* * * * Oct. 20.—Oh what is there in Nature so grand as the mighty Ocean? The Earthquake and Volcano are ever sublime in their display of destructive power. But their sublimity is terrible from the consciousness of danger with which their

exhibitions are witnessed—and besides, their violent agency is impulsive, sudden and transient. Not so the glorious Ocean. In its very playfulness you discover that it *can* be terrible as the Earthquake; but the spirit of benevolence seems to dwell in its bright and open countenance, to inspire your confidence. The mountains and Valleys, with their bold lineaments and luxuriant verdure, are beautiful; but theirs is not like the beauty of the Ocean; for here all is life and movement. This is not that stationary beauty of rural scenery, in which objects retain their fixed and relative position, and wait to be examined and admired in detail. No, the Ocean presents a moving scenery, which passes in view before and around you, challenging admiration. These gentle heaving of the great deep, with its unruffled surface—these breakings up of its waters into fantastic and varied forms; these haltings of the waves to be thrown forward presently into new formations; these giant billows, the sentinels of the watery wilderness—all, all, are beautiful—and though, in their approach, they may seem furious and pregnant with destruction, yet there is no danger, for they come only with salutations for the Pilgrim of the deep, and as they pass her bows or stern retiring backwards, seem, as from obeisance, to kiss their hands to her in token of adieu. * * * *

OCT. 31.—This day I was gratified with what I had often desired to witness—the condition of the sea in a Tempest. Not that I would allege curiosity as a sufficient plea, for desiring that which can never be witnessed without more or less of danger to the spectator; and still less, when the gratification exposes others to anxiety and alarm. Let me be understood, then, as meaning to say that my desire to witness a Storm was not of such a kind as to make me indifferent to the apprehension which it is calculated to awaken. But aside from this, there was nothing I could have desired more. I had contemplated the Ocean in all its other phases—and they are almost innumerable. At one time it is seen reposing in perfect stillness under the blue sky and bright sun. At another, slightly ruffled, and then its motion causes his rays to tremble and dance in broken fragments of silvery or golden light—and the sight is dazzled by following the track from whence his beams are reflected—whilst all beside seems to frown in the darkness of its ripple. Again it may be seen somewhat more agitated and of a darker hue, under a clouded sky and a stronger and increasing wind.

Then, you see an occasional wave, rising a little above the rest, and crowning its summit with that crest of white breaking from its top and tumbling over like liquid alabaster. Now as far as the eye can reach, you see the dark ground of Ocean enlivened and diversified by these panoramic snow-hills. As they approach near, and especially if the sun be unclouded, you see the light refracted through the summit of the wave, in the most pure, pale green, that it is possible either to behold or imagine. I had seen the Ocean, too, by moonlight, and as much of it as may be seen in the darkness, when the moon and stars are veiled. But until to-day I had never seen it in correspondence with the TEMPEST.

After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and north-west, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The calm continued till about nine in the evening. The mercury in the Barometer fell, in the meantime, at an extraordinary rate; and the captain predicted that we should encounter a "gale" from the southeast. I did not hear the prediction or I should not have gone to bed. The "gale" came on, however, at about 11 o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship. There was an unusual trampling and shouting—or rather screaming—on deck; and soon after, a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The Passengers, taking the alarm, sprang from their berths, and without waiting to dress, ran about asking questions without waiting for or receiving any answers. Hurrying on my clothes, I found that the shriek proceeded from the 2d Steward, who had, by a lurch of the ship, been thrown, *in his sleep*, from his sofa, some six feet to the cabin floor. By this time I found such of the Passengers as could stand at the door of the hurricane-house, "holding on," and looking out in the utmost consternation. This, I exclaimed mentally, is what I wanted, but did not expect it so soon. It was still quite dark. Four of the sails were already in ribbons. The winds whistling through the cordage; the rain dashing furiously and in torrents; the noise and spray scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara. And in the midst of all

this, the Captain with his speaking trumpet, the officers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in efforts to be heard, and mingling their oaths and curses with the angry voice of the Tempest—this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the *terribly* sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

The Passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, and how all this would terminate, were questions which arose in my mind, although unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there was no answer, for this knowledge resides only with Him who “guides the storm and directs the whirlwind.” We had encountered, however, as yet, only the commencement of a Gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic. The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and even when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet and arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail. On deck the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration. However, at about seven o’clock they had taken in what canvass had not blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At 9 o’clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was now no more work to be done. The ship lay to—and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever of disaster might occur. The breakfast hour came, and passed, unheeded by most of the Passengers; though I found my own appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a fast-day.

By this time the sea was rolling up its hurricane waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray, in winter overcoat and cork-soled boots, and in spite of the fierceness of the gale,

planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together. I had often seen Paintings of a Storm at Sea—but here was the original. These imitations are oftentimes graphic and faithful, as far as they go, but they are necessarily deficient in accompaniments which painting cannot supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective. You have, upon canvas, the Ship and the Sea, but as they come from the hands of the Artist, so they remain. The universal *Motion* of both are thus arrested and made stationary. There is no subject in which the pencil of the Painter acknowledges more its indebtedness to the imagination than in its attempts to delineate the Sea Storm. But even could the attempt be successful, so far as the *eye* is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the groaning of the masts and yards, the quick shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep. All these were numbered among the advantages of my position, as, firmly planted, I opened eyes and ears, heart and soul, to the beautiful frightfulness of the Tempest around and the Ocean beneath me.

At this time the hurricane was supposed to be at the top of its fury, and it seemed to me quite impossible for winds to blow more violently. Our noble ship had been reduced in the scale of proportion by this sudden transformation of the elements, into dimensions apparently insignificant. She had become a mere boat to be lifted up and dashed down by the caprice of wave after wave.

The weather, especially along the surface of the sea, was thick and hazy, so much so, that you could not see more than a mile in any direction. But within that horizon, the spectacle was one of majesty and power. Within that circumference, there were mountains and plains, the alternate rising and sinking of which seemed like the action of some volcanic power beneath. You saw immense masses of uplifted waters, emerging out of the darkness on one side, and rushing and tumbling across the valleys that remained after the passage of their predecessors, until, like them, they roll away into similar darkness upon the other. These waves were not numerous, nor rapid in their movements; but in massiveness and elevation they were the legitimate offspring of a true Tempest. It was this elevation that imparted the beautiful pale and transparent green to

the billow from the summit of which the toppling white foam spilled itself over and came falling down towards you with the dash of a Cataract. Not less magnificent than the waves themselves, were the varying dimensions of the valleys that remained between them. You would expect to see these ocean plains enjoying as it were a moment of repose, but during the hurricane's frenzy this was not the case. Their waters had lost for a moment the onward motion of the billows, but they were far from being at rest. They preserved the green hues and foamy scarfs of the mighty insurgents that had passed over them. The angry aspect they presented to the eye that gazed, almost vertically, upon their boiling eddies, wheeling about in swift currents, with surface glowing and hissing as if in contact with heated iron; all this showed that their depths were not unvisited by the Tempest, but that its spirit had descended beneath the billows to heave them up presently into all the rushing convulsive violence of the general commotion. But mountain and plain, of these infuriated waters, were covered, some on the very summit, and on the lee "side" of the waves, with the white foam of the water against which the winds first struck, and which, from high points, was lifted up into spray; but in all other places, hurled along with the intense rapidity of its own motion, until the whole prospect, on the lee side of the ship, seemed one field of drifting snow, dashed along furiously to its dark borders by the howling storm.

In the meantime our ship gathered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy of a Duck—and except the feathers that had been plucked from her wings before she had time to fold her pinions—she rode out the whirlwind without damage, and in triumph. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance, in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium against the fury of the one, and her buoyancy in despite of the alternate precipice and avalanche of the other. True it is, she was made to whistle through her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble and reel and stagger; still she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its very summit, until, as it

rolled onwards from beneath her, she descended gently on her pathway, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire, the majesty of God in the wind and waves, or His goodness and wisdom in enabling his creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger! To cast one's eyes abroad in the scene that surrounded me at this moment, and to think man should have said to himself, "I will build myself an Ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage—nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up; and ye winds shall waft me onward!" And yet there we were in the fullness of this fearful experiment!

I had never believed it possible for a vessel to encounter such a hurricane without being dashed or torn to pieces, at least in all her masts and rigging: for I am persuaded that had the same tempest passed as furiously over your town, during the same length of time, it would have left scarcely a house standing. The yielding character of the element in which the vessel is launched, is the great secret of safety on such occasions. Hence when gales occur upon the wide Ocean there is but little danger; but when they drive you upon breakers on a lee shore, where the keel comes in contact with "the too solid earth," then it is impossible to escape shipwreck. I never experienced a sensation of fear on the Ocean—but this tempest has increased my confidence tenfold, not only in the Sea, but in the Ship. It no longer surprises me that few vessels are lost at Sea—for they and their element are made for each other. And the *practical conclusion* from this experience of a gale is encouraging for all *my* future navigation. I shall have confidence in my Ship now, as I have ever had in the Sea. Ever since my eyes first rested on the Ocean, I have cherished an instinctive affection for it, as if it was capable of sympathy and benevolence. When calm it is to me a slumbering infant. (Your own Moses, for instance.) How tranquilly it sleeps!—no trace of grief or guilt is on its forehead—no trouble in its breast. It is a mirror in which the clear blue sky beholds the reflection of its brightness and purity. * * * * *

XXX.

HAVRE, August 29.

"I sit down to write you a line — only think!

A letter from France, with French pens and French ink!"

WE got into the docks at 12 o'clock, and I set foot on the soil of "La Belle" France amid the chatterings of men, monkeys and parrots, all in a language alike unintelligible. I feel, far more sensibly than I expected, the embarrassment and mortification and reproach of being ignorant of a Language which has become so universal. My first impulse was to return, instead of attempting to travel deprived of two of the senses—for deprived I am, in all that can interest or instruct—of the sense of hearing and of speech. The ears and tongues of those who neither understand nor speak French, are quite useless. We are even worse off than mutes, for *they* have a language of signs. It is on such occasions as these that we realize and lament the waste of time. A very few of the hours and days and weeks that I have squandered, directed to the acquirement of the French language, would have now spared me the mortification of traveling through France virtually Deaf and Dumb! But these regrets, so far as my own enjoyment is concerned, are wholly unavailing. Should others, however, read this Letter, let them be admonished to learn the French language, which can always be done without interference with other studies. With

such a knowledge of French as may be acquired from the Books, a few days' residence in France, to accustom the ear to its pronunciation, enables the student to speak fluently and with ease.

There is scarcely anything worth a Traveler's attention at Havre. I am far more interested here with the *People* than the place. I had only seen the French individually. Here I encounter them as a Nation. We know that they are constitutionally a gay, polite and amusement-seeking race; but their gaieties, politeness and frivolity far exceed my expectations. You would infer, on landing at Havre, from the numbers of Monkeys and Parrots upon the docks, that these were the main articles of French commerce. And in walking through the streets, from the endless variety of gewgaws and frippery displayed in shop windows, you would suppose that the French people were given over to levity and lightness. As for the People themselves, they seem to be living without responsibility or care. In strolling through the place, I find nobody anxious or thoughtful — nobody miserable or even unhappy. And the few mendicants you see, come, not with wo-begone faces and a piteous tale, but seek to amuse you with the tricks of a Monkey, a white Mouse, a young Alligator, or some fantastical contrivance in Mechanism.

On landing at Havre a Traveler begins (especially if he comes from England) to experience some of the Custom House annoyances and exactions which vex and plague you throughout Europe. Our party, fortunately, had nothing contraband but a few Segars, on which they made us pay a second duty; but the

"searching operations" upon others were rigid and inquisitorial. A Lady from Ireland who came here to educate her children, brought a Trunk full of Clothes, upon each and every article of which she was required to pay a duty amounting, in most cases, to more than the articles would have cost here ready made, and in all cases, more than the material cost!

Havre is spoken of as a modern town, though founded some half century before the discovery of America. It has derived most of its commercial importance from the trade with our country. There are no castles or monuments here, and but few historical associations. There are but four hours in twenty-four when large vessels can get in or out of the docks, which are capable of receiving 250 ships. There are American or English partners in most of the Shipping Houses here; and the English language is more spoken here than in any other town in France. Havre was a point of considerable interest during the early wars between France and England. The Duke of RICHMOND embarked from this port in 1485, with 4,000 men furnished by CHARLES VIII, and with whom, backed by the forces which joined him after he landed at Milford Haven, he encountered and overthrew the Usurper and Tyrant, RICHARD III. SHAKSPEARE, you will remember, makes RADCLIFFE report the rumored embarkation of RICHMOND to King RICHARD, thus:

" Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
Bideth a puissant Navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful, hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd and unresolved, to beat them back;
'Tis thought that RICHMOND is their Admiral,
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of BUCKINGHAM to welcome them ashore."

The Huguenots surrendered Havre to Queen ELIZABETH in 1562, but the English, under the Earl of WARWICK, were subsequently driven out by a besieging army commanded by the Constable MONTMORENCY. The fleet of WILLIAM III made an unsuccessful attempt to recapture the place in 1694. And in 1796 Sir SIDNEY SMITH, in attempting to cut out a French ship from under its batteries, got upon the sand banks, and was himself captured by some gunboats.

English or American travelers, on landing at Havre, are required to go personally before the Mayor, who receives their passports and gives them a temporary permit for Paris, whither the originals follow them.

ROUEN, August 30.

We left Havre this morning at 8 o'clock, in the steamer for this place, which is about 90 miles. There were from 250 to 275 passengers, with a sprinkling of Monkeys, Parrots and Poodles. There is no regulation here, which prohibits "smoking abaft the wheel." Some twenty or thirty French gentlemen with huge moustaches, are puffing their Segars in the faces of an hundred Ladies. Such an exhibition of bad taste and ill-manners, in America, would have furnished JOHN BULL with chapters for at least a dozen books; but in France they pass such things without remark.

The day was bright and the passage up the beautiful Seine exceedingly pleasant. The bay, at the mouth of the River, is seven miles wide. We stopped at HONFLEUR (one of the towns in France made classical in the "Sentimental Journey") to receive passengers. It is a dirty looking place, with 10,000 inhabitants,

whose principal traffic is in eggs, of which they send seven thousand dozen to England weekly. They raise excellent fruit here, some of which (melons and peaches) was brought on board. There are several towns on the Seine enjoying considerable commerce, as is indicated by the number of vessels at their wharves. There is much rural beauty along its banks; but in Agriculture France is evidently a century behind England and America. The various products of the soil are cultivated in patches instead of fields. The country seems divided into gardens rather than farms. There are no fences here, as with us, nor hedges, as in England. You see but few cattle or sheep, and no hogs. A farmer of Western New York, who dashes into his hundred acre wheat field with a force sufficient to cut, rake, bind and thresh it in two or three days, would be infinitely amused with the primitive mode of harvesting in France. Here the wheat is all cut with the sickle, and then bound by women, who place the sheaves in a sort of scraggy rack upon the back of donkeys, that move along behind the reapers. When the donkey gets loaded (some eight or ten small sheaves in each of his wooden saddle-bags) he is marched off to the road, where the wheat is transferred to a clumsy wagon and drawn lazily hence by three French ponies, tandem, to the Granary! In this way a dozen people consume a day in harvesting an acre. Two-thirds of the persons I saw at work in the fields were women.

At 12 o'clock the Passengers began to order their Breakfasts, which are served, as in their Cafés, in small rooms upon the guards of the Boat. The breakfasts generally consisted of red wine, a mutton chop and

bread. A few ordered Coffee instead of wine, and some added butter to their bread ; while others substituted a boiled egg for the mutton chop. As there were more than 200 persons to be provided for in this way, the culinary department displayed much activity for two or three hours. I have known People, however, whose fastidiousness would have preferred a long fast to a breakfast upon plates and with knives and forks that had served twenty others without having been removed from the table.

There are several very pleasant Towns along the Seine, the prettiest of which is Candebec, that seems, in passing, like a beautifully painted landscape. All around Candebec you see lovely Villas and Chateaux. This town was taken by the English, under the Earls of TALBOT and WARWICK, in 1419. Quilleboef, an old town with considerable shipping at its docks, is situated upon a projecting promontory, and shows very conspicuously. The navigation of the Seine, at this point, is difficult and dangerous, on account of the rapidity with which the tides change the position of the sand bars. Vessels are frequently lost here. During the French Revolution the *Telemaque*, a Vessel containing the money and jewels of Bourbon Princes, was wrecked and sunk here. These immense treasures are talked of, coveted, and sighed for, here, as is the specie supposed to have been swallowed in the British Ship-of-War sunk near Hurlgate during our Revolution.

There are clusters of hamlets along the River, all enjoying the shade of fine groves, where the Peasantry seem passing lives as pastorally tranquil and happy as fall to the lot of man. Indeed, passing up this

charming River, I saw many Cottages the grace and beauty of which awakened sensations as delightful as those expressed so sweetly and melodiously by MOORE :

"I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a Cottage was near,
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

This place (Rouen) is the capital of ancient Normandy, and is second only to Paris in historic associations; and in some respects scarcely second even to Paris. Under the auspices of Capt. FUNK, the excellent and popular Commander of the Packet Ship Baltimore, who had just arrived from New York, and who accompanied us to Paris, we visited the numerous objects of interest in and about Rouen. In going to our Hotel we passed through several long, narrow, dark, damp streets, rudely paved, and without sidewalks, whose high gable-faced buildings at the eaves approached so near as almost to form an arch, and to exclude all but some feeble rays of heaven's light and air. Arrived at the Hotel I was shown into the fifth story of a most antiquated building. The Stairs are of Stone, into which footsteps have worn several inches. The bed-room is paved with a species of brick, octagonal in form, and of variegated colors. There is an oaken table and two rude chairs in my room that are probably as old as our good City of Albany. ROUEN, though very ancient, is not in any respect a ruin. It is a busy, bustling, thrifty town. Its commerce is large, and its manufactures very considerable; and it contains a population of 92,000. The Seine spreads out 1,000 feet here, and Rouen has

docks and wharves for 250 Vessels. Along the Quay the old buildings have been demolished, and replaced by blocks of spacious and massive yellow marble. These modern structures present a beautiful front or facings, for an interior of dark, devious, desolate, winding labyrinths, from which a stranger extricates himself with difficulty. In walking through the centre parts of Rouen you encounter bad pavements, all sorts of filth, and the most villainous odors.

Our first visit was to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a vast and venerable pile, "whose frown" (as Counsellor PHILLIPS said of NAPOLEON) "terrifies the glance his magnificence attracts." Without attempting to describe this splendid Church, let me remind you of some of its associations. One of its tall spires was destroyed by lightning in 1822, in the place of which, somebody's bad taste suggested a long, horrid looking iron tube or chimney, which now deforms and mars the view. The first Duke of NORMANDY was buried here in the 13th century. The heart of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, and the bodies of his brothers, HENRY and WILLIAM, and of their uncle, the Duke of BEDFORD, were interred here. During the French Revolution, the enormous Bell, together with the Coffins in which several of the Cardinals, &c., had been interred, were taken away and melted into cannon and coins by the Revolutionists.

The *Bibliothèque Publique* of Rouen contains 33,000 volumes, among which is a richly ornamented manuscript history of the Normans, written in the 12th Century. The *Musée des Antiquités* is rich in curiosities, and no stranger should pass Rouen without seeing

them. In this collection, you see the door of the house in which CORNELLE was born. Its windows are all of the painted glass from suppressed Convents, Churches, &c., and form a chronological series from the 13th to the 14th century. Among the Autographs, is the "mark" of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, who could not write ! There are also the signatures of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION and several Norman Princes. Adjoining this building is a Museum of Natural History.

The Church of St. Jervais is supposed to be the oldest in Rouen, and one of the first Christian Edifices in France. Its Roman tile, and its style of masonry, authorizes a belief that its construction was commenced as early as the 4th century. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, suffering from the wound received at Mantes, retired to the Monastery of St. Jervais to die, deserted by friends, plundered by dependents, and abandoned even by his own sons.

There is a very miserable statue near the *Place de la Pucelle*, which indicates the spot where the heroine JOAN D' ARC was burned alive as a sorceress in 1431. The Quarterly Review, in an article vindicating the character of this Christian enthusiast and martyr, says that she was sacrificed in the presence of Cardinals, Priests and a multitude of People ; that while the flames were circling around her she held up the emblem of her faith and died expressing her conviction in the truth of her mission. In Prison she was subjected to insult, treachery and outrage. She was dragged to trial without counsel, and browbeaten by her brutal judges. But shameful as was the injustice of England towards this illustrious maiden, they were not alone cruel and

remorseless. Her accuser, her unjust Judge, and the false Priest who, under the guise of friendship, acted the spy, were Frenchmen. And even CHARLES VII, who owed his Throne to her enthusiasm and gallantry, extended neither his protection nor his sympathy to her. Some twenty years after her death, her innocence was proclaimed, and the French, having become masters of Rouen, raised a cross on the spot where she had been bound to the stake.

It was at Rouen that HENRY VIII, attended by Cardinal WOLSEY, had an interview with FRANCIS I. The House in which CORNEILLE was born stands in the Rue de la Pie, and a splendid Statue in honor of that great writer is seen at the end of the beautiful Bridge over the Seine.

Rouen is the Lowell of France. Its Manufactories furnish employment for 50,000 people.

I have been trying to stop this sufficiently long yarn, but my pen has kept running, with a sort of cork-leg pertinacity, until it has at least exhausted the patience of those whose good nature may have beguiled them half way through a "thrice told tale." So I'll now to bed, in a cell strong and gloomy, and old enough to have been some unlucky wight's prison house three or four hundred years ago.

XXXI.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 16, 1843.

AFTER closing a Letter, more than a fortnight ago, at Rouen, I determined to stop scribbling. The attempt to speak either of France or Paris, without a knowledge of the Language, strikes me as presumptuous, if not ridiculous. But some very indulgent friends at home insist upon having further inflictions of my dullness. During the summer months, in the absence of interesting matter, I am aware that newspapers are compelled, in filling their columns, to take what offers, but it is in seasons of intellectual famine only, that their readers will consent to be fed on mere husks. If, therefore, my garrulity should exhaust the patience of the readers of the Evening Journal, I shall look for "acquittance" to the "enforcement" of my friends.

Paris is situated upon a vast plain. There is no difficulty in obtaining, from several elevations, fine panoramic views of the whole metropolis. These views present to the eye and to the imagination a City as beautiful in prospect as it is rich in associations. You survey, at a single glance, objects which require ages for mental digestion.

The river Seine divides Paris with almost geographical accuracy. What was originally Paris, is now a centrally situated Island, connected with both shores by Bridges. The magnificent Church of Notre Dame,

where NAPOLEON was Crowned, is upon this Island. The Seine is more of a river, through Paris, than I had supposed. Its width, at the Bridge of Austerlitz, is 180 yards. In 1836 there was a population here of 900,000, exclusive of soldiers and strangers. Of the 24,000 deaths that year, over 900 occurred in the Hospital; and of the 29,000 births during the same year, nearly 5,000 infants were ushered into this "breathing world" at the Hospital. There are over 80,000 Paupers in the Hospitals of Paris.

There is a strange Physiological fact in relation to the Parisians. Races, it is said, run out here. Or in other words, Families residing constantly in Paris, become extinct in one or two centuries. But comparatively few families, it is affirmed, residing constantly in Paris, can trace their genealogy back beyond the Reign of LOUIS XIII. The constitutions of those whose ancestors constantly resided in Paris, for several generations, became so effeminate and frail that their offspring are generally short lived; while the Noblesse and Gentry, who pass their summers in the country, upon their Manors and at their Chateaux, preserve vigorous constitutions and robust health.

Paris rests upon yellow marble formations, from which its Hotels, Mansions, Castles, Palaces, &c., are almost wholly constructed. This marble, when taken from the quarries, is scarcely harder than chalk, but by exposure to the atmosphere acquires solidity and endures like granite.

The expenses of the city amount to from forty-eight to fifty millions of francs annually, of which sum thirty millions of francs is derived from their "Octroi Duty."

This is a duty paid upon all articles for consumption brought into the metropolis, of which Wine is the principal. Indeed the amount paid on Wine far exceeds that derived from all other articles. The receipts into the city Treasury for several years past, have exceeded the expenditures by several millions of francs annually. Guards are stationed at all the gates and avenues leading into the city, to prevent smuggling. Every vehicle and individual, high or low, are subject to inspection when entering the city.

I find a vast amount of statistical information in BULWER'S work on France, a few items of which follow. Cattle vary in value from 300 to 350 francs per head. Sheep sell from 20 to 25 francs. The price of Bread is regulated twice a month, and in ordinary seasons amounts to about threepence per pound. There were 56,707 tradesmen's licenses issued in 1840, for which 8,529,937 francs were paid to the city. Mechanics receive from three to five francs per day, and work from 10 to 12 hours. Laborers receive only from 25 to 35 sous per day. The shops are all kept by young women, who receive their board and from 150 to 400 francs per annum, according to their intelligence and attractions. But few journeymen or laborers work on Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Fuel is very expensive here. Wood is sold in baskets in dimensions something less than a bushel, at five francs per basket. From the departments above Paris, about 14,000 boats arrive annually with the productions of the soil; and from Rouen and Havre about 1,000 boats come freighted with colonial produce. The Poultry and Game consumed cost 7,475,041 francs, in 1840; Butter, 11,507,695

francs; Oysters, 1,991,974; Eggs, 5,316,938. There is a large Floral traffic here. Flowers are for sale in all the market places, and the amount received for them, on Fete days, is said frequently to exceed 30,000 francs!

The Slaughtering for Paris is done in "Abattoirs," five of which were constructed by the order of NAPOLEON, at different points, in the environs of the city, at an expense of 16,510,000 francs. These extensive and well regulated establishments are much visited by strangers.

Rides about Paris are cheaper than in London or New York. A Cab, in which four persons ride comfortably, is required to take you to any part of the city for one franc and three-quarters, or if by the hour, for two francs. A Cabriolet, holding two persons, takes you to any part of Paris for thirty sous, or if by the hour, one franc. You are expected to add two or three sous as a gratuity to the Driver. Omnibus lines are established throughout Paris, and to all the places of interest about its environs. You ride wherever you please about Paris, in an Omnibus, for six sous.

Having alluded to the fact that Women are the "Salesmen" throughout Paris, it is proper to say that a sort of reciprocity exists. Much of the work performed by Women with us, is done here by Men. In most of the Hotels you find *men* "chambermaids," who make your beds and put your "room to rights." The scrubbing—and as carpets are little used here there is much of it—is done by Men. Much of the washing, too, is done by males. Clothes, linen, &c., is not here, as with us, washed at home. It is taken away on Mondays by

persons who have extensive arrangements for the purpose, either into the country or to large Arks upon the river. In approaching Paris you see numerous fields devoted to this business, and along the river acres of Arks with hundreds of People are engaged with "foul linen." The cooking for Paris is mostly done by Men. You will see, therefore, that in this exchanging of work the gentler sex get a decided advantage.

We took lodgings, upon our arrival in Paris, at the "Hotel Meurice," in the Rue de Rivoli, fronting the Garden of the Tuilleries. This is perhaps the best Hotel in Paris, and is so much frequented by English and Americans that the most of the servants speak English. We sat down to Dinner there at the "Table d'Hôte" with about an hundred Ladies and Gentlemen. The table furniture and ornaments were similar to those at the Astor House, and the courses and dishes, though differently served, were in many respects the same as we get there. With the exception of soups, of which we had here half a dozen different kinds, there are a greater variety of meats and more dishes and delicacies to be found upon the Astor House table, every day, than you get at the most expensive and fashionable Dinners in Paris. But the ostentatious manner of serving Dinners here gives to them an appearance of variety and profusion which is artistic and unreal. But there is one feature of the culinary system of Paris with which I am delighted. Their meats are all "well done." There is no Cannibalism here. Your roast beef, your boiled mutton, your game, &c., &c., when carved, do not look as if they came directly from the shambles.

Immediately after we were set down at Meurice's I

strolled into the Garden of the Tuilleries, where thousands of People were quietly enjoying its grateful shade and delicate air. Some walked upon its terraces, around its fountains or its flower beds, while others sat in its arbors or under its trees. Children, in joyous groups, were at their gambols under the eye of their Governesses; Belles with gallants in large Moustaches, were promenading; Young Ladies in great numbers were engaged with their needlework; while *old* Ladies without number were fondling their lap-dogs. In other parts of the Garden numerous Families of the humbler class were sitting under trees, and cheerfully partaking of their frugal repast — bread and wine.

The Garden of the Tuilleries contains 67 acres, and is situated upon the north bank of the Seine, fronting the Palace of the Tuilleries on the east, and the Place de la Concorde on the west. Near the Palace are two insular flower gardens. An abundant and refreshing foliage is furnished by groves of large chestnut, elm, orange and lime trees, interspersed in all directions with Statues. Chairs are found all about the Garden, for the use of which you pay two sous. On Sunday afternoons, when the weather is warm, the Garden frequently exhibits a dense mass of People. Among the Statuary are figures of Prometheus, Alexander, Theseus, Cincinnatus, Spartacus, Themistocles, Diana, Flora, Venus, &c. In the summer the Garden is open from 7 A. M. until 9 in the Evening, when guards, by beat of the drum, warn the visitors out and close the gates.

Adjoining the Garden of the Tuilleries is the Place de la Concorde. This is a point of far greater and more thrilling historical interest than any other in Paris.

The name which it now bears, not less than the quiet grace and beauty with which it has been adorned, seem designed to efface, as far as possible, the horrors of its bloody history. It is situated between the Garden of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysees, and looks out to the west upon the Madeleine Church, and to the east upon the Chamber of the Deputies, on the right of which is also seen the magnificent Dome of the Hospital of Invalides. The prominent feature of the Place de la Concorde is the magnificent OBELISK erected 1550 years before Christ, in front of the Temple of Thebes, which, with Cleopatra's Needles, were presented to the French Government by the Viceroy of Egypt. Eight hundred men, under the direction of French Engineers, were employed three months in removing these enormous presents from their original positions to the Nile, where they were shipped in a flat bottomed vessel built to receive them. The Obelisk reached Paris in 1833, but was not elevated until 1836, in the presence of the Royal Family and an immense multitude of the French. The Obelisk, as dug from the Egyptian quarry, is 72 feet in height, and weighs 500,000 pounds. It stands upon a plinth of granite weighing 240,000 pounds, which, with the pedestal, is 28 feet high, and forms of pedestal, plinth and obelisk a column 100 feet high. The removal of this Obelisk from Thebes and its erection upon the Place de la Concorde, cost the French Government over two millions of francs, or more than \$400,000.

But quiet and beautiful as the Place de la Concorde is, there are thousands yet living in Paris who have seen severed heads and lifeless bodies swimming in their

own blood, where all is now so pacific that lambs may play and doves coo in safety. In May, 1770, at a Fete given here in honor of the marriage of LOUIS XVI, some horses taking fright at a discharge of fire-works, a panic and rush ensued, during which 1,200 persons were trampled to death. Subsequently the King and Queen (LOUIS XVI and MARIE ANTOINETTE) were beheaded upon the spot where their nuptials had been so fatally celebrated. In July, 1789, the People of Paris assembled here preparatory to their triumphant rush upon the Bastile. Here, in addition to the King and Queen, the Duke of ORLEANS, BRISSOT, HERBERT, DANTON, DESMOULINS, ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, ROBESPIERRE, DUMAS, ST. JUST, COUTHON, ELIZABETH, sister of LOUIS XVI, the Wives of DESMOULINS, HERBERT, &c., &c., with hundreds of their followers, were brought to the block. In less than a year and a half nearly 3,000 persons were beheaded upon this memorable spot. In contemplating these horrors, it is consoling to reflect upon the retributive vengeance with which the Monsters were themselves visited. There is certainly much of that wisdom and justice which is higher than man, in the Providence that brought the heads of DANTON, HERBERT, DUMAS, ROBESPIERRE, &c., to the Guillotine that was drenched and gorged with the blood of their victims.

The Champs Elysees are indeed Elysian Fields. Such a promenade for a vast city is above all price. None but those who have walked here on a warm afternoon or evening, can form anything like just conceptions of the beauty and luxury of the Champs Elysees. These fields extend along the Southwestern boundaries of the city from the Place de la Concorde to the Tri-

umphal Arch de l'Etoile. There are broad carriage-ways shaded by trees resembling those upon the College Green at New Haven, running through the Champs, and on either side of these are extended lawns for promenades and sports. But the Champs Elysees, though always delightful, are only in full blaze at night, when all the arts of jugglers and mountebanks, and all the enchantments of music and melody, are exerted to draw forth the simple and the wise, the gay and the grave. Near the centre of this delightful spot FRANCONI's beautiful Olympic Circus is situated. In this place of amusement from three to four thousand assemble every night. I passed an evening there in equal admiration of the noble Horsemanship, and the exquisite beauty and taste displayed in the building. Concerts, vocal and instrumental, are given to thousands who stand or sit in front of the Cafés adjoining. In the Gardens, also adjoining the fields, you find gay throngs of dancers. In these Gardens are groves and arbors and fountains, all brilliantly lighted, not only with lamps, but with bright eyes and beaming faces. I saw, in one of these Gardens, on a Sunday evening, from two to three hundred couples engaged in the same dance. It must have been some such scene as this that inspired MOORE with these exquisite lines:

"While thus he thinks still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him toward the sound, and far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps — like the rich track which Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,
So long the path — its light so tremulous; —
He sees a group of female forms advance,

Some chained together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers;
And some disporting round, unlinked and free,
Who seemed to mock their sisters' slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night,
While others walked, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still.
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds when she would vie
With fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings;
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at eventide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun.

XXXII.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 20, 1843.

THE Palace of the Tuilleries is the winter residence of the King. It was, you know, the scene of many stirring and startling events during the Revolution of 1789. It was taken also, by the People, in the Revolution of 1830. It stands on the bank of the Seine, having the Garden of the Tuilleries for its west, and the Louvre for its east front. When it was supposed that the Queen of England might extend her visit to Paris, extensive repairs were ordered at this Palace, during and since which it has not been open to visitors.

All who come to Paris visit the Louvre, and as almost everybody has written about it, I will not be tedious. Its early history is unknown. A Castle existed here in the earliest ages of the Monarchy. In the time of PHILIP AUGUSTUS it was used as a Prison for titled offenders. In 1528, under FRANCIS I, it was rebuilt and enlarged. LOUIS XVI designed much more extensive improvements, but did not complete them, and during his Reign and the Reign of Terror, the Louvre was neglected. But NAPOLEON resumed and finished what was contemplated by his predecessor. It was the residence of several of the Kings of France. CHARLES IX fired from one of its windows upon the victims of St. Barthlemi. It has long been, however, exclusively devoted to the reception of works of Art, and after NAPOLEON

had despoiled Italy, &c., of their treasures, the Louvre displayed the richest collection of Paintings in the world. But the Allied Monarchs, when in Paris, stripped this great depository of Pictures and Statuary of many of its glories. Its magnificence, however, still excites admiration and wonder. These galleries are open to the free examination of strangers every day in the week but Monday. Artists from all parts of the world come here to improve themselves in making copies of the old masters. In passing through the Galleries I saw, in several instances, half-a-dozen Artists making as many copies of the same Picture. Around two of MURILLO'S magnificent pieces I saw as many Painters at work as could get views of the original. Of the Parisian Artists thus employed in the Louvre, a large proportion are young Ladies, some of whom paint with much power and effect.

The basement story of the Louvre is called the "*Musee Royal des Antiques*," and contains between eleven and twelve hundred pieces of Statuary, most of which is from the ancient cities of Greece and Rome. Think what an army these Statues would make if they were placed for review in an open field! But the Picture Galleries are far more extensive. I have spent most of two days in these Galleries, without getting through them, and without attempting to look at half the Pictures I passed. The principal Gallery is 1,332 feet long and 42 feet wide. Its walls are entirely covered with Pictures, amounting in number to over 1,400, of which 373 are by French artists, 540 by Flemish and German, 480 by Italians, and the remainder modern copies of ancient Pictures. The works of all living artists are

excluded from the Louvre. I am so deficient of knowledge and taste, in Pictures, as not to appreciate the works of the most illustrious artists. At the Louvre, I passed the master-pieces of CLAUDE LORRAINE, TITIAN, RUBENS, &c., with comparatively slight interest, to search and all but worship the divinely beautiful and sublime efforts of MURILLO.

We went to St. Cloud on Sunday, with fifteen or twenty thousand Parisians, who were attracted thither by a FETE. St. Cloud lies six miles from Paris, on the Seine. It is memorable as the place where HENRY III was assassinated in 1589, and as the residence of NAPOLEON during that period of the Revolution which placed him at the head of the French Government. LOUIS PHILLIPPE resides in the Palace of St. Cloud most of the year. CHARLES X was residing here when the Revolution of 1830 broke out.

I went to St. Cloud under an impression that its Fete, on Sunday, was in some way or sort a Religious Festival, but found it more like our 4th of July Celebrations than any thing I had ever seen. But in comparing it with the 4th of July you can form only an imperfect and inadequate conception of the scene. Its object is amusement. To gratify this "ruling passion" of the French, the most grotesque, absurd, ludicrous and even frivolous exhibitions are found successful. The banks of the River, for more than a mile, were lined with booths, tents, stands, &c., in which all sorts of shows were to be seen, and every species of confectionery, fruit, trinkets and frippery were exposed for sale. In the beautiful grove adjoining, innumerable tables were spread, at which between eleven and twelve thousand

visitors breakfasted. Around each table were minstrels, some exerting their vocal powers, while others "discoursed" instrumentally. The first and most ambitious place of amusement was the Circus, in front of which the whole Troupe, with its Band, was stationed, exerting all their powers to draw an audience. The band would first play most clamorously. Then the manager, with impassioned voice and vehement gestures, would dwell upon the prodigies performed by his company; then one of the company would throw a somersault by way of illustration; then the band would thunder again; then a lady (of which there were four in tight pants) would sing; and then another lady would stand with one foot upon the Clown's head, holding the other leg in a horizontal position, and balancing a sword upon her nose. During these outward signs of the wonders to be seen within, the people kept dropping, like pigeons into a net, through the tent door. The price of admission was six sous. The performance lasted an hour; and then the same seductive arts were practised for another audience. Directly opposite the Circus was a Theatre, before which the *Dramatis personæ*, in tawdry costume, presented themselves. Here, too, these imitative heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin, like Hamlet's players, "split the ears of the groundlings with inexplicable dumb show and noise." Next to the Theatre were the tents of Jugglers, Magicians, Mountebanks, Rope-dancers, &c., before each of which actors exhibited themselves in the skins of horses, bulls, lions, leopards, tigers, hyenas, alligators, &c., neighing, bellowing and roaring in ludicrous mockery of the beasts they attempted to personate. Opposite these were tents in

which baboons, monkeys, parrots, rabbits, with all sorts of loathsome reptiles and creeping things were congregated. In front of these tents their proprietors would put the most knowing animal of their respective collection through its exercises. The monkeys were made to *do*, and the parrots to *say*, almost everything. One rabbit beat the drum—and another played the tambourine, while a third danced to the second's music. Before one tent a man filled his mouth with live lizards; at the next a boy stood with his arm in the mouth of an alligator; at the next was a man with a huge anaconda wound around his body and neck, with his head in his hands; and finally, stood a not ill-looking girl with two long black snakes wound round her arms, reposing their heads in her bosom. Then came tents with human deformities, at the doors of which were representations upon canvas of the monstrosities to be seen within. Here was the "Largest Woman in the World"; there, a "Girl two years old weighing three hundred pounds"; then "a Dwarf thirty years old and but twenty inches high"; then a "Man with eyes in the back-side of his head"; then "a Woman with a horse's head," and finally, a veritable "Mermaid, with scales and long hair, alive and swimming!" Next came the various contrivances for gambling, in a small way. Several large canvas halls for dancing, with "Bal" and "Bal Masque," in black letters painted upon them, were in readiness for the evening. In front of all the places of amusement the proprietors continued, with a volubility which astonished me, and an eloquence quite irresistible, to admonish and entreat the people not to lose the last opportunity they would ever

have for witnessing the wonders to be revealed within their tents.

Such is a very faint and imperfect description of the FETE of St. Cloud. The same scenes were repeated on two succeeding Sundays. It was attended not only by the lower and simpler classes, but thousands of well dressed citizens of Paris were there, all, or nearly all, finding amusement in things that would scarcely gratify children in America. The ground selected for this Fete was a beautiful lawn, finely wooded, directly in front of the Palace. These Fetes are held all over France, with the approval and encouragement of the Government. They keep the People happy and quiet. I had heard, and now believe, that the prohibition, by the Government, of the accustomed amusements of the Parisians, would create a Revolution in a month.

The Newspaper Press of Paris, though abundantly talented, is in all other respects far inferior to that of England or America. The Papers are all established by associations of men having personal objects to accomplish. But few, if any, of them support, or are expected to support themselves. Instead of being devoted to the common welfare, they are made to subserve the views of the individuals or cabals by whom they are owned and controlled. There are but few occasions, if I am correctly informed, when the voice of an unshackled French Press is heard. Ambitious men use them as ladders to attain the elevations to which they aspire. The typography of these Journals is most unworthy of the taste and intelligence of the beautiful City of Paris. They are printed upon small sheets of inferior Paper, and there is scarcely a Newspaper in any of the Vil-

lages of our State that is not executed in a more neat and workmanlike manner.

The Americans who visit Paris, are under many obligations to a few of their Countrymen who reside here, for the establishment of an *ATHENÆUM* where American Newspapers, Reviews, Periodicals, &c., are to be found. English Visitors have long been thus accommodated at Galignani's. The expense of this establishment falls heavily upon a few gentlemen, among whom *MR. DRAPER*, our Consul, and *MR. LEDYARD*, our Charge d'Affaires, have been most active and liberal. The French Government has supplied this Athenæum with its State Papers, for Exchange with the several States of the Union. *MR. LEDYARD* has written to *COL. YOUNG*, our Secretary of State, upon the subject, and is anxiously awaiting an answer. Authors and Publishers, in America, are respectfully solicited to contribute copies of new publications to the Library of the Athenæum.

I have been fortunate in making the acquaintance of *ROBERT WALSH*, Esq., the former editor of the *Philadelphia National Gazette*, and for several years the able Foreign Correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*. *MR. WALSH* and his accomplished Lady, speak French as readily, and know Paris as thoroughly, as the best educated French themselves. *MR. W.* is not only one of the best scholars, but among the best informed men in Europe.

We visited the *ROYAL LIBRARY* under the auspices of *MR. WALSH*. This immense Literary Storehouse occupies what was formerly the Hotel or Castle of the Duke de *RICHELIEU*. It stands upon an entire block, and fronts upon four streets. The Library contains

nearly ONE MILLION volumes of printed Books and pamphlets; 80,000 Manuscript Volumes; 100,000 Medals; 1,400,000 Engravings; and 300,000 Maps, Plans, Drawings, &c. I did little else, as you may suppose, than walk these galleries. We did, however, stop to look at a few precious things, such as a large quarto Dictionary in Latin and Chinese; another in Latin, Spanish and Arabic; a copy of the first edition of Aristotle, in Greek, printed in 1497; a copy of the Psalter, printed by FAUST, in 1457; a copy of the first Latin Bible printed at Paris, in 1557; and copies of the works of RACINE, VOLTAIRE and ROUSSEAU, with notes and annotations upon the margins in their own handwriting. But the most curious and interesting Book we saw, was a large volume with the manuscript songs, odes, melodies, &c., of ROUSSEAU, set to music of his own composition, also in manuscript! The songs and music are beautifully written, and are entirely free from blots or erasures.

I have visited several of the Literary Institutions of Paris in company with GEORGE FOLSOM, Esq., of New York, who continues to devote himself to historical researches, and whose visit abroad will result in further contributions, from him, to the early history of America. I also called with Mr. F. upon Mr. WARDEN, an enlightened and much respected gentleman who came to Paris in 1807 as Secretary to the American Legation, and who was for many years United States Consul here; but who for the last fifteen years has devoted himself to literary pursuits. He is now publishing an extended history of America, eight volumes of which are out.

Mr. WARDEN, during his long residence in Paris, has been accumulating Books in relation to America. These

have grown into an extensive and valuable Library, which, in consequence of the loss of much of his property in American Stocks, he is compelled to sell. This Library, which consists of nearly 2,000 volumes, with valuable and rare Atlases, Maps, Charts, Prints, Medals, &c., relating to America, ought to be owned on our side of the water. Indeed there could scarcely be a more valuable acquisition to our own State Library. Mr. WARDEN, in remarking that his work, which is half through the Press, had been suspended by reason of the death of his publisher, stated that this publisher, who was eighty years old, remained until the last hour entirely engaged in business; that he had accumulated a fortune the income of which exceeded 80,000 francs annually; that he was without family, and had no surviving relatives; and that he had died without making a will or indicating any wish or desire in relation to the disposition of his property. Mr. W. inquired very affectionately after Mr. ISAIAH TOWNSEND and Doctor HUN, who he said were much with him when in Paris, and to whom he is much attached.

XXXIII.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 23, 1843.

NOTHING about Paris strikes a stranger with more surprise than the quiet manner of conducting its business. You see little or nothing of the noise and bustle of other great cities. Neither the hum of commerce nor the din of manufactures are heard. There is more stir about the Basin at Albany, with greater demonstrations of business, than is to be met with in all Paris. You even wonder how such a vast population are supplied with provisions; and the wonder how they all support themselves, is still greater. We, however, are strangers to the rigid system and habits of economy that prevail here. I am assured by an intelligent American who has been long here, that the expense of victualing Paris, with its million of mouths, does not exceed that of victualing New York. Nothing is wasted here, while in New York enough is thrown away daily to feed an hundred thousand Parisians. French science in cooking is everything to Paris. Many of their most delicate, as well as their most frequent dishes, are made of things which we reject as garbage. Many of their most delicious soups are compounded of materials which we have never dreamed of eating. Indeed there is no part of a creature, from its horns to its hoofs, out of which the French will not serve you up a savory dish. I came here with a deter-

mination to eschew the *refinements* in French cookery, but my resolutions and prejudices have yielded, day by day, and dish after dish, until I now eat whatever is set before me, taking care to smother all that *looks* like horse steak, cat stew, or rat pie, in Tomatoes. I have eaten as many varieties of soup, since I came to Paris, as there are subdivisions in a New England sermon, or verses in a chapter of the Book of Chronicles; and for the most part I must say that these "Potages" are excellent. With beef and vegetables, a French cook will serve you a capital Dinner, in three courses, for one franc. The tendency of French cooking is to diminish the quantity of meat, and to increase the proportions of bread and vegetables consumed; and another and more important result of the perfection of their art, is to greatly diminish the expenses of living. Bread and wine, or perhaps I should say wine and bread, are the staples of life in France. You see Frenchmen in Cafés, in Gardens, and by the road side, dining not only contentedly but cheerfully, upon red wine and dry bread. I look from my window into the apartment of an humble French family, who dine daily from a single soup, with wine and bread. The bread here, for families, is baked in rolls a yard long, and stands by the table with one end upon the floor, while the other rests against the wall. In commencing dinner the Master or Mistress of the Family cuts a slice and then passes the loaf round the table, each cutting for themselves, and then the roll is again placed upright against the wall.

It is said that from thirty to fifty thousand of the inhabitants of Paris rise in the morning without knowing where or how they are to get either a breakfast or

a dinner. This class, for the most part, neither work nor beg, but in some way or another, enough sticks to their fingers, during the day, to enable them to procure the necessaries of life—wine and bread.

Paris abounds in HOSPITALS, of which, in all, including Charitable Institutions where medical aid is furnished gratuitously, there are FORTY. There are separate Hospitals for nearly "all the ills that flesh is heir to." There are Hospitals, also, for the Insane, the Blind, the old and the maimed. There is a Hospital for men and another for women, who are afflicted with incurable diseases. There are, also, Asylums for destitute women and for children abandoned by their parents before they are old enough to support themselves. In all these abodes of wretchedness and suffering, those "Ministering Angels," the SISTERS OF CHARITY, are to be found. Indeed there is no form or condition of human distress which these half divine women do not seek out, and as far as charity and kindness can go, relieve or mitigate. Their missions of mercy are executed with a fearlessness that no dangers can appal and no privations discourage. With a perseverance, a devotion and a fidelity, so high and hallowed that celestial spirits must look down approvingly upon them, these benevolent SISTERS linger about the bedside of the sick, administering cordials and balms to the convalescent, and soothing and tranquilizing the dying with the consolations of Religion. I went through the Hotel Dieu at Notre Dame, where there are beds for a thousand patients. In all the wards Sisters of Charity were moving noiselessly about, smoothing the pillows, wetting the lips, chafing the hands, placing warm blankets at

the feet, or in some other way ministering to the relief of patients apparently in the last stages of disease. The Steward who accompanied us through the wards (an intelligent Soldier who belonged to Bonaparte's Young Guard) informed us that these good Angels were hovering about the sick and the dying, day and night; that every groan brought one of them to the bedside of the sufferers; and that while others slept, they waited upon and watched with those for whom there was neither rest nor sleep. These Sisters of Charity live among the dying. Their lives are passed, not in promoting their own interest or happiness, but in mitigating the sufferings, relieving the distress, and soothing the anguish of others. They endeavor to confer upon the unfortunate and the miserable, what *we* selfishly seek to obtain for ourselves. How incapable is our sex of a life of such pure, disinterested, self-sacrificing benevolence! To "Heaven's last, best gift to man" alone can we look for such generous, free-will sacrifices to the cause of Charity and Benevolence.

Paris abounds, as you know, in magnificent Churches, the Architecture of which marks and distinguishes the different eras of their construction. Some were erected in the early, some in the middle, and others in the modern ages. The Church of Notre Dame is supposed to have been founded by the Romans in 365, and grew, from century to century, into the splendid and imposing edifice you now contemplate with as much of awe as of admiration. Anything like a description of this stupendous Cathedral would fill a page of the Evening Journal. We were half a day looking at its Paintings, its Statuary, its carved work and its Monuments. It

was in this Church that NAPOLEON was proclaimed EMPEROR of the French. It was here that the Pope was constrained to accord the sanction of the Church to his Coronation. The costly and magnificent Robes worn on that occasion, which are preserved in the Church, were shown to us.

From the Church of Notre Dame we proceeded to those of St. Eustache, St. Genevieve, the Madeleine, &c. The latter is a magnificent structure in the form of a Roman Temple. The interior of this Church is very expensively and richly embellished with Paintings and Statuary. Its construction was commenced by NAPOLEON, early in the present century, as an indemnity for a Church which he converted into a Temple of Glory. The Churches here are open all the days in the week. Daily masses are performed, and on Sundays and Festivals masses are said by the Priests at intervals during the day. You never enter these Churches without finding more or less persons at their devotions. Candles are always burning upon their altars. You see persons in the confessionals, which are ranged along the sides of the Churches. I have seen no less than six Priests engaged with as many penitents, while half a dozen or more were awaiting their turns at each confessional. At several of the Churches we visited, the marriage ceremony was being performed. This ceremony, in addition to the parties and their friends, collects a crowd of spectators. The rite is performed with much solemnity. There are no Pews in these Churches. Those who sit occupy chairs; for the use of which they pay two sous. Between the masses a servitor, preceded by a man in military costume, with a long staff, goes through the

aisles with a plate, receiving the contributions of the worshippers.

Within all these Churches and at their doors, you find scores of Mendicant Beggars (Women and Children), whose touching appeals cannot well be resisted. It is as impossible to give to all as it is to deny those preferring claims first. Travelers who return from Italy say that the sturdy Beggars there freeze up all the charitable emotions of our nature; but I am quite sure that an American heart, unaccustomed as it is at home with the supplications of these destitute and famishing creatures, never denies them a Sou without experiencing that feeling of remorse by which STERNE was pained, after repulsing "The Monk" with unkindness. Indeed the Philosophy of STERNE, in relation to Beggars, is the philosophy of Nature and of Religion:

"When all is ready, and every article is disputed, and paid for in the Inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you get into your Chaise; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "let them go to the devil"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it. I always think it better to take a few Sours out in my hand, and I would counsel every gentle traveler to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be registered elsewhere."

The Hotels, public and private, as well as the Mansion Houses of Paris, stand back from the streets. You pass to them through a formidable gateway and court. There is an apartment in the basement of every considerable House for the "Concierge," who directs strangers to the different Lodgings, observes all who pass and repass, and takes care that nothing is stolen

from the premises. The Hotels are visited daily by the Police, to examine the Passports of strangers.

Those who have not visited Paris or made themselves familiar with its environs, will be surprised to learn that within a mile and a half of the City there is a dense Forest, covering many thousand acres. This is the WOOD OF BOULOGNE, than which a more delightful retreat, in a warm day, cannot be imagined. We rode through this Forest (more than two miles without an opening), on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, when thousands of persons were enjoying its grateful shade. Families come here with their children, bringing their repast with them, to be eaten upon the grass under the trees. The Forest is interspersed with roads and walks, in which people lose themselves, and wander for hours without making their way out of the woods! This is the "Bladensburgh" of Paris. All Duels, for hundreds of years, have been fought in the "Bois de Boulogne." And here, too, the miserable and the misanthropic, who are weary of life, "rid themselves of it." The Duke of WELLINGTON, after the capitulation of Paris to the Allies, in 1814, quartered his Army in the Forest of Boulogne.

From this Forest we passed to Ranelagh, a fashionable and much frequented place of amusement, where Balls are given every *Sunday* and Thursday during the Summer. In returning we came through PASSY, the village where Dr. FRANKLIN resided while serving his Country as a Statesman and Patriot, and the World, as a Philosopher and Philanthropist. The Street in which he lived is still called the "RUE FRANKLIN."

XXXIV.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 25, 1843.

I HAVE nowhere regretted my ignorance of the French language so keenly as in my visit to the "HOTEL DES INVALIDES," where you see 3,000 of NAPOLEON'S Veterans. It would have been equally a source of instruction and enjoyment to converse with the surviving "actors in the scenes" which will render BONAPARTE'S Campaigns memorable in all coming time. As it was, I could only look at the men who carried the Eagles of France into Egypt, and dragged her Cannon over the Alps—men whose lives, for twenty years, were little else but a continuous conflict—men who, in the language of Lord BYRON, "ever slept upon the arms their fevered hands must grasp in waking." But though speech was denied me, the eyes furnished themes for the imagination. I saw the men who were with MASSENA and DAVOUST and KLEBER and BERNADOTTE and NEY and SOULT and JUNOT and MURAT and LANNES and MORTIER, at Marengo and Austerlitz and Wagram and Lutzen and Hohenlinden and Jena and Lodi and Rivoli and Aboukir and the Pyramids. Here, too, were men who, after encountering all the other dangers and horrors of War, saw thousands of their comrades perish under the snows of Russia in their disastrous retreat from Moscow. And these men have about their persons the most unequivocal, as well as the most painful, evidences of the hard service

they have rendered. All, or nearly all here, will show you the bullet-hole or the sabre-cut to which he is indebted for his medal of the "Legion of Honor." And certainly half of all I saw could tell you upon which of the fields of blood they left an arm or a leg.

This magnificent Hospital has apartments for 5,000 Invalids, and soon after 1814 contained nearly that number; but time and "a long peace" has thinned their ranks. It covers 16 acres of ground. The oldest Marshal of France is by law Governor of this Hospital. There are apartments here for Invalid Officers as well as Soldiers. Those only who have been disabled by wounds, or who have been 30 years in the Armies of France, are entitled to the privileges of the Hospital. The Officers and Soldiers perform the usual duty of troops in Garrison. You see, therefore, sentinels walking their rounds, some with wooden legs and others with one arm. In the detachment you see marching about to mount and relieve Guard, more than one-half have left limbs to bleach in Egypt, Italy, Spain or Russia. They are abundantly provided with excellent wine, food, clothing, &c. Such as prefer money to rations are allowed to draw it, and those who have been deprived of both legs are paid an equivalent in money for the shoes they are entitled to but have no use for! The Hospital measures 1,440 feet by 780. There are broad grounds with fine trees, under whose shade the Veterans "fight o'er their battles." In one of the groves is a pedestal with a bust of LA FAYETTE, near which are mounted a large number of trophy Cannon, the fruits of NAPOLEON'S campaigns, and in the capture of which these Invalids had a hand.

There is a Library belonging to the Hospital containing 30,000 volumes, selected by NAPOLEON. Here we saw a large number of the Invalids (officers and men) intently engaged with books. The guide informed us that they passed a large share of their time in the Library. From the galleries of the Chapel there are long rows of Flags, Banners and Standards, captured in the various wars in which France has been engaged. Among the tombs beneath the Chapel are those of Marshal JOURDAN and Count LOBAU, former Governors of the Hospital. The remains of NAPOLEON, when brought in 1840 from St. Helena, were deposited with great solemnity in the vault of this Chapel.

From this Hospital we went to the PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG, which is also the Chamber of Peers. This Palace has been the residence of some of the members of the Royal Families of France for more than four hundred years. Its gardens, grounds and groves are extensive and beautiful. In the early period of the Revolution it was converted into a Prison. Subsequently the Directory held its sittings here. The Chamber of Peers is situated at the head of a magnificent lawn looking down upon the Palace, and resembling the Pennsylvania Avenue at Washington. The Gardens and Groves abound in statuary, of much of which Greece and Rome were despoiled. In the Palace, among numerous other works of art, are twenty-four pictures of RUBENS, allegorically historic of MARIE DE MEDICIS. NAPOLEON crowded its galleries with the noblest works of art; but those of which he plundered other Nations were reclaimed in 1815. In a wood near the eastern wall of the garden of the Luxembourg, I

saw the spot where Marshal NEY, whom BONAPARTE distinguished as the "bravest of the brave," was shot. He was taken from an apartment in the Chamber of Peers at four o'clock in the morning by a detachment of the National Guard, and on arriving at the fatal spot, requested of the officer in command not to bandage his eyes; and then taking his position, bared his breast and requested the Guard to do their duty, and it is said that so sure was the aim of each soldier that his person was pierced by the ball of every musket fired. Frenchmen here, in speaking of NEY, never fail to reproach Lord WELLINGTON, who had the power, after his condemnation, to save him, but refused to interpose.

The PANTHEON, though apparently a spacious Church with a magnificent Dome, is in fact merely a MONUMENT. It was originally a Church, and afterwards an Abbey, both of which, however, became ruins, and in 1670 the present structure, the expense of which was defrayed by Lottery, was erected as a great National Mausoleum. The pediment contains an ideal figure of France, by DAVID, in sculpture, dispensing honors to her great men, among whom are FENELON, MIRABEAU, VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU, LA FAYETTE, CARNOT, MANUEL, &c. Opposite are distinguished soldiers, with NAPOLEON in the front ground; and in the corners, youths are seen studying. This edifice is supported by 388 massive Corinthian pillars. The Artist who painted the Dome received 100,000 francs and was made a Baron of FRANCE. Among the distinguished men interred in the Pantheon were LA GRANGE, the Mathematician, BOUGAINVILLE, the Circumnavigator, DE WINTER, the Dutch

Admiral, VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU, Marshal LANNES, &c. From the Cupola of the Pantheon you have an excellent and extended view of Paris and its Environs.

I availed myself of the invitation of a Broadway Merchant (Mr. YOUNG, of the house of TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS), to visit some of the manufacturing establishments of Paris, and was surprised to find that Parisian mechanics had attained perfection in several departments where England, until recently, was without competition. I am told that artisans and mechanics, of genius and enterprise, uniformly receive the patronage, and if necessary, the aid of the French Government, and that for several years France has competed successfully with England in the fabrication of much of which the latter country long enjoyed a monopoly. In Porcelain, the French superiority is conceded; and in Glass, they are doing wonders. But their taste and genius in all the various gold and silver household ornaments, put competition into the shade. It is as impossible to describe, as it is to surpass, their exquisite workmanship. There is a gorgeousness, and yet a simplicity, in the different articles made here, for use and ornament, in Parlors, Boudoirs, Dressing-rooms, &c., that I have seen nowhere else. I consumed an entire day, very pleasantly, in looking through a dozen of these establishments from each of which Mr. YOUNG was ordering goods for his house in New York—but I advise those who pass or look into their store before the holidays, to leave their wallets at home, else they will be sure to return with empty pockets. In such an event, however, they may rely upon having received an equivalent, for the establishments here to which I refer,

desirous of dividing the American trade with JOHN BULL, are sending over articles of intrinsic value.

Paris has the appearance of a city under Martial Law. Its National Guard is doing duty as Policemen. Sentinels are stationed at the entrances of all the Public Institutions. Detachments of troops are quartered near each other, throughout the city. The number of soldiers now doing military and civil duty, in and about Paris, is over 50,000. All the young men of France, over 18 years old, are liable to be drawn into the Army. Indeed BONAPARTE'S odious Conscription law, by another name, is now practically in operation. When new levies of troops are wanted, all the young men in Paris are warned to meet in their respective Arrondissements. If the number assembled be a thousand, and an hundred soldiers are wanted, a thousand numbers are prepared from which each draws, and those who get the numbers from "1" to "100," are doomed to the Army for eight years! Those who are able, or fortunate in having wealthy relatives or friends, pay their seven, eight, nine, ten, and sometimes even fifteen hundred francs for a substitute. The pay of a French soldier is about one sou per day, or thirty-five dollars for eight years! Their meat ration is less than half the weight of a soldier's ration in the British or American Army. The troops are under-sized men with slight frames, but they are alert in their movements, and are capable of performing hard service and enduring fatigue and privation.

The French live much out doors and at Cafés. They are seen, in great numbers, in Gardens, in Cafés and around Tables upon the Boulevards. Families,

instead of dining at home, go frequently to Cafés and Restaurants. The guests at the Table d'Hôte of the most fashionable Hotels consist in part of Ladies and Gentlemen who reside in Paris. The poorer classes, in great numbers, go for their Dinners without the city barriers, where they get wine which has not paid the Octroi duty, and is therefore very cheap.

The BOULEVARDS are the ornament and the pride of Paris. They surround and inclose the City. They are to the Metropolis what Regent street is to London, what Broadway is to New York, and what Chestnut street is to Philadelphia, though far surpassing either and all in magnificence and beauty. This delightful Avenue, in its graceful sweep around the City, is nine miles in length. There are rows of fine trees planted upon terraces which divide the broad carriageway from the ample sidewalks. In the evening the Boulevards are brilliantly illuminated, and then the fashionable Stores, the fancy Shops and the various Picture and Print Windows, resplendent with all the productions of genius and taste, produce a most dazzling effect. Then, too, the Boulevards are graced by the fashion and beauty of Paris. During the Summer evenings fruits and creams and wine are served upon Tables under the trees. These scenes are enlivened by Music, particularly upon the "Boulevard des Italiens," which is the resort of the most fashionable. The humbler classes congregate more in the "Boulevard du Temple," where they are amused with shows, pantomimes, rouge et noir, roulette, &c. The gambling here, however, is only for cakes, fruit, candies, &c. Among other contrivances for gaming (the French are curious in all

such devices) they have something like a "Ten-Pin Alley," with this difference, that the Pins are knocked down by the spinning of a top, instead of rolling a ball among them. The great gambling houses or "hells" of Paris, in which such frightful robberies were formerly perpetrated, have all been suppressed. The Revolution of 1830, among other good things, put an end to licensed Gambling Houses and Lotteries. But the French passion for play is as strong as ever, though now indulged less injuriously to themselves and others. Men spend days and nights at Cafés playing chess, domino, &c. Billiard Tables are as common here as "Corner Groceries" in New York. Porters, Boot-Blacks, &c., who have their stands at the corners of the streets, fill up their time with card playing. In walking for half an hour you will see half a dozen different parties at Cards upon the corners of public streets.

I regret to perceive that the Editor of the Boston Courier has taken offense at an incident I mentioned in relation to the festive meetings of Free Masons at the Hotel where I lodged in London. He has quite misapprehended the spirit in which that incident was recorded. I scribble down what strikes me as curious, amusing or instructive. The fact which I mentioned was not, as the Editor of the Courier supposes, "drawn from my imagination." The facts occurred, just as I stated them, in the presence of several gentlemen, two of whom (Bishop HUGHES, of New York, and GEORGE F. LEITCH, Esq., of Skaneateles) are now in America.

I perceive, too, that my very poor Letters have attracted the notice of a clever writer in the New

World. They were hastily and crudely written for the indulgent and forbearing readers of the Evening Journal, without the slightest expectation that they would have been deemed worthy either of the friendly or the critical attention of other Journals; and I am quite sure that the writer in the New World will find no terms of disparagement in the justice of which I shall not assent.

XXXV.

ANTWERP, OCTOBER 14, 1843.

WHEN we were driven up, last evening, to the "Hotel du Parke," in this ancient city, the Host informed us that his House was full, and that as to-morrow was "a Fete day" we were likely to get the same answer at the other Hotels. This information, with the rain descending in torrents, in a night pitchy dark, was anything but comforting. We were then driven over to the "Grand Labourer," where we were agreeably surprised with excellent accommodations.

After cheering our spirits with a capital Flanders Supper, we inquired into the occasion of the "Fete" and were informed that the connecting link in a continuous Railroad from Antwerp to Cologne being finished, the Cars were to come through with the Directors, Dignitaries, distinguished Citizens, &c., for whom a Reception, a Dinner, a Ball and an illumination were being prepared by the citizens of Antwerp.

At two o'clock to-day we repaired to the terminus of the Railway, at one of the magnificent Docks which were excavated by BONAPARTE with a view of making Antwerp a great Commercial City, to await the arrival of the Train, in which it was hoped rather than expected, the Kings of Prussia and Belgium would be found. The Vessels in the Harbor were tastefully dressed with Flags, Streamers, &c. Among them were

two American ships (the Concord of Boston, and the Moselle of New Orleans), on board of the former of which, under the glorious stars and stripes of our beloved country, we took our position.

A noble Arch, with appropriate decorations, was erected at the "Station," and on either side of the Railway, for more than a mile, banners were displayed and throngs of people were assembled. The Train was announced, at 3 o'clock, by the firing of cannon, and arrived amid the acclamations of the multitude.

Congratulatory Speeches, in a language not yet intelligible to me, were exchanged, after which the Guests proceeded in Procession to the "Bourse" (Exchange), where a sumptuous Dinner for 600 was smoking.

The Illumination, in all the squares and public streets, was very brilliant, and the River was enlivened by a display of Fire-works and a large number of Barges and Gondolas moving about with Bands of Music, Variegated Lamps, Torches, &c.

The Ball was given at the Theatre, which was prettily ornamented, but with less expense than has frequently been seen at the Park Theatre. The dancing commenced at eleven, and was continued, rather languidly, till one, when supper was announced. The ladies were dressed naturally, and therefore elegantly. I admire the Flemish costume. Even their market-women, bating the clumsy wooden shoes they walk in, are neatly dressed.

The completion of this Railway is very justly regarded as an important event to Belgium. It promises to aid, in an essential degree, the commercial and

manufacturing interests of the Nation. And it will attract all, or nearly all, the visitors to the Rhine, to Germany and to Italy, either when they go or when they return. What until recently was the work of ten days or a fortnight may now be accomplished in twenty-two hours. You may leave London in the morning and reach Dover by Railway in four hours, go over to Ostend by the steamer in eight hours, and be at Cologne, upon the Rhine, by Railway, in ten hours more.

Belgium is crossed, in every direction, by Railways, which are well made and well managed. There are Railroads to all her principal towns. I have visited Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Malines, Ostend, Valenciennes, &c., upon substantially constructed Railways, all of which are Government enterprises. The fares upon the Belgic Railways ought to shame England out of her exorbitant demands. I paid but 9 francs and 75 centimes (less than two dollars) in the first class cars from Antwerp to Ostend, 80 miles. For the same distance upon an English Railway you are charged more than treble this amount.

I have more to say of Belgium, but not at this writing.

XXXVI.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 27, 1843.

PERE LA CHAISE is the Cemetery after which those of MOUNT AUBURN, near Boston, GREENWOOD, near Brooklyn, MOUNT HOPE, near Rochester, and others, were fashioned. It is situated upon a Hill by the northeastern barrier sloping gently towards the city, from the summit of which you have very commanding views of Paris, its Fortifications and its Environs. These grounds belonged, in the 14th century, to PERE LA CHAISE, the confessor of LOUIS XIV. They were subsequently purchased for a cemetery, to which purpose they were consecrated in 1804. The wall incloses over an hundred acres. These grounds are well wooded with cypress, willow and other trees, thickly interwoven with an undergrowth of evergreen shrubbery and flowers. There is one broad avenue, and an infinite number of winding walks, in following which you are introduced to every description of Monumental Architecture. Wealth, Ambition, Taste, Affection and Grief, are all expressed, either ostentatiously, eloquently, devotedly or touchingly, in the Pyramids, Temples, Obelisks and Urns which the Living have set up here in commemoration of the Dead. And most of these sepulchres are decked with wreaths and garlands and bouquets, so much so, indeed, that in many respects you seem walking through a beautiful rose-embowered Garden. I am

told that as long as a member of a Family survives, the duty of decorating the graves of the departed is strictly observed. You see relatives, in the various parts of the grounds, some engaged in this affectionate duty, some reading, some musing, and others weeping over those who have gone before them to their final abode.

Among the first and most interesting Monuments here, is that of ABELARD and HELOISE, in the form of a Chapel, constructed from the ruins of an Abbey founded by the former, and of which the latter was the first Abbess. Within this Chapel are statues of Abelard and Heloise. Near this tomb is that of CUVIER, the distinguished naturalist, and in this vicinity are the tombs of a great number of personages more or less eminent, among which are those of the Duchess de FLEURY, DELAMBRE, the astronomer, Baron DENON, the traveler, and the Duke de LAVAL MONTMORENCY. Then comes a collection of Tombs of persons more or less classical, among which are those of St. PIERRE, author of Paul and Virginia, FOURCROY, the celebrated chemist, GRETRY and BELLINI, the composers, Madame BLANCHARD, who perished in consequence of her Balloon taking fire, and finally, that of TALMA, the great French Tragedian, whose monument is plain, with no other inscription than his name. Near this spot is an ambitious column to the memory of CASIMIR PERIER, with a statuary likeness of that statesman. Near this are the tombs of Marshal LAURISTON and Col. LABEDOYERE, with whose gallant history we are familiar. Farther along we come to the resting places of several of NAPOLEON's great men, among which I noticed those of Marshal KELLERMAN, Gen. GOUVION St. CYR, and Count LAVALLETTE, the

devoted affection of whose Wife, while the Count was in Prison, was worthy of such a husband. Here, too, one of the most beautiful and expensive Monuments within the Cemetery is erected to the memory of the Marquise DE DALMATIE, daughter-in-law of Marshal SOULT. Passing the graves of VOLNEY and others, you come to another cluster of Bonapartean Generals and Statesmen, among which are Marshal SUCHET, Marshal DAVOUST, Marshal LEFEBVRE, Gen. PACTHOD, Marshal MASSENA, Gen. DUMUY, the Abbe SICARD, CAMBACERES, &c. Then come the Monuments of MANUEL, the Orator, GIERDET, the Painter, with a superb one for Gen. FOY. There is, as I should have expected, from the opinion I had formed of his character, a plain, modest tomb in commemoration of BENJAMIN CONSTANT, near which is one equally unostentatious marking the spot where the remains of Marshal NEY repose. Then comes a tomb in Memory of the Marchioness DE BEAUHARNAIS, mother of Madame LAVALLETTE; and then you approach the truly classical ground, for the tombs of MOLIERE, LA FONTAINE and LA PLACE are before you. Then you encounter the tombs of distinguished or wealthy English persons who have died in Paris, some of which are very imposing. But I will not detain you with details, which fail to convey any idea of Pere La Chaise. This Cemetery must be seen to be appreciated.

The Russian Army, after the capitulation of Paris, in 1815, was quartered in Pere La Chaise, and of course despoiled it of much of its rural beauty, though its monuments were respected.

Near Pere La Chaise, in the Rue de Picpus (in the Chapel of what was once a Convent of the order of St.

Augustine, but is now a Boarding School), in a humble, sequestered spot, under a simple Tomb, hallowed by virtue and patriotism, by the side of his wife and surrounded by his children, repose the precious remains of our beloved LA FAYETTE. What a world of grateful recollections this name brings back! Where shall we look for another so bright, so pure, so unsullied! Who else lived so long, amid convulsions and revolutions, with unstained hands, uncontaminated principles and untarnished fame! Who else has resisted all the temptations of Ambition—all the seductions of Power! What Soldier, what Statesman, what other mere man, after sacrificing their fortunes and shedding their blood in the cause of human Liberty, steadily refused all honors and rewards! None! The name and character of LA FAYETTE stand out upon the world's canvas, alone, in their own perfections and sublimity. Living, he won sceptres and diadems, but he would not wear them. Dead, with a consistency which jeweled his whole life, his remains were deposited in a humble, secluded vault, where no footsteps are heard but such as are guided thither by affection, patriotism and gratitude.

My visits to the "Hospice des Enfants Trouves," or the Hospital for Infants abandoned by their Parents, excited emotions far more painful than any I had experienced in Paris. This institution has existed for three hundred years. It is not as I supposed, devoted exclusively to the reception of Foundlings. Parents who are unable or unwilling to support their offspring, are allowed to leave them here, accompanied by a declaration of abandonment made before an officer. Most of the Infants, however, are abandoned clandes-

tinely. There is a Lodge at the gateway of the Hospital, through the wall of which a box is exposed to the public street. The persons depositing Infants in this box ring a bell, when a nurse, who is always waiting inside, turns the box on a pivot inwards, receives the helpless Foundling, and the guilty Parent goes away undiscovered. The number of Children thus unnaturally abandoned, within the last ten years, is 44,243 ! From 1,000 to 1,500 of these Children were yearly sent from the Lying-in and other Hospitals, from Mothers who were unable to take care of them. There was, too, a diminished number in each of the ten succeeding years. In 1830 the number was 5,238, and in 1839, it was 3,182. Of this last number, 837, or nearly 1 in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ died during the year. The number of Children belonging to the Institution, and placed out at nurse, in 1839, was 15,719. Nurses come daily from the country after Children, for taking care of each of whom they receive from 6 to 8 francs a month. There is not generally more than one hundred Infants in the Hospital. Of this number, when we visited it, *ten* had been received within the last twenty-four hours, and *six* of these were deposited in the box during the previous night. We passed through the different Wards of the Hospital with a Nurse. More than half of these helpless innocents were ill ; and all but such as slept, were weeping in voices so feeble and plaintive that the most rugged nature could not restrain its tribute of tears. I never before saw, nor can I conceive of a scene so keenly touching as this. There can be no stronger appeal to our compassion than the forlorn condition of these poor Foundlings. They truly are the "shorn

lambs" for whom "God tempers the winds." Here, too, as in other Hospitals, we found the Sisters of Charity, true to their benevolent duties, kindly and patiently, by day and by night, receiving and protecting the most helpless of all the heirs of sin, destitution and misery.

LETTERS
FROM THE
WEST INDIES.
1844-5.

LETTERS

FROM THE

WEST INDIES.

I.

SHIP CORNELIA, AT SEA, NOVEMBER 27, 1844.

WE left New York, as you know, on the 25th instant, with a cracking northwester, which stiffened during the afternoon, and gave us a fine offing. In looking around, when we were fairly outside, I found myself one of thirty passengers, all but seven of whom were seeking, in a milder climate, that boon without which life is bereft of its chief enjoyments. Those of us who were in health (a blessing too lightly appreciated until lost) accompanied invalid wives, husbands, sisters or daughters. Separation from home and families, under such circumstances, awakens emotions peculiarly their own. We go abroad, when in high health, without realizing that we are liable to be struck down at any moment, and buoyant with the hopes of a reunion. But the patient goes, with hopes, to be sure, but hopes chilled by apprehensions, leaving friends at home to wear out weeks and months of painful suspense and solicitude.

Our ship, as you will imagine, was at best but a Marine Hospital. Only a few hours elapsed before she became such in the strongest sense of the term, for a rolling sea soon added its discomforts to the horrors of seated disease. From almost every State Room and Berth the inmates were heard unburthening their nauseated stomachs. Steward, Stewardess and Waiters were in constant requisition. Every attention, however, was paid to them, and thus the situation of the sufferers rendered as tolerable as might be; and after the first twenty-four hours, convalescents began to emerge, some with good appetites, and others to be driven back to panada, arrow-root and gruel.

Our friend Doct. VAN ALSTYNE, who came very ill and greatly exhausted, on board, has had two most distressing days and nights. His symptoms are all alarming, but he is stout-hearted, and says that if he can survive the voyage, he is sure that the climate of St. Croix will build him up.

FRIDAY, November 29th.

The last twenty-four hours, a heavy, rolling sea, has given the ship (comparatively light) an uneasy motion, very painful to invalids. Doctor V. A. suffers most, and doubts whether he can reach his haven of hope. In anticipation of his decease, after asking me to take possession of his effects, he expressed a wish that his remains should be taken to St. Croix, instead of being cast, as is generally deemed necessary in tropical climates, into the deep. Captain FRENCH, who came to his state room, assured him that his wishes, in this respect, should be faithfully carried out. With his mind at ease upon this subject, he very calmly explained the

course of treatment best calculated to sustain him through the voyage. But his cough increases while his strength fails. After crossing the Gulf Stream, where the weather is always "dirty," as the sailors describe it, we may look for a pleasant passage—so at least says the Captain, who knows these seas most familiarly, having been upon them most of his time these eighteen years.

SUNDAY, December 1.

Wind fair and fresh. Soft, balmy, refreshing atmosphere. Passengers on deck enjoying their transition from the cold, piercing winds of our own climate to the gentle and healthful breathings of "the trades." What a phenomenon, by the way, these "trade winds" are. How strange it is that while the oceans elsewhere are subject to the common laws of nature, here, for thousands of miles, the wind blows forever and ever from the same points.

The Sabbath, always a day of peculiar solemnity at sea, became, from several causes, eminently so with those on board the *Cornelia* to-day. Most of the passengers are in a precarious state of health, and at least one of our number is rapidly approaching the end of the voyage of life. We assembled for Divine Service at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. CLARK, of Skaneateles, who, with his wife, accompanied by Mrs. HORTON, of that village, are going to the Island of Jamaica, officiated. The Episcopal service was read impressively, and an appropriate sermon preached to a most attentive audience, made up of passengers, officers and crew. After the services were over, Doctor VAN ALSTYNE expressed a strong desire to be carried on deck, that he

might gratify a long cherished desire to look upon the vast Ocean, but in making the attempt he was found to be so weak that it was thought prudent to remove him only to the door of the forward cabin, where he could inhale the fresh air.

We have now been six days at sea, and have made over 900 miles progress, 170 of which were run the last 24 hours. Our ship is one of the largest that sails from New York, and with her canvas all spread, as it now is, she makes a lofty and noble appearance.

MONDAY, December 2.

O what a sun rose this morning to cheer and animate the Pilgrims of the deep! And what a friendly, refreshing wind is wafting us (almost too rapidly) onward to our destination! This day *realizes* all that the imagination has conceived of the deliciousness of a Southern Ocean and a tropical climate. It presents all the bright, without any of the dark features, in a beautiful picture of life. The Passengers were on deck early, *drinking* an atmosphere with "healing upon its wings." Its reviving and benign influences are apparent upon almost every patient. The ship, in full dress, has a majestic appearance, and glides almost noiselessly along at the rate of eight miles an hour. And the crew, for once having nothing to do, are at repose, some with books and others at their "yarns." Poor Dr. V. A. is fast sinking, though his mind is clear and his nerves strong. He continues to prescribe stimulants in the hope that they will prolong life until the ship arrives at St. Croix.

6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

All is over with Doctor VAN ALSTYNE ! He expired in possession of all his faculties, and without a struggle, having prescribed with a perfect knowledge of what was necessary to spin out the already attenuated thread of life, till within five minutes of the time that his last breath was drawn ! Such firmness, under circumstances so trying, has rarely been exhibited. But for the sufferings occasioned by the rough weather and high sea during the first three days out, it is thought he would have survived the voyage. His remains, to be preserved with salt, and inclosed in a coffin which the carpenter is making, will be taken to St. Croix. Dr. MARSH, of Chester, Pa., and the Rev. Mr. CLARK, were constant in their attentions to the deceased, as also was Capt. FRENCH, who in this, as in all other cases, manifested his kindness and generosity.

WEDNESDAY, December 4.

We are enjoying, in its highest perfection, the poetry of the ocean. We have a bright sun, whose genial heat is fanned by the more genial winds ; and an atmosphere too ethereal for earth. And oh ! how gorgeously the sun took its leave of us last night ! Its rays, gilding the clouds, enabled the imagination to fashion castles, battlements, columns, temples and chariots of surprising magnificence, out of aerial elements. How ardently I wished that the devoted friends whose loved forms I could almost distinguish in the clouds, were here to enjoy these delightful scenes. My friends, Chancellor WHITTLESEY and Lt.-Gov. GARDINER, if they remember a sunset we witnessed on Lake Ontario, in returning

from a fishing excursion, can form a very *faint* idea of this magnificent view.

I went again on deck late at night. Here was another view to awaken admiration. The mate walked the quarter-deck. The man at the wheel and two men looking out, were alone to be seen. All else were at their repose. The ship, trimmed so as to catch every breath of wind, and looking like a belle in full ball dress, literally danced through the sparkling waters, whose gems were brilliantly reflected by a radiant moon. Those only who have seen a noble ship, with all her white, flowing canvas spread, and each sheet doing its share in driving her onward, with the broad heavens above, and the mighty waters beneath, can appreciate this beautifully sublime scene. I have rarely indeed passed an hour of more exquisite enjoyment.

We have now come to know each other quite well, and are upon the best terms. The invalids, for the most part are patient sufferers. This virtue invests itself with a peculiar charm when displayed in sickness or in affliction. Mrs. KERNOCHAN and Mrs. PIERSON, the wives of two most esteemed New York Merchants, who cherish but feeble hopes of recovering, have, by their cheerfulness and amiability, created a warm sympathy among their fellow passengers. May a kind Providence restore them in health, to the Families and Friends to whom they must be very dear, and to circles which their virtues are so eminently calculated to adorn. STEPHEN WHITNEY, Jr., son of an esteemed and wealthy New Yorker, who is also in delicate health, is an intelligent traveler and agreeable companion. It is pleasant

to meet, as we too seldom do, in one of the heirs to an estate of millions, a quiet, unostentatious gentleman.

The delightful weather of the last two days has brought all of us upon deck, the invalid portion having been placed upon their mattresses, where, under the shade of a grateful awning, they enjoy pure air, and are fanned by the genial winds, from immediately after breakfast until tea time, the waiter bringing their dinners to them. This change is doing wonders for them. HARRIET, who was very ill for seven days, and unable to take any nourishment, now listens attentively for the sound of the Steward's bell, and even talks of disputing my claim to the sole possession of the dish of baked Pork and Beans.

THURSDAY, December 5.

We came, as our Captain predicted last night, in sight of Land this morning. The Virgin Gorda, a comparatively barren Island, appears to windward. We then entered the Sombrero Channel, and soon afterwards the Tortola Islands appeared in sight. These were succeeded by a view of St. Johns, after passing which the far more important Island of St. Thomas lifted itself to view in the distance. We are now in the CARIBBEAN SEA, an apochryphal Island of which Miss PORTER has invested with all the charms that genius lends to imagination. So truthful and life-like is her Sir EDWARD SEAWARD's Narrative, that many well informed readers, and even Reviewers, mistook it for veritable History. It is a delightful Book, in which interest, instruction and morality are most happily blended. Let me commend it to all who have not enjoyed the luxury which its pages afford. It has recently been republished by the

HARPERS, to whose teeming Press the intellectual community is so largely indebted.

At 4 o'clock P. M., the men at mast-head descried the Island of St. Croix, and half an hour afterwards our Patmos was in full view from the deck. As we approach, its deep green verdure contrasts strangely with the leafless trees and frosted shores we left but ten days ago. So sudden a transition from a land of Snows and Ice to one of luxuriant Fruits and Foliage, seems like an exchange of Worlds. We all remained admiring this scene until the Steward summoned us to our last Dinner on board the CORNELIA. This repast, like those which preceded it, was excellent and bountiful. Before rising from the Table, a Letter to Capt. FRENCH, of which the following is a copy, was very cheerfully signed by the Passengers :

ON BOARD SHIP CORNELIA, December 5, 1844.

To Capt. FRENCH :

Dear Sir—We cannot consent to leave your noble ship, at the termination of a voyage from New York to St. Croix, without tendering to you, and through you to your Lady and Officers, our grateful acknowledgments for the attentions and kindnesses which have rendered that voyage safe, pleasant and short—too short, indeed, for many of us, whose only regret is that we are so soon to separate. Nor are we willing that this should be regarded as a mere common-place acknowledgment, for your constant, unremitted and untiring watchfulness, first to your ship, and then to the numerous calls and wants of your passengers (most of them being invalids), entitles you to our unfeigned and heartfelt gratitude.

Please to communicate an expression of our thanks to your Officers, and accept for yourself and Lady, assurances of our sincere regard.

H. M. PIERSON,
LAURA HORTON,
ANNA W. SCOVEL,

W. J. WILCOX,
WILLIAM HAMMOND,
L. DAVIS,

JANE HAMMOND,	LOUIS BUTTERFIELD,
SARAH E. CLARK,	JOHN STRACHAN,
ELIZA DAVIS,	JOSEPH KERNOCHAN,
HARRIET A. WEED,	THURLOW WEED,
M. E. KERNOCHAN,	HENRY L. PIERSON,
J. G. GREGORY,	J. C. DODGE,
HIRAM UPSON,	J. H. MARSH,
JOSEPH T. CLARK,	P. H. COWEN,
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,	ANGELO AMES,
STEPHEN WHITNEY, Jr.,	DANIEL AUSTIN,
A. R. DIETS.	

At 8 o'clock we cast anchor in the West End Harbor, opposite the Danish Fort, and abreast the Town. I went ashore with Capt. FRENCH and the Letter Bag. We were received by Mr. WALKER (son of our fellow-citizen, Mr. WILLARD WALKER), who came over here seven years ago so ill as to forbid any hope of recovery, but who was almost miraculously restored. He is now the owner of a Plantation here, and the Agent of several non-resident Planters. Having secured pleasant lodgings with a very kind Hostess, I returned to the Ship for the night.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Before leaving the Cornelia, we had a solemn duty to perform. The necessary arrangements having been made by our Vice-Consul, Capt. CODWISE, for the interment of Dr. VAN ALSTYNE, the remains were brought upon Deck, where, in the presence of the passengers and crew, the Funeral service of the Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Mr. CLARK. The remains were then taken ashore in a small Boat, preceded by another, with the Captain, Clergyman and Passengers. At the wharf they were received by the Rev. Mr. MINES, the resident Clergyman, the vice-Consul, and several citizens of St.

Croix, and conveyed in procession to the Episcopal burying ground, where the Rev. Mr. MINES officiated in returning "dust to dust—ashes to ashes."

The *Cornelia* leaves here for the Island of Jamaica, where she leaves the Rev. Mr. CLARK and Family, and goes from thence to Mobile, to take in a cargo of Cotton for Liverpool. She has made three remarkably short passages from New York to this Island. The first was performed in nine, and the two last in ten days. She has accommodations for fifty Passengers. Capt. FRENCH and his Lady (who always accompanies him), are very excellent kind people, from whom invalids receive every possible attention.

There are two regular Packets running between this Island and New York. The Ship *Emily*, Capt. DAVIS, owned, I believe, by AYMAR & Co. of New York, and Mr. A. H. HILL, a highly esteemed citizen of this place, who is gratefully remembered for his kindness to Americans sojourning upon the Island. The Brig *Eliza*, Capt. LOCKWOOD, is owned by DE FOREST & Co., who are owners also of two valuable Plantations. These Vessels have good accommodations for Passengers, and Captains DAVIS and LOCKWOOD are spoken of as excellent Officers.

I will give you some notion of how things are going on in this out of the way portion of man's heritage in another Letter; and close this by saying that there is good reason for supposing that the Sugar crop will be unusually large; and that the Planters are very anxious for the "Repeal of the Tariff of 1842."

II.

ST. CROIX, W. I., DECEMBER 24, 1844.

I PROMISED, in a former letter, to give you some account of men and things upon this Island. It is situated at the mouth of the Caribbean Sea, and was discovered by COLUMBUS in 1493, then inhabited by Caribs, with whom his men had a skirmish. In 1625, when the English and Dutch took possession of it, they found it uninhabited. In 1649, the English expelled their Dutch auxiliaries, but in the following year the Spaniards from Porto Rico made a descent upon the island, burned the habitations, and massacred the soldiery and carried the survivors in captivity to Bermuda. In 1651, the Spanish surrendered the island to the French, by whom its then native forests were burned and the soil rendered exceedingly fertile. In 1653, the French transferred the island to the Knights of Malta, by whom, in 1665, it was sold to a "West India Company" from France, whose charter was annulled by a Royal Edict in 1674, when it was again claimed as an appendage to the French crown. In 1696, the population consisted of some 500 white inhabitants and about 700 blacks. In 1720, Santa Cruz was again uninhabited, the French, in consequence of frequent destructive droughts, having demolished their forts, abandoned their plantations and removed to St. Domingo. In 1727, the French capturing some English vessels lying in the harbor, again took

possession of the island, retaining it until 1733, when it was sold to the "Guinea Company," an association of Copenhagen merchants, for £30,750, and from them it was subsequently purchased by the King of Denmark, under whose auspices it was surveyed, in 1754, into plantations, each containing 150 acres. This subdivision is for the most part preserved to the present day. In 1801, the island was taken by the English, but soon restored to Denmark. Again the English took it in 1807, but again restored it to Denmark in 1815, by which Government, with the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, it is still held.

Santa Cruz extends about 30 miles from east to west, and in breadth is from five to six miles. It was evidently created by one of those Volcanic efforts to which the laws of nature, in these latitudes, are subject. Eminences, high and bold, stretching from north to south, constituted the largest portion of its territory. Most of these, to their very summits, are in a high state of cultivation. These hills, which rise from 12 to 1,400 feet above the level, frequently take the form of cones, and clothed, as they are, with deep verdure, present, when seen from shipboard, beautiful picturesque views.

Christianstoed, or Barin End, is the principal town, and contains about 4,000 inhabitants. This is the residence of the Governor. Frederickstoed, or West End, contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and is the principal commercial town, and the residence of invalids, or such of those as do not retire to the Plantations. There is an old fort here, garrisoned by a subaltern officer with some thirty or forty of his Danish majesty's troops.

There are about 200 troops at Barin End. A Danish brig-of-war hovers about the Island. It is remarkable that the French, who were so long in the possession of this Island, should have left so few of their national memorials and land-marks upon it. Their language is almost unknown here. Nothing, indeed, remains, to indicate their footsteps, but the style of building. Nor is it less remarkable that the Danes, who have enjoyed almost uninterrupted possession of the Island for more than a century, should have failed to nationalize it. The Island is now essentially English in its language and habits. The natives, black and white, speak English habitually. The negroes, after you become familiar with their drawling pronunciation, do less violence to Her Majesty's English than many of Victoria's own subjects, who reside upon the "fast-anchored Isle."

I need not say that Santa Cruz is now a far less important Island, and that its Planters are far less prosperous, than they were thirty or forty years ago. The Sugar competition of Porto Rico and the Brazils, to say nothing of the 10,000 to 20,000 hogsheads produced annually in Louisiana, has greatly crippled and impoverished this Island. Indeed, but for the excellent and superior quality of Santa Cruz sugar, the Island must have been utterly ruined. The Planters have suffered, also, for several seasons for the want of rain. The quantity of Sugar made now, in good seasons, falls fifty per cent below that produced in the palmy days of the Island. In 1800 the Island produced 40,000 hogsheads of Sugar and 30,000 puncheons of rum. Since that time many Plantations have been abandoned, while others are consolidated, so that this year, which promises an unusually

prolific growth of rich Cane, only 20,000 hogsheads of Sugar and some 14,000 puncheons of Rum, are the estimated product.

One Planter, Mr. ADAM STEVENSON, has discovered that his "skimmings," instead of being distilled, may be converted into molasses. He showed Mr. JAS. H. GREGORY and myself through his establishment. Every thing is conducted upon scientific principles, for the perfection of which he acknowledges his obligations to Professor MAPES, of New York. Mr. STEVENSON was prompted to this enterprise originally from a desire to serve the Temperance cause, but found most unexpectedly, that duty and interest combine to encourage the effort, for he not only gets the former value of his rum, in his molasses, but a clean profit in the provender and manure which the molasses process furnishes. For every hogshead of sugar made, he gets an hundred gallons of molasses. The other Planters, I understand, for a long time regarded this scheme as impracticable; but now that its utility has been fully vindicated, it is not unreasonable to expect that the example will be followed. Indeed several Planters would do so now but for the expense attending the change, which is considerable. Would that all Planters, not on the Island only, but in all Sugar countries, might see their interest in such a change. What an amount of misery would be prevented! What a mass of suffering would be mitigated! What an aggregation of vice and crime would be abated!

III.

ST. CROIX, W. I., DECEMBER 30, 1844.

THE Sugar Cane is just now ripening for the sickle, or rather, the *early* fields invite the sickle, for fields ripen in succession, so that the Sugar-making continues some four or five months from the middle of December. And the process of Harvesting and Planting goes on simultaneously. Fields adjoining those in which cane is growing, are broken up and prepared during the summer and fall, for Planting during the harvest season. The ground is raised in ridges resembling, somewhat, our celery beds. When the cane is ripe, its tops are first cut as feed for the cattle and mules. Then a piece of the cane, four or five inches in length, above that portion which contains the saccharine fluid, is cut and planted crossways in the furrow, and from this stalk the succeeding crop shoots up, or rather, the succeeding crops, for three, four, and even five consecutive crops, in as many consecutive years, are taken from each planting. The cane itself is then cut, gathered in shocks, and carried upon mules' backs, to the mills.

There are about 150 plantations upon the Island, several of which are owned by the King of Denmark, and most of the others by Scotchmen, Irishmen, Englishmen, or Americans, who, from one cause or another, have incidentally found themselves Sugar Planters. The largest portion of the estates, I am told, fell into

the hands of the present owners in payment for moneys loaned upon them. We were accustomed, some twenty or thirty years ago, to see dashing West India Nabobs in our cities and at our watering-places, whose doubloons were as plenty as our dollars. Such demonstrations, however, gave a most unreal impression of the wealth of these Islands. The Planters, or their sons, who were then gay as butterflies, had but the butterfly's brief existence. They were not spending merely the earnings of their estate, but improvidently loading those estates with debts which have since swallowed them up. The plantations were greatly diminished in value. Estates which, twenty years ago, paid an interest on from \$150,000 to \$200,000, have since been sold for \$50,000 and \$75,000. BENJAMIN DE FOREST & Co., of New York, are the owners of two plantations, one of which (Bethlehem) is among the most valuable and productive on the Island.

Formerly coffee and cotton were, to some extent, cultivated here, but as the sugar crop yielded best, the attention of planters has been given wholly to the production of cane. It is said that a well managed estate, in a good season, will support its slaves from its rum and molasses, leaving its sugar as the net income of the proprietor.

SLAVERY, as it exists here, has been stripped of many of its horrors. The Danish monarchs seem to have exerted a paternal care over the slaves. Nor have the Representatives of Majesty been remiss in carrying out these philanthropic instructions. And, from the opportunities I have had to obtain information, it would be unjust to the planters themselves, not to admit that they

yield a cheerful obedience to the benevolent directions of the Government, by promoting, as far as possible, the welfare and happiness of their slaves. Those, therefore, who are, in the honeyed language of our Constitution, "held to service and labor" upon this Island, enjoy all the protection and privileges which are compatible with these "peculiar institutions." The present Governor, VAN SCHOLTON, who acts, it is said, under the particular auspices of the Queen, listens attentively to all complaints from slaves, and when such complaints are well founded, is sure to see them redressed.

The hours of labor are fixed by a Royal edict. Work commences half an hour before sunrise, or rather the plantation bell rings at that time, so that the gangs may be mustered and ready for work at sunrise. From 7 to 8 A. M. is given for breakfast, and from 12 M. to 2 P. M. is allotted for dinner and repose. At sunset field labor ceases, but after that the slaves are required to take care of the mules, cattle, sheep, &c. Planters in the same manner are required to furnish each slave with two suits of clothes annually, consisting only, I believe, of a shirt and pantaloons for the males, and corresponding garments for females. They generally, however, get presents of woollen caps on New Year's days. Their allowance of food is fixed by law. Each slave is allowed six quarts of corn meal, and a sufficient quantity of Danish herring per week. They are entitled also to their patches of garden ground, and what is more important, they are exempt from service on Saturday of each week, when portions of them work their own grounds, while others carry the products of these

grounds to market. In this way they furnish themselves with some of the (to them) luxuries of life.

Punishments, too, are in like manner regulated, as will be seen by an order issued by the Governor, dated 17th May, 1838: "The chastisement with tamarind whips or rods, on the bared body, is henceforth abolished on all estates, and the owners, administrators, or managers are authorized, in cases where corporal chastisement may be necessary, to inflict with a tamp, and which tamp will be delivered from the police office for a reasonable payment. A male is only to be given twelve, and a female six stripes, the men across the shoulders, and the women as heretofore, but over two garments. The latter should rarely as possible receive this chastisement, on estates, not oftener than twice in a week." This order further provides that solitary confinement on bread and water may be inflicted by owners, managers, &c.; but when the offense is of a nature to require more exemplary punishment, the slave must be taken to the Police. No chastisement is permitted in the field, unless it becomes necessary to preserve order, and then not to exceed two lashes. Other punishment must be inflicted after breakfast in the presence of the whole gang, by the overseer, but under the eye of the owner, administrator, or manager.

There is, also, a government regulation which enables all slaves who, by their industry and frugality lay up money enough to purchase their freedom, to obtain this boon for a reasonable sum. If, in such cases, the slave deems the value fixed by the master too high, the authorities, upon the application of the slave, appoint two appraisers, by whose valuation the master is com-

pelled to abide. But the interference of the authorities, I learn, is seldom invoked, owners generally being willing to encourage and stimulate efforts of this nature by fixing a fair and attainable price for self-ransom.

But the last and most important, as well as most philanthropic interposition of the government for meliorating the condition of the slave, is found in the order requiring the establishment of SCHOOLS throughout the island. The King has imposed a tax upon the planters of £20,000 annually, for the erection and support of school houses and schools, to which all children belonging to them are required to be sent from the fifth to the ninth year of their age. This secures four years' instruction to every child "held to service," &c., upon the island. A petition, signed by some of the planters, though opposed by a majority of them, asks the King to extend the term for attending schools another year, so that children may get five instead of four years' instruction. The teachers, many of whom are young men of color, receive \$300 per annum. The school houses are large, airy, well lighted, and so located as to be easy of access to all the Plantations. Sunday schools, for adults as well as for children, have been established, and are well attended throughout the Island. The common schools have been in operation but three years. The measure of their usefulness, therefore, is not yet full; but the wholesome fruits of Education are ripening. No one need be told that "the Schoolmaster is abroad" here. It is apparent in all you see of the slaves. Education, however limited and imperfect in degree and character, exerts its blessed influence upon human nature. Where-

ever imparted, it creates, in the recipient, a new existence. We but half live without Education. Rational existence commences with the development of the intellectual faculties, and the pathway of life is light and cheerful, or dark and dreary, as those faculties are improved or neglected.

The Planters derive benefits beyond the consciousness of having contributed to the intellectual improvement of an unfortunate race, in the character and habits of their slaves. The good effects of the Day and Sunday schools are felt in various ways. There are but few human beings upon whom generosity and kindness are lost. These slaves appreciate their privileges, and manifest their gratitude by their general good conduct, and by their diligence and alacrity in the field. The Planters are gainers rather than losers by all that has been done to ease the burthen of the slaves. They find that an intellectual being is worth more, in every sense, than the mere animal. Their usefulness increases with their knowledge. And all this is so apparent that the Planters, though their school tax, added to other burdens, is onerous, pay it cheerfully.

IV.

ST. CROIX, W. I., JANUARY 6, 1845.

THIS island is governed with comparatively little expense to Denmark. His Danish Majesty either has few favorites or dependents to be provided with sinecure places, or he supports them at home. There are no officers here but such as have duties to perform. Things, therefore, are conducted upon a far less magnificent scale than in the British Islands, where John Bull's line of steamers cost, over all they receive from freight, letters, and passengers, twice as much as is required for the support of our State Government. But in this England has an important ulterior object. In future wars, should the war spirit unfortunately revive, steam is to become a fearfully potent character. And in such an emergency her "Mail Packets" are readily convertible into steam ships of war.

The civil department of St. Croix consists of a Governor, Judges of a lower and upper court, two police magistrates, King's advocate, with a sort of legislative body styled Burgesses, recorder, clerks, &c. Several of the subordinate offices are held by the same individuals. There is also a "Reconciling Court," before which litigants must submit their matters in difference before any legal process can issue. The Governor receives a salary of \$15,000, or 22,000 "pieces of eight." The Judges of the upper court

receive salaries of \$3,000, and those of the lower court (who are, I believe, also the police magistrates) \$2,500, with fees. Legal proceedings are had in the Danish language. Pleadings are in all cases written, no verbal arguments of counsel being allowed. The "Reconciling Court" is an institution that might be most usefully imitated in larger communities. It would save a vast amount of money thrown away in vexatious litigation. It is an Equitable Tribunal without the expense and delays incident to our courts of chancery.

There is a custom house here and one at Balin End, the duties of which are discharged by a collector, comptroller, and inspector, at an expense to the Government of about \$10,000 per annum.

Sugar, rum, molasses, &c., pay a high duty. The planters and other white inhabitants are taxed, first for the support of the Royal Government, and then for local purposes. There is a "King's Chest" and a "Land Chest" for the separate keeping of these respective revenues. Into the "King's Chest" go the export and import duties, the absentee tax (which bears heavily on planters who are absent more than six months in the year), and the capitation tax of \$1 on each male slave. This last exaction was to have been released, as in some sort an equivalent to the planters for giving up their right to the service of the slaves on Saturdays, but it has, for the last year or two, been again imposed.

Into the "Land Chest" go the School Tax and such other taxes as are required for the improvement of Roads and the general Municipal support and regulation of the Island. These Taxes burthen the Planters

more heavily than, before inquiry, I had supposed. What seemed, at first view, to be a cheap Government, proves to be a very expensive one to the Planters. Every hundred pounds of Sugar, if valued here at \$3 per hundred, pays sixty cents export duty to the King. An absentee Planter, whose estate gives \$10,000 gross income, pays \$600 to the King. This sum frequently exceeds the amount of the net income of an estate. The Planters complain of some of these exactions, and are petitioning the King for exemptions, but with no sanguine hope of success.

All, or nearly all, the Sugar, Rum, and Molasses of St. Croix finds a market either in Denmark or America—the largest half, however, goes to America. There are eight or nine Danish Vessels engaged constantly in this trade. They seldom, however, make more than one voyage in a year. Six of these vessels lay off this place now, awaiting cargoes. The two which arrived last had remarkably quick passages from Copenhagen, one (the *Alert*) coming in 34 days, and the other (the *Triton*) in 31 days. The distance is more than 6,000 miles, so that the *Triton* ran over 200 miles every 24 hours of her passage. The Danish Ships bring from Copenhagen such articles as are required for this Market. The Captains, who are either Overseers or Consignees, land their Cargoes, open a Store, and sell off at retail, taking their pay in Sugar, Rum, &c., thus purchasing with the articles they bring out their return Cargo. This consumes four, five, and sometimes six months. The Captains of these vessels are intelligent, gentlemanly, and agreeable. One of the Vessels (the *Joanna Maria*) has been thirty years in this trade, and

though more than an hundred years old, is sound and seaworthy yet. She was built in the East Indies of teak wood. In repairing her a few years ago her iron spikes were found defective, but the woodwork was sound. Capt. RUNNERS, who is now here with his Vessel, has been forty years in this trade. His Son, who commands another Vessel anchored by the side of his Father's Brig, tells me that he was off New York in company with the Mexico, whose disastrous wreck on Rockaway beach will long be remembered. He had been 100 days at Sea, and for twenty days short of water and without food. He was blown out to Sea the night the Mexico went ashore, and thirty days afterwards, in approaching the Coast again, in great distress, and almost in despair, he was as unexpectedly as seasonably boarded by the "RELIEF BOAT," and his wants abundantly supplied. He speaks yet with lively gratitude of that truly charitable visitation, but for which the chances of getting his Vessel into Port were fearfully against him. The ill winds, however, blew to his pecuniary advantage, for the moment he arrived his Consignees (Messrs. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co.) informed him that his Cargo of Rye was then worth one dollar and seventy cents a bushel, which, in consequence of the severity of the winter, was nearly double the price he would have received had not his passage been, for the same reason, thus protracted. This Vessel (the Edward) had thirty days of distress and peril in consequence of our then defective Pilot System. She arrived off the Highlands of Neversink, and lay all day waiting for a Pilot, but none came, and at night a gale arose, in which one Vessel (the Mexico) was

wrecked, and his, with several others, were driven out to Sea in distress, merely because our laws protected an insufficient number of Pilots against competition. But that dreadful night aroused a feeling which, though our own Legislature was deaf to the appeals of humanity, induced Congress to pass a law authorizing New Jersey Pilots to bring Vessels into the harbor of New York.

With the bark Triton came Mr. SCOWSBOE, the principal Danish merchant, who is an exceedingly pleasant gentleman, and whose yearly arrival is looked for with the more interest, as he brings with him the most fashionable goods. Two days after his arrival, when his treasury had been hastily shelved, his store was graced by all the fashion and beauty of the island. Several coaches (two or three of them with servants in livery), with numerous jaunty wagons, cabriolets, and gigs, stood before the door. The ladies, after delighting the eye with a view of all the novelties, fell to purchasing with an avidity which would have thrown a Broadway fancy dry goods man into ecstasies. Dresses, shawls, parasols, gloves, bonnets, ribbons, capes, laces, &c., &c., were ordered in rapid succession. Nor, while the ladies selected their New Year's wardrobe and toilette, were the gentlemen idle. They found "metal more attractive" on the other side of the store, where Flansbury hams, Danish cheese, Copenhagen cherry cordial, champagne, &c., &c., were invitingly displayed. On the following day came the ladies of color (ranging in degree from the lightest to the darkest shades, and including creole, mustee, mulatto, and African, with numerous crosses) to make their small but flashy pur-

chases of calico, apron, turban, &c., in which their copper colored or ebony charms were to be set off to the best advantage for the holidays. And now, the silks, cashmeres, muslin-de-laines, balzorines, &c., &c., having for the most part disappeared, the scene changes, and the knight of the scissors and yard stick is busied in ministering to grosser wants in the sale of his oats, peas, herring, ling-fish, Bologna sausages, &c.

From the United States the ship *Emily* and brig *Eliza*, of New York, and the brig *Rosalie*, of Philadelphia, are regular traders here. The two former make five or six voyages annually. There are two small Packets running between this place and St. Thomas, some forty miles distant. There is an occasional schooner from Norfolk, Savannah, or Wilmington, N. C., with Turpentine and Staves; with now and then an arrival from some of the Eastern ports with "Notions." A Spanish schooner drops in three or four times a year with mules or cattle from South America. The *Cornelia* comes in December with *Invalida*. And this, I believe, comprehends the "Marine List" of Santa Cruz.

The Danish man-of-war Brig that vibrates between the two Ports upon this Island was ordered to St. John's a few days since, in consequence of a rumor that the slaves of that Island contemplated a revolt, with a view to their emancipation in crossing over to the neighboring Island of Tortola, by setting foot on which they became FREEMEN! God bless England for this boon to the much wronged African race. It is an atonement for many National sins. When are we to commence the work of expiation? CORTÉZ, who con-

quered and enslaved Mexico, expressed serious doubts, in his will, whether man could rightfully hold his fellow man as property, and charged his Sons to endeavor to obtain a solution of the question. If the conscience of HERNANDO CORTEZ was disquieted by the question of Slavery in the 16th century, may we not look to the civilization and philanthropy of society, after three hundred years of progress, for its abolition?

The Hon. Mr. HALL, our Tylerized Charge d'Affaires at Venezuela, passed a week here, with his Family, on their way home to Nashville. Mr. H. was one of that indomitable band of Whigs who, with the late Judge WHITE as their leader, carried Tennessee against Gen. JACKSON's protege. He was efficient, too, in the great struggle of 1840, when, though our triumph was signal and complete, its fruits, so far as the Executive was concerned, were lost by Treachery. But a glorious Whig Congress, in the passage of the Tariff of 1842, secured a season of prosperity to the People and the Country. And the Traitor, who is about to close a perfidious career, has his reward, in hatred as universal and scorn as deep-rooted as that which perpetuates the infamy of BENEDICT ARNOLD.

I perceive with regret that Mr. WILSON SHANNON has brought dishonor upon American Diplomacy in his correspondence with the Mexican Government. It was bad enough to have the wrong side of the question, and still more to see ourselves disgraced by such an exhibition of bad temper and ill manners. Mr. CALHOUN's Letter to Mr. KING is even more mortifying, as being intended for the second court in Europe. It must bring us into deeper and more universal reproach.

Slavery surely cannot be sustained much longer at such enormous sacrifices of national character. The repeal, or abrogation, by Congress, of the obnoxious 21st Rule, affords a gleam of light—a ray of hope. This reversed action of the same House of Representatives that allowed its first session to be trammelled by this Rule, “casts its shadows before” coming events.

Abolition Newspapers and Abolition Conventions, I see, begin to clamor for Remonstrances against the Annexation of Texas. Truth is indeed sometimes stranger than fiction. But for the influence and action of these same Abolition Newspapers and Conventions, there would have been neither danger nor possibility of this extension of the Territory and augmentation of the power of Slavery. They first, by their political organization, secure the election of a President who was designated expressly and solely to annex Texas to the Union, *and then remonstrate against a wrong which could not have been perpetrated without their consent and co-operation!* And such has been the fatuity of Abolition, in its political efforts, for the last ten years, by electing members of Congress avowedly and notoriously opposed to Emancipation, and then sending Petitions for the Abolition of Slavery to Representatives committed and pledged against the object of the Petitioners! But the result of the late Presidential Election, however disastrous in other respects, will open the eyes of the People to the reckless designs and fatal tendencies of ultra Abolitionists. The 15,000 votes which were worse than squandered in New York, to say nothing of the other thousands thrown away in Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, &c., have not only

made shipwreck of every other public interest, but threaten to extend the links and strengthen the chains of Slavery! This, though at too great cost, will cure the evil. Birneyism will not again have power, by casting its weight into the scale of Slavery, to make Freedom kick the beam. In the mean time, though Abolition Demagogues have run their race, the cause of EMANCIPATION will be onward. The Whig Party, as philanthropic as patriotic, will steadily pursue its enlightened policy, until measures designed and calculated to secure the elevation and prosperity of those who are free, and the ransom and happiness of all who are held in bondage, throughout the Union, have been carried into full and triumphant effect.

V.

ST. CROIX, W. I., JANUARY 1, 1845.

THE transition from the OLD to the NEW YEAR is eminently a season for reflection, and prominently so with those who are separated from Family, Friends and Country. The links in friendship's chain are brightened by absence. "Distance" not only "lends enchantment to the view," but stirs and quickens the emotions of the heart. Memory charges itself with the grateful duty of calling up half-forgotten kindnesses and benefactions. Here, upon a mere speck of land, encircled by seas which separate us from the busy world, a review of the last thirty years overwhelms me with a deep sense of obligation. Few persons so humble and undeserving, have such manifold reasons, first to God, and then to fast, devoted Friends, for heartfelt offerings of gratitude. It is common—too common, as I cannot but believe—to deride and depreciate Friendship as a "name for man's illusion given." Such certainly has not been my experience. On the contrary, it has been my good fortune to find friends whose fidelity, like "hooks of steel," remains unbent and unbroken. It would be truly delightful to remember how much of the world's good we have enjoyed, if the reflection was not rebuked by a consciousness of how little of that good we have conferred upon others. If we had always acted upon Dr. FRANKLIN's golden rule of "letting good offices go round," of bestowing the favors we have received upon our neighbors, the burthen of obligation

would be lightened. But in opening such an account I should find a fearful balance against me. So, like other debtors, whose present means are insufficient to liquidate the claims against them, I can only "promise to pay" hereafter. In the meantime, to my friends and patrons of the Evening Journal, though my greeting will be long in reaching them, I tender the congratulations of the season, with the warmest and heartiest wishes for their continued prosperity and enduring happiness.

The NEW YEAR anniversaries which, in joyous succession, have been celebrated at Albany, come back to me here, consecrated by a thousand endearing recollections. I see, in imagination, friends and acquaintances, with elastic step and beaming eyes, exchanging congratulations through every street of our ancient metropolis. I can see, too, the open door, the bountifully loaded board, and the cordial welcome that awaits each visitor in his cheerful rounds. I can imagine also the deep snow and merry bells, or at least the icy streets and piercing winds of a Northern winter. But those of you who have not hailed a NEW YEAR in a tropical climate, can form no idea of what is passing here. The fields are clothed in verdure. The trees are loaded with fruit. The rays of a sun as intensely hot as those we encounter in July or August, are shining upon us. We sit with open doors and windows to catch every breath that stirs.

The New Year is celebrated here, too, not by the Planters, but by their slaves, and after their own fashion, which is rude and primitive. The Holidays of the slaves commence with Christmas, and although the law

gives them that and the following day, they contrive, in imitation of our Congress, to do very little work between Christmas and New Year. And on these occasions the slave's cup of enjoyment fills to the brim. For several weeks preceding Christmas they are busied with preparations for their festivities. Indeed their toil through the whole year is cheered by their anticipation of holiday happiness. For these festivities, all there is of turban, calico, ribbon, gewgaw and trinket, among them, is reserved to adorn their persons. DANCING is their only festive resource. The slaves on each estate elect their Queen and Princess, with their King and Prince, whose authority is supreme. These have their Maids of Honor, Pages, &c., &c. A Queen retains her rank until by age or otherwise she voluntarily retires as Dowager. The instrument which, on these occasions, "discourses most eloquent music," is a large keg or half barrel, over the head of which a goat skin is drawn, and upon which a negro beats with his hands, as proudly and triumphantly as Ole Bull draws his cat gut. The Dance is opened by the King and Queen. The Prima Donna sings ballads, while the whole gang unite in the chorus, to which the Drums furnish a *very* base, but truly appropriate accompaniment. When the Royal pair are exhausted, they introduce the Prince and Princess, who in turn call up those of inferior rank. The Dance opens with much gravity, but in its progress Dancers and Singers warm into enthusiasm. The voice of the Prima Donna rises; the chorus swells; the drummer turns up the white of his eyes and displays his ivory; the Queen swoons; is supported by maids of honor, who sprinkle "Bay Rum" and ply their fans

until she recovers, and joins in the Dance with renewed energy. And thus the revelers consume the day and night. Not more than a dozen of a gang of sixty, seventy or eighty, participate in the Dance, the remainder seeming to find equal enjoyment by straining their lungs and cracking their voices in the Orchestra. Towards the close of the festivities, however, all join in the Dance, all, at the same time, singing most vociferously. Flags, held by the maids of honor, are waving over the heads of the Queens during the Dance.

The first privilege (or duty as they esteem it) of the slaves, on Christmas and New Year's days, is to pay their respects, in a body, to their master, before whom they Dance for an hour or more, paying tribute, in their songs, to his liberality, generosity, &c., after which they are regaled with cakes, cordial, &c., and generally receive presents from their mistress. They then return to their own domicils to pass the day and night in festivities. In the Town the Free Colored People and House Slaves form their parties, elect their Kings, Queens, &c., and Dance in like manner. We went the rounds, among them, and were generally received by some complimentary line thrown, impromptu, into their songs. I do not know whether the minstrelsy of these simple people is worth copying, but I will venture to transcribe a few specimens. The following "Toast," as it was styled, the effort of a "Lady Dowager," was regarded as peculiarly felicitous:

"Any one that feel themselves insulted they must call to the girls of the garden—the garden girls—they are the most enchanting girls—they do not fear the lions in the wood—

Bravo the ladies of the garden,
Bravo, the ladies of the garden,

The garden ladies — they are the most enchanting ladies;
They have no fear — they will brave any ship of war.

If any are incapable of seeking satisfaction, they must call to the girls of the garden. Hurra! hurra! hurra! — Gentlemen we don't fear the lions in the wood.

Chorus — Bravo! bravo! &c.

Here's a health to all that is around us, not forgetting our most gracious Majesty, King Christian, reigning over us. God bless our most noble King.

Chorus — Bravo! bravo! &c.

Here's a health to all the Americans, and long may they Reign Independent of all nations, in love and security to themselves.

Chorus — Bravo! bravo! &c.

Here is a health to Queen Victoria, the Ruler of Great Britain, who liberty proclaimed to the slaves.

Chorus — Bravo! bravo! &c."

Here are the words of another song, but I cannot render them into either verse or Blank verse:

"Chain the dogs — let the first rate pass — all the Danish genta, and also the Yankees, for they is just like the Otto of Roses — they is lately from Europe and America — just come for the warm climate, with their nice gaiter boots on and neat cane in their hand, and first rate castors on their head — let them pass for to see the bounding girls, for they are great, like the roses when they are blooming.

Chorus — Chain the dogs — let the white men pass."

The following has reference to a movement making to abolish slavery in the island:

"All we girls must keep heads together; King Christian have sent to free us all; Governor SHOLTON had a vote for us; King Christian have sent to grant us all; we all have signed for independence; we all have signed for liberty; our Crown Prince had a vote in it; our Gracious Queen had the highest vote; King Christian have sent to say he will crown us all.

Oh, yes! oh, yes! hurra! hurra!

All we girls must keep head together."

One of the Queens, in her desire to appear in queenly attire, for the Holidays, was prompted to misapply money belonging to her master, for which she was sent to the fort, and instead of enjoying the highest felicity as a mimic Queen, her fallen majesty is now with a

gang of culprits at work upon the streets! This circumstance was lamented in a song by her subjects:

"Oh yes, oh yes, do buy her for her freedom; do buy Queen Slater, our dear Lady Coahly; we are sorry, we are sorry to tell you Queen Slater in the King's fort; we went to the fort gate to ask our Queen if she sorry for what she done, and said, oh yes, oh yes; we send our Lady Dowager to beg for Queen Slater; our Emperor he will sign much money to buy our Queen Slater freedom.

Oh yes, oh yes, do buy her for her freedom."

The following is a much admired effort:

"Hurra, hurra, hurra, my Rooky Queen —
 Hurra my Sholay Queen — she do not spare no cost.
 We wear the best shaleys — we sport the best de lanes
 We wear the best mualins — we do not spare no cost.
 Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra!
 Here is our Queen — she wears the best of linen —
 She sports the best of Cambrie and dosen't mind the cost.
 Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra!
 Our gents smoke the best segars — they sport the Otto of Roses,
 For they have pockets full of doubloons.
 Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra!
 Where is my Lady Dowager? she cannot be seen,
 She is in her easy arm chair writing to her Emperor.
 Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra!
 Where is the garden girls? they cannot be seen,
 For they have gone to Bredow's Winder to meet the great heads.
 Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra!

The following was sung with great spirit by a fine looking gang of slaves, owned by our friend WALKER, as they came into town from the "Wheel of Fortune" estate, on New Year's morning. It is aimed at an unpopular "Manager" who had been displaced:

Come along! come along! 'Betty's Hope' girls —
 Oh come along 'Betty's Hope' girls —
 You could not buy Wheel of Fortune.
 DUNLOP sell all de Guinea bird — he sell all de sugar apple,
 But he could not buy 'Wheel of Fortune,'
 Come along! come along!
 I hope you knew DUNLOP don't rule 'Wheel of Fortune,'
 Run and call Massa WALKER to drive out 'Betty's Hope' gang.
 Come along! come along!

Wheel of Fortune' niggers don't want no Mulatto mistress,
For now they have their first rate Massa WALKER.

Come along! come along!

Massa WALKER give them the best Madrass,
Good brown and bamboo — and care dem well.

Come along! come along!

Massa WALKER, DUNLOP mark up 'Wheel of Fortune,
He rake down de rum cellar, he scrape out de curing house,
He pick all de peases; but he could not buy 'Wheel of Fortune.'

Come along! come along!

ELIZA CLARKE, she went to the curing house, where she tried de
same;

She tried to bring down de cattle — den she tried de mule pen,
But she could not buy 'Wheel of Fortune.'

Come along! come along!

Run and call Massa WALKER to kick 'Betty's Hope' gang out de
great house,

And drive the Mulattoes off de 'Wheel of Fortune.'

Come along! come along!

DUNLOP sell all de potatoes — he sell all de Guinea grass,
But he couldn't raise de cash like Massa WALKER,
To buy 'Wheel of Fortune.'

Come along! come along!"

VI.

SANTA CRUZ, W. I., JANUARY 10, 1845.

WE have now been six weeks in Santa Cruz, without experiencing either the lassitude or the weariness of which most visitors complain. The weather has not been inconveniently hot, though the Thermometer has ranged from 78 to 81. The rains, though frequent, come in showers which are immediately succeeded by a warm sun, that soon dries both the atmosphere and the roads. Indeed that bright luminary is seldom obscured. Clouds frequently distil their waters without coming in contact with the Sun. An "Artful Dodger" may elude showers by riding or walking away from the clouds which are charged with rain. This is, however, a "rainy season," much to the joy of the Planters, who have suffered for several years from drought.

The Colored inhabitants of the Island, whether bond or free, are a quiet, civil, inoffensive people. They regard the Whites as a superior and protecting race. Their deportment is uniformly respectful. In walking or riding, the adults salute you with a good morning or good evening "Massa" or "Missus," while the children display the good manners of those in America that you pass around the door of a well-conducted District School. The Slaves upon the Estates are always ready to furnish you with Fruit, Flowers, Shells, &c., and seem equally satisfied whether you reward them

with a "stiver" or a "thank you." A man who left his work to assist me in patching up an old harness which gave out one day, seemed amazed when I handed him an "old bit" (seven cents), which happened to be the smallest change at hand. A single stiver, or a civil acknowledgment of his kindness, was all that was expected.

There is very little dissension or wrangling among the blacks. And although Rum is made here in great quantities, very little of it is drank. Even during the Holidays, when it is given freely, I saw but two drunken Negroes, and but few who were excited by drink. There are half-a-dozen idle worthless fellows about the Docks, but their vagabond habits were acquired abroad, while on board Vessels as sailors, Stewards, Cooks, &c.

The Free blacks, in the heat of the day, draw together under the shade of a Tamarind or Cocconut tree, and listen with keen interest to some Sir Oracle among them, who relates to the astonished natives the wonders he has seen upon the Spanish Main, at Havana, in New York, &c., &c. I am admitted to these coteries, and have regretted that RICE or WINCHELL could not finish their Negro education in some such school.

We visit the Negro Market with much interest on Saturdays. It is a strange scene. The market Place is eligibly situated upon a square, where the Female Slaves exhibit Poultry, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit, Meal, Herring, &c., &c., spread out upon the ground under small Tamarind trees. Here also is a Fish and Meat Market. The Slaves save the meal and herring from their rations. The vegetables and fruits are the product

of their grounds. Most of the meal used by the townspeople is purchased from the Slaves. Among the vegetables are Sweet Potatoes, Banannas, Yams, Beans, Tomatoes (inferior), Beets, Cabbages, Onions, &c. Of Fruits, there are Oranges, Pineapples, Lemons, Limes, Cocanuts, Peanuts, Alligator Pears, Bell Apples, Mangoes, Sapadillas, Grenadillas, Sour-Sop, &c., &c. The Fruit is sold very cheap. We get two dozen large, delicious Oranges for five stivers or seven cents. Cocanuts are sold equally cheap. The Cocanut, by cutting open one end of it gives a large glass full of clear, cool, pure and wholesome water, which many drink at breakfast in preference to coffee or tea. Most of the Fruits are insipidly sweet, and although we hear much of their excellence, they are not to be compared for a moment with those we enjoy at home. All that the West Indies can boast of, in the way of Fruits, would be dearly purchased by the sacrifice either of our Peaches, Strawberries, Plums or Cherries. We have been favored by some friends with some clusters of very large, fine Muscatelle Grapes, but they are only produced by the Planters in their Gardens.

The Market is a scene of much animation from twelve till three o'clock. The colored women, to the number of two or three hundred, bring their products to market in Trays upon their heads, from the different Plantations, the most distant of which are from six to seven miles. While the women are thus occupied, on Saturday, the men are at work either upon their own grounds, or for their Masters, receiving four "Old Bits," or twenty-eight cents — and frequently a larger sum — for their day's work. The Negroes do a great deal of

"head work," but their efforts in this way are physical rather than intellectual. With them the head does the work of hands. The Milk is brought to town in large cans by the women on their heads. Wood and Grass, for fuel and horse-feed, are brought in bundles by Negroes upon their heads. Evenings, from seven till eight, Negroes are pouring in from the Plantations, with bundles of scraggy sticks for which they get five stivers, and of grass for which they get from 10 to 15 stivers. You will infer from the mode of supplying a population of over 3,000 with wood, that very little fuel is required here. This is so true that I verily believe twenty-five cords of sound Hickory would supply Santa Cruz with fuel for an entire year.

The Meats of the Island are seldom good and always dear. Beef, lean and tough, costs 20 cents a pound. Veal and mutton is also much inferior to ours, and costs twice as much. Nor is their Poultry by any means equal to ours. Their Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, &c., are seldom fat, and never tender. Meat, if to be eaten fresh, must be served for dinner on the day the creatures go to the shambles. But the inferior quality of Santa Cruz meat is no serious privation for two reasons: first, because animal food is neither necessary nor healthful here; and second, because the Caribbean Sea furnishes, in great variety and abundance, very excellent fish. These fish are as brilliant in colors as delicious in flavor. The fishermen, directly abreast of the town, lay on their oars, until schools of small fish are driven to the surface to escape the maws of the cormorants of their species, when the boat dashes off and encircles the spot with the net, which when drawn

ashore, reeks with victims that in their agony, display all the beautiful colors with which fact or fancy (I don't know which) has invested the dying Dolphin. Among these dwellers in the deep sea, are specimens as graceful and silvery as the Salmon or Trout, with others as ugly and hateful as toads or alligators. The Spanish Mackerel, a delicious fish, resembles the Salmon. They weigh from four to six pounds, and cost but from ten to fifteen stivers, or from fifteen to twenty cents. There is a fish called "the Doctor," from the fact that by touching a part near its tail a lancet springs out and inflicts a severe wound. Sprats are taken in great abundance, but the eating of them is a delicate matter, for while those with white fins are esteemed a luxury, those with yellow fins are so deadly poisonous as to produce certain death. The Lobster taken here differs from those found in our waters, both in color and claws, and is of an inferior quality.

The marauding, dreaded SHARK, always rife in tropical climates, is so common here as to deprive us of the luxury of open sea bathing. The Negro Conch Divers disregard these monsters; and some of the Planters bathe after sending a Negro further out into the Sea as a Sentinel. The water is so transparent here that Sharks are frequently seen prowling lazily about in the wake of their Pilot Fish. They are cautious in approaching their prey, which is never seized until the Pilot Fish approaches and reconnoiters the object of attack. The Pilot is a small Fish—scarcely as large as a Herring.

We had a rare frolic with a Shark a few days since. A Spanish Schooner came in here with Cattle. The Cattle had been several days upon short allowance of

water, and in swimming them ashore in their weakened condition two of them died. One of the carcasses was taken by the Negroes and anchored half a mile from the shore, to bait Sharks with. The rascals soon made their appearance. The Harpoon was sent with sure aim into a huge fellow, who darted off with such force as to break the line. But three of the School soon returned, one of which was struck with better fortune. This one, after powerful but unavailing struggles to escape, rose to the surface of the water, and then the Negroes got a "round hitch" upon his tail, when they pulled for the shore. The word was passed through the streets that a Shark was coming in. This drew a large concourse of white, "ringed, speckled, and gray" spirits to the beach.

When the boat approached the shore, a negro landed with the line to which the shark was fast, and which was seized by men, women, and boys, who with infinite glee drew the common enemy, struggling and floundering, with blood streaming from his side and nostrils, high and dry upon land. This shark was eight feet long, and, though the harpoon had gone deep into his vitals, he displayed an activity and strength which admonished us to keep at a respectful distance. Its skin is smooth and sleek like that of a seal, or porpoise, and but for its enormous mouth you would suppose it quite as harmless. After forcing its mouth open with a handspike, and thrusting a large stone into its maw, it was cut open for its liver, which yielded seven gallons of lamp oil. But the shark had within him the evidence of having feasted bountifully upon unroasted beef before the harpoon did its office. Not less than thirty

pounds of raw beef dropped from under his gasket. Among other delicate bits was a sirloin weighing twelve or fifteen pounds, with two entire and still unbroken ribs. During this process the shark floundered with prodigious strength, and even after its vitals were all out, the body retained a spasmodic action; and finally, when the negroes rolled the trunk back into the sea, its native element seemed to impart a sort of galvanic life, for the contortions continued until it sunk out of sight.

The long looked for ship Emily, Captain DAVIS, has arrived, bringing letters and papers which will give us several days of agreeable employment. In the Emily came sixteen passengers, among whom are Mr. CHARLES MINTURN and Mr. REMSEN, of New York, Mr. N. R. CHILD, of Boston, and Mr. McMARTIN and Mr. ECKER of Montgomery, each of whom, I am happy to say, are realizing the benefit they anticipated from a change of climate.

P. H. COWEN, Esq., and Mr. STRACHAN, of Saratoga, Mr. SHARPE, of New York, who came out with us in the Cornelia, with Mr. TYSEN, of Baltimore, have left for Curacoa, and which is said to be exempted from the frequent rains which fall here. I am indebted to Mr. COWEN for an addition to my supply of Congress Water, a beverage of priceless and precious value, whether quaffed at its healing Fountain, upon the broad Ocean, or in a West India island.

Santa Cruz is as quiet and orderly on Sundays as any town in Connecticut or Massachusetts. Church is attended very regularly by planters and slaves. The Moravians, who commenced their missionary labors here more than a century ago, continue to exert a most ben-

efficient influence among the slaves. These good people, wherever they go, by examples as bright as their precepts, seem to imbue their followers with right feelings and principles. The Rev. Mr. MINES, pastor of the Episcopal Church, and a most able and eloquent preacher, is doing much good here by an equally efficient and affectionate ministry. His efforts have not only drawn many to his confessional, but have exerted a wholesome moral influence throughout the island. Several hundred intelligent, honest, conscientious people of color belong to his church, and a still larger number are regular attendants upon his Sunday School. The fruits of the Rev. Mr. MINES' efforts are manifest alike in the religious profession and in the moral and intellectual elevation of blacks. His clerk, organist, and choir, are people of color.

There is a Catholic Church here, of which the Rev. Mr. RYAN, a very excellent young man, is pastor. The worshipers, with few exceptions, are black, some of whom are free, and others slaves. This congregation, though of course poor, laid the foundation in 18—, of a neat, massive and sufficiently large stone edifice, which, by their monthly contributions, judiciously expended, is now three-quarters finished. Its progress, however, is necessarily slow. Service is held in apartments temporarily inclosed. An effort was made last week to obtain funds enough to put a permanent roof upon that portion of the church in which the congregation assembles; when a large number of the colored people (most of whom were females), laid their contributions, amounting to from \$1 to \$5 each, upon the altar. These poor blacks, who pay thus liberally for the building of a

place of worship, cannot earn, by their labor, more than an hundred or an hundred and fifty dollars a year. Their more fortunate and wealthy brethren in America could not do a more acceptable service than to raise \$1,500 or \$2,000 for the completion of this church.

VII.

ST. THOMAS, W. I., JANUARY 15, 1845.

WE came to this Island yesterday in the brig *Eliza*, Capt. LOCKWOOD, with a party of friends, four of whom (Mr. GREGORY, of Jersey City, Mrs. BRINKERHOOF and Mr. AUSTIN, of New York, and Mr. AMES, of Albany) take passage in the British steamer that leaves in a few hours for Havana, touching first at Bermuda, Barbadoes, &c. She is fourteen days making the passage between St. Thomas and Havana. The passage money is \$80. I went on board this steamer, a superb vessel of 1,800 tons burthen. She had a passage of 17 days from Southampton, England, touching at Madeira, &c.

St. Thomas has a most eventful history, for which it is wholly indebted to its fine harbor, with which there is none to compare in the West Indies or South America. The Island is mountainous, and, for the most part, barren, having never, I believe, produced more than three or four thousand hogsheads of sugar in a year. The harbor, narrow at its entrance, swells into a spacious and beautiful octagonal basin, furnishing ample and, except during the hurricane months, safe anchorage for all the vessels that frequent these seas. The entrance, on the left, is fortified, and on the right there is a Telegraph establishment and light-house. The city of St. Thomas is built upon three spires, or conical hills, similar in form, stretching out into the harbor from the base

of a high, precipitous mountain. These hills, except that they descend more abruptly, resemble those upon the Hudson river, just north of the city of Hudson. One long, well built street, devoted to stores and shops, extends east and west through the city. These stores and shops are not only well stocked with goods but are thronged with purchasers. From this principal street there are Courts and Lanes running to the Quay, which are closely built up with spacious warehouses, that are filled with Merchandise and Produce. Above the principal street upon the hill side, are the mansions of merchants, &c., built upon terraces, your flight to most of which is assisted by steps. Many of the mansions are expensively and all neatly built, never, however, more than two, and generally but one story high, with large Piazzas, Verandahs, &c., and a profusion of doors and windows, to assist the circulation of fresh air. Still higher up the mountain, and where Eagles might be supposed to construct eyries, stand the old Castles and Towers built by the BUCCANNERS, so long the terror and scourge of these seas, and whose Bloody Flag, secretly protected by some Nations claiming to be civilized, put the World at defiance. In the harbor about forty vessels now ride at anchor, three of which, the *Texadora*, from New York, the *Dunlop*, of Boston, and a ship from Maine, were dismasted in a Gale in the Gulf Stream. The *Dunlop*, in a totally disabled state, was fallen in with by Admiral ADAM, of the British Navy, who took the wreck in tow four hundred miles, when, with the aid of jury masts, she was able to reach St. Thomas.

St. Thomas is a Danish Island, but like St. Croix was

twice in possession of the English, and when its importance, in a commercial point of view, is considered, I am surprised that JOHN BULL should, contrary to his established policy, have restored it. But it was done under constraint, I suppose, by the Allied Sovereigns in their European Pacification after the overthrow of NAPOLEON in 1815.

There is a population of about 12,000 in St. Thomas. The confusion of tongues and colors is among the first things that attract the notice of a stranger. You see and hear people of every color speaking in almost every language. Among the merchants and shopkeepers you encounter Spaniards, Danes, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Italians, Jews, Americans, &c. The negroes speak two and sometimes three or four languages. I noticed a sprightly black boy in the Billiard Room of our Hotel, keeping game for one Table in English, for another in Spanish, and ordering Punch, Sherry Cobblers, Segars, &c., for the players, from the Barkeeper, in French, and speaking each language with apparent ease. St. Thomas, by the way, is regularly and abundantly supplied with Ice, a luxury of which most of the West India Islands are deprived. The first cargo arrived here in 18—. The price varies from three to five stivers a pound. The Hotel de Commerce, at which we are lodged, is the best in the West Indies. Its Proprietor is also its Cook, who is rarely seen out of the larder or Kitchen, the duties of which he discharges with admirable taste and science. Monsieur ———, is far happier, I am told, with your admiration of his exquisite Dishes than with the price you pay him for them. At this Hotel coffee, if desired, is brought

to your bed-room at 5, 6 or 7 o'clock. An ample Breakfast is ready at 10 o'clock, and Dinner is announced at 6 in the afternoon. I am much better pleased with these meals than with the hours at which they are served. The price paid for board here is \$2.50 per day. The house, though very large, has but few rooms, and can only accommodate twenty-five guests with Lodgings, though some sixty or eighty dine here.

St. Thomas is still a place of great commercial activity, though the facilities for money-making are not what they were thirty or forty years ago. But there are stocks of goods here now which are only equaled in value by those in our largest New York houses in the Spring and Fall. The sales of Merchandise, in this city, for the month of November, amounted to a million and a half of dollars. The stock of goods now in the extensive establishment of GRUNER & Co., through which we were shown, is worth half a million. Goods are landed duty free. This enables the merchants of St. Thomas to command a large portion of the trade of the Islands and of South America. The circumstance that St. Thomas has always been a Free Port, has attracted enterprising and adventurous spirits from all parts of the World to this World. Large fortunes have been accumulated, in a few years, by persons who, in returning to enjoy the spoils in their own Country, take care to speak only in general terms of their business transactions. It is difficult to penetrate the "mysteries" of this Island. Its real history is unwritten. But that it has been the scene of more atrocities, and the refuge for more outlaws, than any other Ocean Isle, is certain. When the Castles, to which I have referred, were built,

the Buccaneers were masters of the sea, but within their fastnesses, were "Lords of all they surveyed." It is not strange that before the "Supremacy of the Laws" was established upon the Ocean, while the cupidity of Europe was sharpened by the Gold and Silver mines of Mexico and Peru, daring and desperate adventurers should sea lay and rob these "rich Argosies" upon their return. Then all robbed, some on public and others on private account. Even Sir FRANCIS DRAKE was but an accredited Buccaneer. COLUMBUS, and one or two other Spanish Discoverers, in their voyages, were alone governed and influenced by principles and impulses of a higher and nobler character.

When Buccaneersing, subdued by the progress of maritime civilization, became less audacious, St. Thomas also yielded to the sway of laws but feebly executed. The bold Buccaneer became the lurking Pirate; and instead of Lording it in castles, found only hiding places at St. Thomas. "Long, low, black schooners" were not only notoriously fitted out in this harbor within the present century, but these vessels had secret owners, accessories and agents here while their bloody flag infested these seas. And these owners, &c., after accumulating fortunes by murder and robbery, have gone home to live in idleness and luxury, instead of expiating their guilt, as they should have done, upon a gibbet, as some did, for there were a score or two executions for Piracy here since the year 1800. There is at this moment a fellow on trial who, in command of a small sloop coming from Tortola, deliberately murdered two men while they were asleep, and a third, in

attempting to save his life by jumping overboard, was drowned. And all this blood was shed for \$160.

The slave trade is still carried on here, though like Buccaneering and Piracy, it has seen its worst days. Large fortunes have been amassed here by this infernal traffic; and I am sorry to learn that Americans, from some of our Eastern States, have, until within a few years, when they were hunted from the Island, been concerned in it. Such, however, is not the character of the American merchants now residing here. On the contrary, such of our countrymen as I have met are gentlemen of commercial and moral integrity.

There are two Banks and a Marine Insurance Company at St. Thomas. There is also an Athenæum and Reading Room, where a visitor passes his leisure hours with peculiar interest, for, in addition to their Library, you find all the Reviews, Magazines, and the leading London, Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris and West India Newspapers. Of American papers I saw but one file, and that, of all others in our country, one which has done us most injury at home and abroad.

I have looked through the Library of the Athenæum, for a history of St. Thomas, but find none, nor am I sure that there is any connected history of the Island. The Spanish and Danish Historians give detached accounts, and a Mr. NISSEN, a Dane, who resided here forty years, kept a Journal, which has been published. I will endeavor to glean material for a Letter which, like this, shall in some sort redeem its defects by its brevity.

VIII.

SANTA CRUZ, W. I., JANUARY 31, 1845.

I REMARKED in a former letter that the fruits of this island, abundant as they are, have no comparison, in value, with our own. Nor are our advantages, in other respects over those enjoyed in tropical climates, less marked and decided. Sugar, rum and molasses are the only exportable products of this island. Porto Rico adds coffee, and Cuba tobacco, to their sugar staple. But each of these islands are indebted to us for the "staff of life." We supply them also with salted provisions. And for every species of manufactured articles they look either to Europe or America. Nor, taking the year through, is even their climate to be preferred to our own. The winter months may be delightfully passed here, but the islanders are as anxious to escape from the burning suns of June, July, August and September, as we are desirous of avoiding the frosts and snows of January, February and March.

The Planters are now busily engaged in making sugar. Their wind-mills, from every eminence, are plying merrily. We have made the acquaintance of several planters, from whom we have invitations to visit their estates, the drives to which, upon magnificent roads, shaded by cocoanut, tamarind, orange and lime trees, are exceedingly picturesque. The cocoanut grows from forty to sixty feet high, the trunk of which for thirty

feet is without branch, limb or leaf. The tree is not only an evergreen, but is forever bearing, the lowest branches containing the fully ripe cocoa. The branches, after ripening their fruit, go "into the sear and yellow leaf," and fall to the ground. Above is a strata with nearly ripe fruit, then one with fruit half grown, and finally another with fruit just formed. The tamarind tree is large, with a leaf like the locust. The fruit grows in a pod resembling the Lima bean. The orange trees are frequently seen here from 20 to 25 feet high. They are now in their glory. You can conceive of nothing more beautiful than an Orange Grove when the trees, as now, are loaded with large yellow fruit, hanging in clusters of four, five, six and even seven to the stem. The lemon and lime trees are smaller, but produce almost as abundantly.

The mahogany tree grows here also, but not as thriftily as in South America. And the logwood, looking as tough and crabbed as when seen in front of our friend McCLURE's store, also grows in clumps by the roadside. There is also the silk tree (the largest upon the island), with a large trunk of capricious, but wide spreading branches, which furnish a grateful shade. The cabbage tree, of uniformly graceful symmetry, is highly ornamental in groves and gardens. The body looks as if it came from a mould or turning lathe. The Machineel, by its fragrant odors, invites you to repose under its shading branches. But there is poison in its taste or touch. It bears an apple of such delicious flavor, that the *temptation* to "eat thereof" is very strong. But this may not be done with impunity. Indeed, if you take shelter from a shower under this.

tree, drops of rain falling from its leaves upon your face or hands, raise blisters.

You are less exposed to danger and annoyance from reptiles and insects here than in most other tropical climates. There are no venomous snakes, crocodiles or alligators here. The LIZARD abounds, but it is not only harmless but useful, in the war it wages upon musquitoes. Dr. STEVENS, an eminent physician, of whom I shall have occasion to speak again, who has a favorite seat for study and repose, under the generous foliage of a tamarind tree, has fixed a shelf to the tree, near his head, where he feeds the lizards, and where they, apparently in return for his hospitality, sit catching and driving off the musquitoes, &c., while their protector remains with them. The CENTIPEDE, whose bite is worse than that of a wasp, crawls into your bed or clothes occasionally, but not often. MUSQUITOES are "plentiful" (as the negroes say), quite bloodthirsty, and sing as hatefully as those we encounter on a Canal Boat upon the Cayuga marshes.

But though they get their infernal fangs into us during the day and evening, they are prevented by an impenetrable net which curtains our beds, from making night either hideous or horrible with their music or their sting. But the insect most dreaded is the CHICO, or "Jigger," that steals imperceptibly into the foot and there deposits eggs which if not seasonably removed, produce "Elephantiasis," a disease which dooms the human body to drag a foot and leg which in size and form resembles that of the Elephant. This insect gets under the skin and in six or seven days the part is enlarged to the size of a Pea. If it is then carefully.

extracted without breaking the covering which contains the eggs, no harm ensues, otherwise the blood becomes inflamed, and the foot and leg swell gradually to a frightful extent, presenting through life a disgusting deformity. These deformities are very numerous among the negroes. On a market day, among two or three hundred slaves, you see thirty or forty cases of Elephantiasis, mostly among the old men and women. I saw a slave yesterday not more than fourteen years old, with a foot and leg quite as large as that of an ordinary sized Elephant. The slaves thus affected are employed in taking care of cattle, sheep, &c., or doing light work.

The Island is now very sickly. An intermittent fever has attacked most of the slaves and many white people, but has rarely proved severe or fatal. Such fevers, in former seasons, have been succeeded by leprosy, and you see negroes whose fingers and toes have fallen off.

My attention was called the other day, by Doctor STEVENS, to a phenomenon which reveals, in a striking manner, the wisdom and beneficence of Him to whom we are indebted for all our bounties and blessings. At sunrise the atmosphere, as far up as the eye reaches, over the Island, is transparently clear. Between seven and eight, when the sun begins to assert its supremacy, small specks of snow-white clouds appear which gradually enlarge, and finally, towards meridian, have run into each other and taken a form which is described by the Island, presenting a canopy—or if it be not irreverent to say so—an Awning, which protects the soil and those who dwell upon it, from the burning rays of the sun during the hours of its greatest power. But

for this beneficent intervention of elements between the Earth and the Sun, its intense heat would prove alike fatal to vegetable, animal and human existence. Nor is this, in the opinion of Dr. S., the only benefit derived from the cloud that canopies the Island. He insists that most of our rain, instead of being drawn from the Ocean, is taken up from the moisture upon the Island, condensed and returned to us in gentle showers.

The late JOSEPH TUCKERMAN, of Boston, who passed the winter of 1837 here, kept tables of the temperature for the months of December, January, February, March and April. The mean temperature for December was $75\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, for January 76, for February $77\frac{1}{2}$, for March 74, for April 76. The highest degree attained by the thermometer was $81\frac{1}{2}$ in December, $81\frac{1}{2}$ in January, 82 in February, $84\frac{1}{2}$ in March, and 85 in April. The greatest variation of temperature in any day, was in December $7\frac{1}{2}$, in January $7\frac{1}{2}$, in February 8, in March $14\frac{1}{2}$, in April $7\frac{1}{2}$. The ordinary daily variations of temperature are from 3 to 6 or 7 degrees. These changes, unless the thermometer is consulted, are scarcely perceptible. The atmosphere, while the wind comes from the southeast, as it does generally, is truly delicious. Easterly winds are pleasant, nor does a "norther," though not so safe for invalids, in the least disturb persons in health.

My bed-room is without window glass, and although sleeping with the Venetian blinds open, I have neither blanket, coverlid or counterpane upon my bed, and very seldom find it necessary to draw the sheet over me. The nights, though warm, are neither close nor oppressive, so that your sleep is alike refreshing and delight-

ful. From this healthful repose you are aroused at day-dawn by a gun from the Fort. From sunrise till breakfast time you ride or walk yourself into a good appetite; after which, for two or three hours, there is the highest and truest enjoyment in your Segar and Book.

There is now quite a Fleet of Merchantmen, awaiting the Sugar Crop, in our Harbor. Eight Danish Barks and Brigs, with one American Ship, two Brigs, and two Schooners. The brig Eliza, of New York, is now taking in cargo, and will sail in five or six days for New York. Mr. HILL is also loading the schooner Orizimbo for New York, to sail on Saturday.

The bark Triton of Copenhagen, is a very beautiful vessel. Her gentlemanly commander, Capt. POULSON, went into the forest and laid the axe to the first tree for her keel, and then followed up the work, directing every step, until with her sails set and her flag unfurled, he stood upon the quarter-deck of, as fine a vessel as ever left Denmark. She has cabin accommodations for sixteen passengers, and I really don't know where sixteen persons can, at sea, enjoy more luxuries. Mr. SCHOESBOE, who is part owner of the Triton, joined with Captain POULSON in an invitation to the Americans here, to Tea, the other evening, on board. We had a row in the Bay, by the bright but mellowed rays of a moon,

"That scorns the eye of vulgar light,"

with music and melody, before going on board. After Tea the Party came on deck and beguiled an hour in the "mazy dance."

A day or two afterwards Captain DAVIS invited us with a party of twenty, to Dinner, on board his ship, the Emily. This Dinner, graced as the table was, by

several peculiarly American dishes, was exceedingly home-like, and when "Absent friends" were remembered in a glass of generous old Madeira, the eyes reflected the emotions of the heart. Among the luxuries upon the table, was a profusion of Green Marrowfat Peas, from the estate of Mr. LANG, a young Scotchman who, I infer, takes great pleasure in regaling his friends with delicacies, for on the following day, at the table of Messrs. HILL and WALKER, who, in their bachelor establishment, "live at a bountiful old rate," I had the double pleasure of meeting Mr. LANG and of renewing my acquaintance with his fine Marrowfat Peas.

I have been surprised, in visiting the estates, at the many little comforts enjoyed by the Slaves, and the neatness of most of the negro houses. These houses are in a cluster near the Planter's mansion. Each family has its home. The character and habits of each family are indicated by the appearance of their House. If the man is industrious and the woman frugal and neat, you see a comfortable bed, table, chairs, trunks, &c., with a bureau, looking glass, and a variety of simple ornaments, all tidily arranged. On the other hand, if the man is idle and the woman thriftless, the picture is reversed. They have only the necessaries of life, and these, neglected and dirty, proclaim the wide contrast between industry and sloth.

Mr. MINTURN of New York, and Doctor KELLOGG of Hamilton, U. C., left us yesterday, for New Orleans. Doctor K., who is much respected, has not, I am sorry to say, yet realized the advantages hoped for by a change of climate. Mr. MINTURN is quite well. We parted with them most unwillingly. Of some forty

invalids from America, now here, all but four are convalescent. Miss DODGE of New York, is sinking very rapidly. Mr. SEARS of Boston, is seriously ill. Mr. BUTTERFIELD of Chicago, has been unfavorably affected for a week, but is now mending under favorable auspices. Mr. CAMPBELL of Philadelphia, who rather lost than gained health for the first seven weeks, is now decidedly better.

Doctors UPSON and MOORE, the former coming here for his health, which is improving, and the latter as the medical attendant of Mrs. LIVINGSTON; and Doctor BUCKLER, of Baltimore, whose Son is very ill, have been exceedingly attentive and kind to all the American invalids. With these gentlemen, in connection with Doctor STEVENS, who is known to the Faculty all over the World as a most eminent Physician, Patients have all that Medical science and experience can do for them.

Our departed friend and associate, JOHN VISSCHER, passed one of his Winters of severe illness here. Mr. SCHOESBOE, one of his Island friends, has preserved a poetic fragment which shows, what all who visited him knew, how cheerfully he bore up under the ravages of a distressing and fatal malady:

A RIDING PARTY IN ST. CROIX.

A Captain, on the Water, and the Land —
See POULSON, marching out his gay command;
See tall CORNELIA, on his right hand prance,
And short Miss VISSCHER on his left advance.
Next comes BLANCHARD arm'd with an Orange staff,
And lively LISSY, with her hearty laugh;
Then Mrs. BLANCHARD with her smiling face,
And ANNA, with a form all grace,
And then, with cheeks as blooming as the flowers,
Comes charming, lovely, little Mrs. POWERS;
And last, not least, attendant on the Fair,
Behold that d — l SCHOESBOE, on his Mare.

IX.

SANTA CRUZ, W. I., FEBRUARY 24, 1845.

WE have had unpleasant northerly winds for a fortnight, with more than the usual quantities of rain. This has affected invalids unfavorably. Mr. CHILD, of Rochester, has suffered severely from acute rheumatism, Mr. CAMPBELL, of Philadelphia, and Mr. SEARS, of Yarmouth, Mass., have been very ill, and the latter gentleman, who went a few days since to St. Thomas, remains without any favorable change. The bad weather drove Messrs. REMSON, MINTON and son, STOUT, and BUTTERFIELD, away from the Island. Mr. BUTTERFIELD had been quite ill, and seemed too feeble to leave the sick bed from which he rose to take his departure. I trust he may not be disappointed in finding the benefit he anticipates from a voyage further south.

The sugar crop is now coming in, but not as rapidly as was expected. The mills have been stopped by head winds. As the wind almost always blows from the east or southeast here, the wind-mills are constructed with reference to the usual course of things. There are three estates on the island with steam mills. These of course "go ahead" regardless of wind or weather. The sugar crop will be large, though it will get late into market. Much of it will be shipped to Denmark. The Triton and Alert are now taking in their cargoes. The former is to sail on Tuesday.

The sugars are drawn into town by oxen or mules, six of either of which haul four hogsheads. The negroes manage a team very awkwardly. Three or four slaves are seen driving three yoke of oxen, while another, tugging at a rope tied to the horns, goes ahead of the leaders. The sugars are weighed at the custom house, and then taken off in lighters to the ships. The teams return with staves, hoop-poles, meal, herring, &c., &c., for the estates.

Each estate has its name. Those nearest to us are "The William," "Little Le Grange," "Big Le Grange," "Wheel of Fortune," "Concordia," "Jolly Hill," "Carlton," "Diamond," "Prosperity," "Sprat Hole," "Whim," "North Side," &c., &c. The small estates are worked by gangs of negroes fifty or sixty in number, while the large ones have gangs from 150 to 200 strong. Each estate has also among its slaves a carpenter, mason, smith, and one or more coopers. These men, if industrious and frugal, save enough from their extra work to purchase their freedom when 30 or 35 years old. They however remain from choice upon the estate, receiving wages, that they may live and die where they were born.

There are, of the thousands stolen from Africa, and brought to this island, but very few living. Those generations have passed away, leaving an inheritance of slavery to their children. The planters tell me that the Africans were governed with much more difficulty, and worked with more reluctance, than the present race. They were generally sullen, often revengeful, and could seldom be conciliated even by kindness. Many, they say, would "take the sulks," reject their food, get sick

and die. This shows plainly enough, that the poor victims cherished a deep sense of the injustice and wrong they were suffering. The slaves of the present day, who are "to the manor born," have different natures. They grow up to regard their masters as protectors instead of oppressors. And if the master proves kind to them, they seem contented and cheerful. But slavery here, as elsewhere, has its repulsive features—features upon which it is painful to look, and on which I have no disposition to dwell. There are wholesome influences, however, at work here. The day and Sunday schoolmasters are abroad in the island. Slaves are acquiring just moral and religious impressions, and their obedience corresponds with their knowledge. Within the last two years several hundred marriages between slaves have been solemnized. And a higher tone of moral sentiment is imposing its restraints upon proprietors, managers, &c., &c. For much of this the island is indebted to the Rev. Mr. MINES.

Mr. WALKER took me, a few mornings since, into a high mountain where he showed me not only the Kingdom of St. Croix, but of the surrounding Islands. This view which is truly a sublime one, was from Mount Stuart, or "Bodkin's Hill," as it is most frequent called. It was a clear, calm morning. We rode four miles in a gig, to where, at the foot of the Hill, a negro had preceded us with saddled horses, upon which we ascended to an elevation from which the whole Island of Santa Cruz lay spread out in full view below us, while at the North, we saw St. Thomas and the group of Islands in its neighborhood; the Island of Porto Rico, in the West, and had not the rising sun intercepted, with its rays,

our view, the Island of Nevis would have been visible in the East. Upon the sea, then in profound repose, not a sail was to be seen, though the eye reached from sixty to seventy miles in all directions. The Island itself, which, from this elevation, had apparently shrunk into an ample, but highly cultivated farm, was clothed in verdure of the deepest green, broken occasionally by fields in which the cane had been cut. Altogether, the view was too highly beautiful for a prose description, and one that would have called forth the loftiest efforts of the Poet and Painter.

We rode out the other morning to Lunch with some friends (Mr. GRADON and lady of New York) who are staying at Jolly Hill, and alighted just as the Negroes were recovering from a panic occasioned by the burning of one of their houses. Fortunately Mr. LOGAN, who owns the estate, happened to be at hand, or a dozen houses would have been consumed, for the negroes, without somebody to direct, in such emergencies, are like so many sheep. The Major offered the old woman whose house was burnt, a large, roomy, convenient house that was built for and occupied by the manager, but she warmly protested against it. "Shingle house," she said, "was for Buckra—old nigger woman want her task house." The negro houses are thatched with cane-tops. Finding the old negress, who has been a valuable slave, determined not to move into the "shingle house," the Major set the Mason, Carpenter, &c., immediately at work to repair her domicile. This woman, he informed us, had four sons and three daughters, all industrious and faithful, at work in his fields. She herself had been exempted for a long time from

labor, but such as she chose to perform. We walked about this cluster of negro houses, some thirty or forty of which stand upon an acre or an acre and a half of ground. Each family has its own two or three pigs in a sort of crate pen, and its half dozen fowls about the door. The houses are shaded by Orange, Lemon, Tamarind and other trees. We saw here, too, for the first time, the Coffee tree, which grows to the size, and in some respects resembles our largest Oleander. The Coffee tree is very pretty. Some of them were in bloom, some budding, and some with nearly ripe coffee.

I rode out the other day, with my friends, HILL, WALKER and Captain DAVIS, to dine with Major LOGAN (a warm hearted son of Erin) at his LE GRANGE ESTATE, which is charmingly situated about three miles from town. After a pleasant walk about his grounds and among his fruit trees, we sat down at 6 o'clock to a dinner, excellent and bountiful in itself, and so delightfully flavored with conversation, that when at 10 o'clock the "*Vel vel bekomme dem*" salutation was exchanged in a parting glass of Madeira, I thought we had not been more than an hour at table. I was interested while at dinner with what had passed between the Major and the Negro Drivers and slaves who presented themselves, from time to time, at an open window near the head of the table, with reports or complaints, or asking instructions. The spot where the negroes appeared was so shaded by trees and vines as to render them invisible, though I sat facing the window. One came to report a case of sickness, another the lameness of a mule, another asked how many hands should go to this field, another how that gang should be employed; and finally,

one came to complain of a negro who was quarreling with his wife and keeping their neighbors awake. The other messages were all despatched with brief answers, but this was a case of more delicacy. The wife, it appeared, was in the habit of attending "evening meetings" and staying so late as to excite the husband's jealousy. The parties had made mutual complaints to the Major, and he had advised them to settle their differences and live in peace. After talking the matter over with the man who came to complain, the Major directed him to go back and "tell Jim I think he is wrong, but let them be aisy to-night. To-morrow I will inquire whether CATHARINE goes to meetings like a good Christian, as I think she is, or is off where a dacent woman has no business." These answers were given without in the least interrupting our conversation.

The Major, who has lived a long time on the Island, told us many amusing anecdotes. Let me give you a specimen. When the island was in the possession of the British, its Governor, Gen. HARCOURT, purchased "Carlton," a fine estate, now owned by Dr. STEVENS. His "manager" was an Irishman, who was indebted more to nature than to education for his intellectual endowments. Some difficulty arising among the slaves, he wrote a hasty note and despatched a messenger to the Government House, informing the General that there was a "resurrection" on the estate and asking what should be done! The General, who was a wag himself, wrote, for an answer, by the messenger, that he was "happy to hear of the 'resurrection' and directing McCormick to put hoes into the hands of the resurrectionists, as fast as they appeared, and set them to work."

On another occasion, the Governor was walking with his Manager through a beautiful Avenue upon the Estate, which was bordered with orange trees; and picking one, he remarked that they were fine trees. "Yes, your honor," replied the Manager; but that Soebotker (a former proprietor) was an old fool." Why so?" inquired the Governor. "To be planting his trees where every d—d nagur can be plucking the oranges," answered McCORMICK.

On the 22d instant, all the shipping in the harbor displayed their colors, in honor of WASHINGTON, whose virtues are revered by foreigners as highly as by Americans. Mr. ROBINSON, a West Indian, who keeps a store and hotel here, and is exceedingly attentive to Americans, displayed the stars and stripes from his flag-staff, and invited the Americans in St. Croix to a lunch, moistened by guava punch, at 12 o'clock.

On the 23d instant, another of the Cornelia's passengers, Miss ELIZABETH DODGE, was called to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." She was a native of Massachusetts, but had resided for several years in New York and New Jersey. She left home with but few sands of life left, and they have been gradually ebbing, day by day, until the last was spent. Miss DODGE was a lady of more than ordinary attainments, and from her patient endurance of long and severe illness, excited the warmest sympathies of all who were around her. Flattered by the hopes with which consumption so often beguiles its victims, she had looked forward, if not to a recovery, at least to a reunion, in the spring, with a much loved sister. But when a fortnight before her death, this hope was crushed, by the assurance of her

physician that she could survive but a few days longer, she received the fatal intelligence with composure and resignation. After giving HARRIET and Mrs. SCOVEL, whose room joined hers, and who were much with her, directions of various descriptions in regard to the event, and charging them with messages to her sister and nieces, she relinquished her hold upon life, endured her sufferings without a murmur, and awaited the hour of departure with singular calmness. She was accompanied by a brother, who devoted himself, day and night, to the doomed sufferer.

It is painfully mortifying to see that the proprieties of life are further outraged by the *publication* of the ONDERDONK Trial. There is no possible excuse for such loathsome revelations. It is worse than absurd—it is insulting the intelligence and justice of the community, to say that these disgusting details are sent forth, to deprave and shock what there is left of decorum and delicacy, as a vindication of those who voted against the offender. It were far better that an hundred Bishops should suffer from misrepresentation, than that all this offal and garbage should have been served out to pollute the social and poison the moral atmosphere of the country.

MARCH 7.

The ship EMILY, by which I now send this Letter, should have sailed ten days ago, but was detained by weather which arrested the sugar-making. She sails, with a full cargo and fair wind, this evening. The Emily is a fine ship, with admirable accommodations. Capt. DAVIS, who commands, and is part owner of the

Emily, belongs to the first class of shipmasters. He is, also, as much respected on shore as at sea. He makes fast friends of all who go passengers in his ship. I had hoped to have returned with him this voyage, but am disappointed.

We remain without intelligence from home. I am *longing* for newspapers.

X.

SANTA CRUZ, FEBRUARY 27, 1845.

THE Rev. Mr. MINES drove me out yesterday to one of the island schools, of which Mr. McFARLAND, a very competent and zealous man, is teacher. There are about 200 children, between the ages of five and eight, attached to this school, though but 160 were in attendance, the others, for the most part, being detained by the prevailing fever. These children are collected from seven adjoining estates, each squad being attended to and from school by a nurse, in the person of an old slave, with whom a sharp Yankee might realize two fortunes, one by exhibiting her as "JOICE HETH," and another by converting her into an "Egyptian Mummy."

This school is admirably constructed. The studies and exercises, mental and physical, are so diversified as to keep the children interested, young as they are, during school hours. The senior classes read tolerably well, and have some knowledge of History and Geography. Moral and Religious sentiments, in modes adapted to their understanding, are impressed upon all. They all learn a Catechism prepared for these schools, and their vocal powers are so well cultivated that they sing their Hymns far from inharmoniously. The instruction, scanty as it necessarily must be, thus imparted, is a priceless blessing. It opens new sources

of enjoyment to a race whose share of human happiness is at best but scanty and stinted. At half-past eleven the school was dismissed, when the old nurses gathered their respective broods and went "clucking" off, hen and chickens like, to their coops.

The manager of an estate receives from six to seven hundred dollars a year for his services, with a house rent free. An overseer gets from \$50 to \$70 per month. There is a physician to each estate, who receives one dollar per annum upon each slave for his medical services. The apothecary who furnishes the medicine receives twenty cents per annum for each slave.

The machinery of government is by no means as simple here, nor are its burthens as light as I at first supposed. There are, also, onerous expenses attending the partition and settlement of the estates of deceased persons. Public auctions must be attended by two government officers (an attorney and clerk or register), for the payment of whom, and for the duty to government, the purchaser pays eleven per cent over and above the price he bids upon all property purchased. Before an estate is sold, it must be surveyed by an officer of the army, who receives for his services from \$200 to \$250, according to the number of acres surveyed. This is not done so much for the security of purchasers as for the benefit of His Majesty's otherwise poorly paid officers.

Danish officers, by the way, *are* poorly paid. The purser of the man-of-war brig now here told me yesterday that his pay is a doubloon a month, and that his perquisites amount to a sum that swells his annual

compensation to about \$600. A first lieutenant in the Danish navy is not as well paid as a midshipman in the American navy. But, by way of equalizing these things, living is cheap in Denmark. A family can live respectably at Copenhagen on \$500 a year, and out of the city for considerably less.

I do not realize the inconvenience I anticipated for the want of ice. The water here is very good, though one would suppose, from the fact that it is rain water preserved in cisterns, that it would be quite too warm. But this is not the case. They have a way of purifying water by filtration, and then lowering its temperature in earthen vessels, so that it is always sufficiently cool.

I spoke, in a former letter, of the arrival of the "Joanna Maria," a ship built of Teak wood, in the East Indies, nearly or quite a hundred years ago. We have since been invited by Capt. SHULTZ, who commands her, to an entertainment on board. She is truly a wonderful vessel. Her great age is indicated by everything, except that her original wood work is as sound as when she was launched. Her hull, unlike other vessels, constructed of ribs and plank, is of timber, so joined as to require no caulking. The floor in one of her cabins, which has never been renewed, is considerably worn, but not as much as a brick or stone floor would have been. In 1801, during the war between England and Denmark, she mounted 44 guns, with which she did good service. She is a good sailer, and so dry as scarcely ever to require the use of her pumps. She was handsomely decorated with flags and brilliantly lighted. While we were there a Danish man-of-war brig arrived, whose officers came on board

the "Joanna Maria," and helped to enliven both the Danes and the Supper.

Sugars are selling here now at \$3.25, \$3.50, and \$3.75 per hundred. Those going to the United States pay an export duty of ten per cent and those to Copenhagen of five per cent. Rum and Molasses cost, including cask and export duty, from 14 to 15 cents per gallon. The *best* Sugars seldom get into market, as first qualities, by mixing, help the sale of the inferior article.

In shipping molasses, each hogshead is decanted. Empty hogsheads are first stowed in a tier below. Full hogsheads are then placed over the hatchway, from which the molasses runs through a hose into the hogsheads below. This avoids the leakage that would be occasioned by the breaking and starting hoops by storing them otherwise. The cargo is taken off to the vessels in lighters. They stow from forty to fifty hogsheads of molasses in a day.

We have had three arrivals from New York within the last ten days, but no Letters or Papers came. This leaves us quite "behind the intelligence of the age." By scratching around among the Captains and Mates, I got hold of a few chance Papers, from which broken and detached items were gleaned. Texas, I infer from the ground taken by Senators BENTON and RIVES, twinkles as a "lone star" for another year. President POLK, if a strong paragraph may be regarded as authority, "goes to housekeeping" with Mr. WELLER as his Attorney-General! Mr. CALHOUN remains in the State Department. Senator WALKER should go to England as Minister, if, as seems likely, there is a determination to embroil us with that Government.

I cannot agree with those who oppose the admission of Texas, after the People, by a blind and reckless, but decisive majority, declared themselves in favor of that measure. I would have admitted Texas promptly, in obedience to the popular sentiment, but with a Territorial Government, leaving the question of Slavery to be settled when she claimed admission as a State or States. And upon the question of Slavery, when the People had been awakened to a sense of their former delusion and folly, they would have resisted to the death, had such resistance become necessary. While we leave Slavery, with the territory and power which that interest smuggled into the Constitution, they enjoy all they have a right to ask, and all that Freemen should yield. Let them keep their "pound of flesh," for it was "so nominated in the bond," but when more is demanded, even if it be only the "avoirdupois of a hair," let us set our faces sternly and unflinchingly against the demand.

I wish there was a voice loud enough to reach all ears, and sufficiently influential to impress two great principles of Reform upon the People. The first principle is OBEDIENCE TO THE POPULAR WILL, as expressed through the Ballot Boxes, so that instead of a THEORY, we may have PRACTICALLY a Representative Government. When a great public measure has been at issue between the two great political parties, discussed in Congress, submitted to the People, and their decision had upon it, let that decision, right or wrong, be held as binding upon Congress. In this way only can the People be made to act upon their responsibilities. In this way only can they be made to appreciate the value

of the Ballot. In this way only can they be made to think and act for themselves. In this way only can they be brought to realize that the Sovereign Power, for good or for evil, resides with themselves. The Elective Franchise, while it means nothing, is worth nothing.

The country owes most of its misrule and misery to the action of minorities—well-meaning, patriotic, but misguided minorities. This action saves a bad Administration from itself. It restrains men in power from doing what would ruin them. How much of loss, distress, corruption and dishonor would have been averted, for example, if after the veto, we had regarded Gen. JACKSON'S re-election as decisive against a Bank of the United States? Had we then acknowledged the supremacy of the people, the vetoed Bank would have paid its debts, redeemed its circulating notes, repaid its stockholders, and closed its doors so rapidly as to have turned the current of popular feeling that had been running against it, as decidedly in its favor. But we refused to submit to the will of the majority; procured, by open purchase and secret bribery, an illegitimate charter from a profligate State Legislature, and dishonestly kept in circulation the same notes that had been issued by the legitimate Bank of the United States. In this way we contributed to the election of VAN BUREN, and brought bankruptcy and repudiation, reproach and dishonor upon our country. Indeed our overthrow, as a party, was so signal that when VAN BUREN came in we were too weak to restrain him—and hence, being left to carry out his principles, he was held responsible for their consequences, and thus, as would be the fate of all rulers who wrong and oppress the people, he ruined himself. Mr.

POLK has been elected President by duplicity and falsehood. It was essential, with a view to his election, to profess principles which one-half who voted for him did not intend to carry out. The minority, by not uniting with those who acted thus dishonestly, saves the Administration from itself, and encourages demagogues, in 1848, in 1852, in 1856, and until the Republic comes to be shipwrecked, to go on defrauding the people.

I am most ardently in favor of the Tariff, and most inflexibly opposed to the admission of Texas into the Union. But as the people, not only of the South, but of Pennsylvania, New York, New Hampshire, Maine, &c., comprising a decisive majority of the whole, have decided, after free discussion and mature deliberation, against the Tariff and in favor of Texas, I would allow the majority to carry out their principles. I admit that these measures are both wrong. But I insist that the people have the right to do *wrong*; and though temporary evil would ensue, I would endure this cheerfully, in consideration of the permanent good that would follow. Such a lesson as this would teach the people what must be learnt soon, or learning, like remorse, may come too late.

Another and most important Reform is the ONE TERM principle. Let it be firmly established that the Presidency, for ONE TERM is the "be all and end all" of human ambition in America, and we shall soon experience the good effects of such a change. Men would continue to struggle for the Presidency; devices and arts and stratagems would still be resorted to, during the canvass; but when the elections were over, and the prize obtained, the motive for misrule ceases. A Presi-

dent who knows that he has only ONE TERM of service, instead of perverting and prostituting his power and his patronage, to purchase a re-election, would aim to administer the Government honestly, that he might live respected in his retirement, and leave his name untarnished to posterity. Even JOHN TYLER, the poor, miserable, despised imbecile, who now goes from the Presidential chair scorned of all parties, but for his profligate and disgraceful, though impotent efforts for a re-election, would have passed at least decently through his official course. If the people, rising above party influence, would now unite to effect this Reform, they would purify the Administration of their Government, and lengthen out their lease of Republican Institutions.

The Camilla, a vessel that started from New York for St. Thomas on the 1st of February, has neither arrived nor been heard from. There is, therefore, too much reason to apprehend that she is lost.

XI.

SANTA CRUZ, MARCH 20, 1845.

PRESIDENT POLK has taken possession of the White House, but we know nothing here of his cabinet or his inaugural. It is a relief, nevertheless, to feel that there is an end of Tylerism, than which it is quite impossible to conceive of anything more detestable.

Texas, it would seem from our last accounts, has been annexed to the United States. This, in all rational probability, secures a permanent slave supremacy in the Administration of the Government. Such, at all events, was the known and avowed object of its annexation. This object was manifested in the rejection of Mr. VAN BUREN, as a candidate for President, after his Anti-Texas letter, by a convention instructed and pledged to nominate him. The question of annexation was distinctly submitted to the people. That question—and that question alone—produced Mr. POLK's nomination. The Presidency hung upon that question, first in the nominating convention, and again at the ballot boxes, where the people ratified the act of the convention. This is the precise truth, and it is as unwise as dishonest to deny it. The people have themselves to blame for whatever of calamity ensues. If New York, and Pennsylvania, and New Hampshire, and Maine, should become weary of their bondage, the fault is their own; for they gave their free limbs to the man-

acles with which they are to go clanking through the world. I do not blame the South for pushing its advantages. The points gained are as vital to them as they are fatal to us. Whenever and wherever the rights and interests of the North and South have clashed, they have owed *their* triumph to *our* treachery. The political, numerical, intellectual, moral and physical power and strength of the country, resided North of "Mason's and Dixon's line." But our "Dough-Faces" have frittered it all away. We have had the power to confine Slavery to its constitutional limits, and it was our imperative duty to have exerted this power. But how lamentably we have failed in the discharge of this duty! The South is indebted, for every acre of acquired Slave territory, to the recusancy of the North. The People have tamely and ingloriously allowed political leaders to surrender, campaign after campaign, the fastnesses and bulwarks of Freedom, for the "loaves and fishes" of office. All that is important and valuable in policy, and all that is dear and precious in principle, has been yielded by "dough-faced" Representatives, to obtain places in Cabinets, Missions abroad, and "spoils" at home. And the result of all this baseness and treachery is, that Slavery not only boasts a President chosen expressly to enlarge its boundaries, but has acquired a decided preponderance in the Senate of the United States! But I rejoice that Heaven's justice has overtaken *one* of the arch-traitors by whom the heritage of Freedom has been sacrificed. MARTIN VAN BUREN, the "Northern man with Southern principles," who, for more than twenty years, continued selling his birth-right for pottage, was, in his utmost need, abandoned by those

for whom he had sacrificed the North. This was a righteously retributive punishment. Those whom he had so long oppressed and mocked, would have been but half avenged, had the bolt which struck him down been sped by other hands.

I wish with all my heart that you could beg or borrow a Santa Cruz MOONLIGHT. I will not attempt any description. Only a poet would be mad enough to venture upon such an impossibility.

We went the other day to "Bass End," for the two-fold purpose of seeing the town and of paying our respects to Gov. VAN SHOLTON. The distance is fifteen miles, and the drive a delightful one. The central part of the island is such a perfect Garden of Eden, that when you come to an estate called "PARADISE," the whole scene wears a celestial aspect. Returning, we dined in company with our friends HILL and WALKER, with Mr. LANG, upon his estate, "Adventure," and then drove in by moonlight.

There were seven Danish and two American vessels at "Bass End." One of the latter (the Condor) was run into, on her way out, by a large ship, and so cut to pieces that her preservation seems miraculous. Her stern, almost to midship, was entirely stove in. The collision occurred in a dark night, three hundred miles from port. The ship pursued her course without even inquiring what damage she had done. Fortunately the Condor had mild weather after the accident, and reached her destination, but in a sinking condition.

The Government House is, for so small an island, an expensive establishment. Gov. VAN SHOLTON inquired about Texas and the Tariff. His Excellency, by the

way, visited America in 1836, with a view of making some arrangement with our Government that should admit the products of this island upon terms more favorable, by granting reciprocal advantages.

We saw, near Bass End, quite a forest of Century Plants, many of which were in full flower, but none so large or more perfect than that which bloomed, two or three years ago, in the Patroon's Garden.

I was delighted, a few days since, with a flying visit from our friend RIDDLE, of Allegany, who, on his way to Cuba, seemed either to have dropped from the clouds or to have come up out of the sea, for no vessel had arrived; but upon inquiry it turned out that while the ship in which he is passenger was laying at St. Thomas, he chartered a "cockle-shell" that brought him to us. I drove him out to Maj. LOGAN'S that afternoon. We found the Major with two friends (he never dines alone) at their dessert and Madeira, with whom we passed a pleasant evening. The next morning we all drove out to Carlton, where we breakfasted sumptuously with Doctor STEVENS, and passed a delightful forenoon in his Garden and about his Plantation. While enjoying our Segars under a broad-spreading Tamarind tree, the Lizards came down as usual, to keep the Musquitoes away from their Protector. The Doctor's kindness for animals has developed instincts and awakened affections that would not discredit a race intellectually endowed. His beautiful fan-tailed Pigeons, when he returns from town, come with their greetings to his Carriage, and perch upon his shoulders. His Lizards jump from the Trees into his hands. A year or two since, when several of the Officers of the United States Ship Potomac,

with two gentlemen residing here, were at Breakfast with the Doctor, a huge Lizard that had the misfortune to lose its tail, by some casualty, marched into the room, and up to the Doctor, with the dismembered limb in its mouth! This looks, I confess, too much like a "Remarkable Snake Story," but it is, nevertheless, a well authenticated fact. The maimed reptile, under the influence of instinct highly excited, sought relief from the hand by which it had been fed and cherished. The Doctor himself regards the circumstance as a tribute to his skill in Surgery. The unreasoning species are not alone, however, in their appreciation of Doctor STEVENS' Medical services. He performed, at an early day, with entire success, some of the most difficult Surgical operations. His writings upon Yellow Fever, Scurvy, &c., won for him the highest Medical honors that Europe confers. He was one of three eminent Physicians upon whom Degrees were conferred upon the occasion of Lord WELLINGTON's installation as Chancellor of Oxford University. He is now devoting himself to investigations of the highest interest touching the Phenomena of Life, which, in his judgment, prove, 1st. That the action of the body is regulated by some power or agency other than the brain; 2d. That there is a living, vital agent, independent of, and so far as muscular action is concerned, superior to the mind; and 3d. That in Man, and in the higher order of Animals, the principle of Life is seated in the solar ganglion, from which the nervous system or machinery draws its power of motion, and by which it is propelled and governed.

In speaking, as Doctor S. did, in the highest terms of our Dr. BECK's Medical Jurisprudence, he expressed

his astonishment that a man so eminently endowed should have been content with the useful, but unambitious post of Principal of an Academy. If, said Dr. S., "he desires neither fortune nor fame as a Practitioner, he ought at least to have been placed at the head of an University."

The more I see of this island the more I respect and admire its inhabitants, among whom, irrespective of color, the love of kindness has universal sway. You neither see nor hear anything of outrage, violence or disorder. Of the thirty thousand inhabitants here, twenty-five thousand are colored, and comparatively ignorant and degraded; and yet crimes and misdemeanors are more rare than with the same number of people in the best portions of New England.

The Planters endeavor to render the stay of visitors pleasant, by attentions and hospitalities. You are received, in your drives through the Island, with the utmost cordiality, wherever you stop. Captain COSTONIER, who commands at the Fort here, and Captain STRANGARD, who is in command at Bass End, are equally attentive and courteous to Americans. At the table of Capt. COSTONIER the other day, I met, in the person of his father-in-law, ROGER O'FARRELL, Chamberlain to the King of Denmark, an accomplished gentleman of the "olden time," whose manners and conversation are equally polished and instructive. His ancestors were driven by persecution from Ireland to Denmark. Mr. O'FARRELL was in New York in 1812, where a daughter, the wife of a nephew of Field Marshal BLUCHER, was born. The acquaintances he formed there have all "shuffled off this mortal coil." A son who succeeded to the fortune and title of an aunt, is living

in Paris as Count MOLE. Another daughter is the wife of an Italian nobleman. His estates (Annally and Punch) lie upon high ground about three miles from the Sea. The Oranges which I sent home and to New York, were from Annally.

We are about to lose most of our American friends. The ship Lesmahagow, of St. Johns, N. B., but now from Liverpool, has called for her owner, Mr. HAMMOND, who came, with his family, in the ship Cornelia, to pass the winter here. She goes hence to Savannah, taking, besides Mr. HAMMOND (an enterprising and wealthy merchant of St. Johns) and family, Dr. UPSON, Mr. and Mrs. BALDWIN, Mr. and Mrs. GRIFFIN, Mr. WHEELER and Mr. LOCKWOOD, of New York, Mr. HEDGES of Albany, Mr. CHILD, of Rochester, Mr. EACKER of Montgomery county, and Mr. JUSTICE of Philadelphia. Dr. UPSON came out with us in the Cornelia. He is a gentleman of great personal and professional worth, and is returning, I am happy to say, to his friends, much improved in health. Mr. HEDGES has not derived the benefit he anticipated from a change of climate. Mr. CHILD, with whom we part very reluctantly, is still suffering with Rheumatism. I had intended to leave in the Lesmahagow, but have been detained by an apprehension that invalids, by a too early return, are liable to lose all they have gained by a winter's absence.

The only Americans left will be Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED LIVINGSTON, Miss BLACKWELL and Mrs. DOMINICK of New York, Mr. McMARTIN, of Wilmington, Del., Mr. and Mrs. VAN VALKENBURGH, of Albany, and ourselves. There is also an amiable family, Mr. and Mrs. DAVID, from England, who have resided for some years in New

York, who were our fellow passengers in the *Cornelia*, and with whom we have been very agreeably associated. Mrs. D., though still an invalid, in the hands of Dr. STEVENS, is gradually improving.

MARCH 25.

We have arrivals with newspapers to the 14th inst. The Cabinet and Inaugural indicate, as far as I can judge, a disposition on the part of the President to act for himself. The Treasury ought to be in abler hands, but if Mr. WALKER is honest, of which there is no reasonable doubt, he will do well enough. BUCHANAN is a safer man than CALHOUN, for the State Department. The Inaugural, but for its false reasoning in regard to Texas, is not very exceptionable. Indeed its tone and spirit are elevated and conciliatory. If the President will navigate the ship of State by this chart he may have a prosperous voyage. And having excluded Presidential aspirants from his Cabinet, if he sets a ONE TERM example, he will entitle himself to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen.

The barque *Rosalie*, Captain HILL, sailed yesterday for Philadelphia, with a full cargo of sugar, molasses, &c. Among her passengers is Captain NEWTON, of the Coldstream Guards, who, with his brother, has been passing the winter upon their estates in this island. Those who make his acquaintance will find him rarely endowed with accomplishments and virtues.

The brig *Eliza*, Captain LOCKWOOD, which has discharged and taken in her cargo in a week, sails for New York this evening.

We are looking out for the United States frigate *Macedonian*, Com. PERRY, who is to touch here on his way home from the coast of Africa.

XII.

SANTA CRUZ, APRIL 4, 1845.

THE monotony of this Island has been broken by the unexpected arrival of three Ships of War. First came the United States Frigate Macedonian, Com. PERRY, who has been relieved from his command of the African Squadron, and is on his way home. Then came the French Frigate Andromede, of sixty guns, and the Corvette Niade, of thirty guns, with Admiral LA PLACE. The French ships were preceded by a French steamer (the first we have seen here), mounting twelve guns.

The ships of war, as they approached the island, showed to great advantage. The Macedonian, having a stiff breeze, came in with but little canvas. Salutes were exchanged with the Fort, after which, Mr. HILL, the Governor's Aid, went on board to welcome the Commodore to the Island, and invite him to the Government House, at Bass End. Early next day, the Steamer arrived, and soon afterwards the French Ships hove in sight, with all their sails set, and making a splendid appearance. The wind blowing from the shore, the Frenchmen had to make several tacks to get in. The Andromede saluted the Macedonian while the former was coming in, and the latter returned the salute while the Frenchman was passing her. When she came to anchor, salutes were exchanged with the Fort. Mr. HILL then went off, in the Governor's name, to wel-

come the Admiral. He was accompanied by Captain VAN SHOLTON (a brother of the Governor), in whom Admiral LA PLACE recognized a former Lieutenant of the French navy, who, fifteen years ago, circumnavigated the globe under his command. The meeting was a most gratifying surprise.

The arrival of these ships puts every thing astir on the island. The slaves find a brisk market for their vegetables, poultry, eggs, &c. Horses and vehicles are in constant demand. The island Ladies, in town and upon the estates, are busy at their toilets, in anticipation of visits, dinners and balls, &c.

The ladies of the Rev. Mr. MINES' church had been occupied, all winter, with preparations for a FAIR, with the proceeds of which an Organ is to be purchased, which came off, opportunely, the day after the arrival of the Macedonian. The receipts amounted to \$1,120, over \$1,000 of which was net profit.

The French and American frigates met, three weeks since, at the island of Martinique, where the officers exchanged dinners. Admiral LA PLACE and Com. PERRY are upon very intimate and cordial terms.

I went on board the Macedonian on Wednesday morning, to pay my respects to Com. PERRY, with whom two hours were passed in agreeable conversation. He went out nearly two years since, in command of the African Squadron, from which he was relieved by Com. SKINNER. His cruise, though never a pleasant one, on that coast, has been in many respects remarkably fortunate. Of the thousand men under his command, he has lost none by the Fevers so prevalent and fatal in Africa. The most danger, he says, is from exposure on shore

after sundown. He avoided this danger, by never allowing an officer or man to be on shore later than four o'clock in the afternoon. The same healthiness continues on board his ship, where, with a crew of 450 men, only three are ill, and those from slight accidents.

The relief squadron, I am sorry to hear, was far less fortunate. On board the *Preble*, soon after her arrival, over one hundred men were down with fever, sixteen of whom died. Two promising young officers (Midshipman HENRY, of Philadelphia, and Midshipman SMITH, of Salem) died of Fever. Both were much beloved. The latter was the "hope and prop" of the widow of Lieut. SMITH, who was lost in the *Hornet*. He shared his pay with his Mother, who needed it the more as her means of support had been cut off by the loss of the "Navy Pension Fund," which was swallowed up by one of the villainous financial "experiments" that disgraced our country during the misrule of JACKSON and VAN BUREN.

Com. PERRY was occupied much of the time while on the coast of Africa, in placing our missions and colonies in a state of security. They had been subjected to many annoyances which required attention. He speaks in warm terms of the intelligence of many of the colonists.

The *Macedonian*, as has already been stated, while upon this cruise, passed twice over the equator, and stood where there is neither latitude nor longitude. She also passed over the spot where she was captured by the United States, and the same cannon which *then* endeavored to vindicate England's boast of "Britannia rules the waves," were *now* made to commemorate their own defeat! But though these cannon were there to

speak, DECATUR, and most of the gallant spirits who shared with him the dangers and the glory of that conflict, are where even the cannon's voice cannot be heard.

Captain ABBOT, who returns in command of the Macedonian, went out in command of the Decatur, in which vessel he had very active service, having brought her to anchor, in out-of-the-way ports, and upon little known coasts, one hundred and forty times. When Captain MAYO, who went out as captain of the Macedonian, had leave to return, Captain ABBOT succeeded him. This excellent officer was the Midshipman ABBOT who, with a small detachment, rendered a most important service to the country in destroying the masts of a British vessel on Lake Champlain, previous to the action which resulted in the capture of the British fleet. But for this exploit the British would have been fitted out before Com. MACDONOUGH was ready to meet them. By thus delaying the equipment of the British fleet, MACDONOUGH was enabled to meet and vanquish him when he did come. For this, and his gallantry in the action, Congress voted Midshipman ABBOT a sword, of which, both as an officer and a citizen, he is eminently worthy. He is, I believe, a native of Massachusetts.

On leaving the ship, the Commodore asked us to invite the Americans who are staying here, on board, and said a boat was at our service either to come on board with ladies or to row them about the harbor. In the afternoon of that day, I met the Commodore and Captain ABBOT at the hospitable table of our friend HILL, whose dinners have the merit of being not only excellent but frequent.

After dinner yesterday, three of the Macedonian's

boats took a large party of Ladies and Gentlemen off to the ship, where we were cordially and kindly received by the Officers. Having been shown through the ship, and partaken of refreshments, a couple of hours were gaily passed in Cotillion and Waltz.

The officers seem to be living in great harmony, and speak in terms of high respect for their Commodore, of whose worth and ability the country has had long and varied experience. None of the dissensions which existed in the Exploring Expedition, mar the enjoyment of the officers belonging to the African Squadron; nor would a three months' Naval Court-Martial, for the trial of petty delinquencies and constructive disrespect to a superior, have been entailed upon the country, if PERRY instead of WILKES, had commanded that Expedition.

Com. PERRY has long been a resident of our State. His "Place," with the appropriate name of "*Moorings*," is situated on the bank of the Hudson, between the village of Sing Sing and Tarrytown.

Two of the officers of the Macedonian, Acting Lieut. PERRY and Midshipman DESLONDE, both young men of high promise, were with Captain M'KENZIE, in the unfortunate Somers, and had but just returned from the coast of Africa, when they again sailed for the same destination, but with a far more auspicious result.

Com. PERRY, who visited the Governor the day before yesterday, returned this morning accompanied by His Excellency, who dines this afternoon with Mr. HILL. Admiral LA PLACE went on board the Macedonian to-day, and was received with the honors due to his rank. Captain VON DOCKEN, of the Danish man-of-war brig *St. Croix*, who arrived last night, also visited our Frigate,

and was received with a salute, as was Captain COSTONIER, who is in command of the Fort here. Com. PERRY afterwards went on board the French Frigate and Danish Brig, where similar honors were paid him; and then Com. PERRY fired a salute of fifteen guns in honor of the Governor-General.

The Governor-General gives a dinner at Bass End to-morrow and a ball on Monday, in honor of the American Commodore and French Admiral. Captain VAN SHOLTON gives a dinner on Tuesday and a ball on Thursday. There is little else than these entertainments to be thought or talked of for a week.

The following list of the officers on board of the Macedonian was politely furnished me by Mr. ETING, the Purser:

JOEL ABBOT, acting Captain, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore M. C. PERRY.

Lieutenants—CHAS. A. POOR, BUSHROD W. HUNTER, WM. B. WHITING.

Flag Lieutenant—JOHN J. ALMY.

Acting Lieutenants—GEO. WELLS, M. C. PERRY, Jr.

Master—JOEL S. KENNARD.

Fleet Surgeon—EDMUND L. DU BARRY.

Purser—HENRY ETING.

Commodore's Secretary—WM. P. RODGERS.

Professor of Mathematics—MARTIN ROCHE.

Lieut. Com. Marines—J. C. RICH.

Assistant Surgeons—JOSEPH HUNTINGTON, CHAS. EVANSFIELD.

Commodore's Clerk—WM. F. PERRY.

Captain's Clerk—JOHN P. ABBOTT.

Purser's Clerk—AUG. D. ABBOT.

Passed Midshipmen—JOHN F. ABBOT, ALPHEUS BARBOT.

Midshipmen—PETER WAGER, Jr., ARCH. H. WARING, WINGATE PILSBURY, JOSEPH SEAWELL, WM. E. AUSTIN, WM. MITCHELL, ADRIAN DEERLONDE.

Boatswain—JOHN MILLS.

Gunner—JOHN CLAPHAM.

Carpenter—AMOS CHICK.

Sail Maker—WM. H. BRAYTON.

Purser's Mate—WM. BEERS.

Master's Mate—JOSEPH VANNES.

LETTERS
FROM EUROPE.

1851-2.

LETTERS.

I.

STEAMER BALTIC, DECEMBER 6, 1851.

THOUSANDS have admired the exceeding beauty of form and finish of the Steamer Baltic, for in this respect she is unsurpassed. But she has higher and nobler qualities. In her construction the Architect, while preserving her "line of beauty," has given her bearings which combine herculean strength with the utmost attainable speed.

The Baltic is of three thousand tons burthen. Her ponderous Engines, Boilers, &c., &c., weigh one thousand tons. She usually takes thirteen hundred tons of Coal, though some nine hundred tons are sufficient for an ordinary voyage. This leaves room for seven hundred tons freight, and when thus laden she draws nineteen feet water.

The Crew consists of a Captain, four Mates, four Quartermasters, two Boatswains, Purser, Surgeon, twenty Seamen, and two Boys.

In the Engine Department there is a Chief and Six Assistant Engineers, with twenty-four Firemen and twenty-four Coal Passers.

In the Culinary Department there is a Steward, two Stewardesses, six Cooks, and a Butcher, with forty Pantry and State Room Servants.

Now, with the Steward's permission, let us look into his Larder. The "stores" for a voyage consists of 2,000 lbs. of Crew Beef, 1,500 lbs. Prime do., 250 lbs. Veal, 250 lbs. Pork, 400 lbs. Mutton, 200 lbs. Lamb, 100 lbs. Sausages, 25 Sweetbreads, 6 Pigs, 12 Kidneys, 50 lbs. Tripe, 6 Livers, 12 Ox Tails, 6 Calves' Heads, 12 Calves' feet, 30 Turkeys, 30 Geese, 60 Ducks, 170 Chickens, 60 Pigeons, 24 Grouse, 24 Rabbits, 12 Hares, 4,000 Eggs, 600 quarts Milk, 100 lbs. Codfish, 50 Haddock, 136 Lobsters, 100 bushels Potatoes, 2 barrels Turnips, 100 heads Cabbage, 200 do. Celery, Onions, Cauliflowers, Horse Radish, &c., &c., &c., 70 lbs. Figs, 40 lbs. Prunes, 6 Wiltshire, 4 Stilton, and 2 Cheshire Cheeses, 6 kegs Butter, 25 barrels Flour, &c., &c., together with ample "Reserved Stores" in case of accident.

The principal articles of Freight now on board are 3,000 boxes Cheese, 127 Tierces Lard, 200 boxes Bacon, 500 barrels Apples, 41 boxes India Rubber, and \$1,500,000 in Specie.

The Baltic makes Sixteen Passages a year. Her average time, so far, has been 10½ days. She is usually in the best running condition on the fifth day of her Passage, when, with fair weather, she accomplishes from 300 to 350 miles every twenty-four hours.

We encountered a Gale from the Northwest while on the Banks of Newfoundland, which continued with great severity for thirty-six hours. For several hours the ship was kept on her course, but the Seas began to run so tremendously that she was eased by running more to the Southward until the gale moderated. The Officers said that they rarely saw a heavier sea. The

waves towered up over the wheelhouses, and sometimes in laying on the side of a wave the wheelhouse would be submerged. But she rode over all gallantly, glancing rather than shipping seas. Indeed her decks, unlike most other steamers, are rarely wet by the sea. And during the whole Gale, while under the pressure of three powerful elements—viz., wind, waves, and steam—she was as obedient to the helm as a Pilot Boat, one man only being required at the wheel.

But the Sea does not always frown. We had, on the whole, fair weather and a most agreeable Passage. The Sofas, Lounges, &c., &c., in the Baltic, do much to while away time. There is, also, every conceivable comfort for the Sick, and every attainable luxury for those who are well. Her fare is bountiful and luxurious. Breakfast, consisting of all that the appetite, whether sharp or dainty, can desire, is on the Table from 8 to 11. At 12 comes a Lunch of Soups, Meats, Cheese, Sardines, &c., &c. At 4 we are summoned to a Dinner as admirably cooked, as tastefully served, and as various in courses as any that can be furnished at our best Hotels on shore. Then comes Tea at 7 o'clock, and Supper for those who want it at any time between 10 and 12.

The Evenings pass pleasantly in conversation and with music.

On Sunday, just after the Gale, notice was given for the Passengers to assemble for Divine Service at 12 o'clock. The Service of the Church of England was read, impressively, by JAMES LAWRENCE, Esq. (Son of our Minister to England), and an appropriate Sermon was read by Mr. JOSEPH PEABODY, of Salem. There is a peculiar solemnity in these occasions. The Ocean

drives us to self-examination. Man, thousands of miles from land, upon the fathomless deep, realizes his dependence, his nothingness. I have listened heretofore, at Sea, to eloquent Bishops and pious Divines, but in their absence the Scriptures may be read and the Services of the Church observed, profitably, by Laymen.

Our Passage had but few incidents. The most painful was the loss of a man overboard. We were startled one evening by a piercing shriek, and then a cry on deck which was at first mistaken for Fire! Soon, however, this was corrected by that of "A Man Overboard." The Engines were immediately stopped and the Sailors rushed to the small Boats, but on inquiring it was ascertained that the unfortunate Man was half a mile or more astern, and as the small Boats were in danger of being swamped, thus periling other lives without any possibility of saving his, Capt. COMSTOCK decided to go on.

The lost man was a "Coal Passer" who had been ill and partially deranged through the day, though his case had not been reported to the Captain. He had been reading the Bible and Praying, and finally took leave of his companions, who did not, however, apprehend such a fatal step. He came up from below, went upon the guards and plunged into the Sea. A Sailor saw him jump, but instead of giving the alarm immediately, ran to the stern of the Ship and endeavored to throw a Preserver. Some Passengers did throw out Preservers, but not until the poor fellow had been swept beyond their reach. And so the deep Sea swallowed him up! His name was SMITH, of New York, where his Parents reside.

It is wonderful to witness the accuracy with which nautical men measure distances and determine localities on the Ocean. We had been ten days at Sea, and much of the time in thick weather, off our course for more than 1,000 miles, and running by dead reckoning until 12 o'clock yesterday, when the officers got an observation. At half-past six I was sitting with Capt. Comstock, who said we are now within twenty-five miles of Cape Clear, and shall make the Light (pointing in the direction) there away, before 7 o'clock. All were now on the look-out, and ten minutes before 7 the light appeared, twinkling at first like a small star in the firmament. Cape Clear Light revolves every $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and is thus distinguished from other Lights. Captain POPHAM, though an excellent officer, strangely mistook this Light a few years ago, for that of Crook Haven, a few miles North, and ran the fine Packet Ship Stephen Whitney upon a reef of rocks, where she broke and went to pieces, all on board, except the first mate, perishing.

Entering Cape Clear, our Steamer glided up the Channel at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, hugging the Irish Coast. We passed near Courtmacsherry, where I landed in 1843, and which called up agreeable recollections.

To-day we had our last Dinner on board the Baltic, which was a sumptuous one. Mr. LAWRENCE, prefaced by some appropriate remarks, offered a sentiment complimentary to Capt. COMSTOCK, which was received with heartfelt enthusiasm, after which the Captain was called from his duty on deck long enough to make his acknowledgments in the handsomest and most appropriate manner and language. Brief remarks were

made by other Passengers, among whom was MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, of TROY, who dwelt upon the character of our Institutions, the progress of improvement and the destiny of our Country, closing with a sentiment in remembrance of the Homes and Hearts that followed us with their hopes and their fears across the Atlantic.

At 9 o'clock we reached Liverpool, when all the Passengers but ourselves were impatient to get on shore. Custom House officers came off to the Ship, and then an amusing scene followed. Some went peering about the Ship after secreted Tobacco, while others dipped into Passengers' trunks, pouncing upon and weighing all dutiable articles. The examination closed about 11 o'clock, when the Passengers, on leaving in a Tug, gave three hearty cheers for Capt COMSTOCK, who responded to them by a salute from the Ship's cannon.

The Baltic and her consorts of the Collins Line, are vessels which challenge the world's admiration. In model, strength and speed, as in finish, furniture and attendance, they are all that capital, enterprise, genius and taste can make them. As a feature in Steam Commercial Marine, they are in advance even of an age that seems to leave nothing unaccomplished. England and France led the way in Ocean Steamers, and for a while "Jonathan" mused and whittled. Then dashing into the field, two years brought us up to our great National ancestors and rivals; and now our Steamers, like our Packet Ships and Man-of-Wars-Men, in the Channels, Rivers and Harbors of England, stand up and out in strong and beautiful contrast with the noblest and proudest creations of the Old World.

And Capt. Comstock is not only capable but worthy of just such a command. He commenced his career with a good education, before the mast, his first voyage round the world occupying four years. He was then for some years Mate of a Packet Ship, and for the last fifteen years Master of the fine Steamers running through the Sound. With the principles of Steam Navigation he has, therefore, been long practically familiar. And in judgment, temper and vigilance he can have few, if any superiors. His discipline, though no duty is neglected, and every order is obeyed promptly, is remarkably quiet. No loud voices are heard and no impatience manifested. Nobody's "eyes" are "damned," and you neither see nor hear of any "lubbers" among the crew. The result of all this is that the crew do their work well and cheerfully. All passes so noiselessly that a Passenger remarked that the "Baltic commanded herself." In a word, the Baltic and her Commander are Models, as those who have had experience of both very gratefully affirm.

I suffered, as usual, from Sea Sickness, but those sufferings bore no resemblance to the horrors my brother GREELEY described. What a horrible account he gave of "Life on the Ocean Wave!" They told me on board the Baltic that while deathly sick, but keeping the deck, a heavy man, as the ship lunched, trampled on Mr. GREELEY's toes, but immediately apologized. The sea sick man replied, "Don't speak of it, sir. I am rather obliged to you for affording me momentary relief from a misery worse than having my corns excoriated."

II.

LONDON, DECEMBER 9, 1851.

SEVERAL kind friends, before our departure, instead of congratulating themselves upon a release, insisted that I should keep up a rambling correspondence. The American Press has been so abundantly supplied for a year or two with "European Letters," many of which were excellent, that even good ones must begin to tax the public patience, while indifferent ones, almost necessarily upon exhausted topics, cannot fail to be tedious. I know that the readers of the Evening Journal are among the best tempered people in America, but I do not like to impose too far on their good nature. They pay for wheat, and ought not to be put off with chaff.

There is, even in this busy, sight-seeing portion of the world, leisure for reflection, and when I think, I am strongly moved to write. The danger is that this propensity may lead me to write without thinking. But if I should finally decide to let my pen go, I will endeavor to stop it when there is nothing to say.

The aspects of England have greatly changed since I saw her eight years ago. This change is apparent everywhere, and in all you see. It is a change vastly for the better. England is now prosperous. Her Commerce thrives. Her Manufacturing interests are in a healthy state. Her Agriculture, though the Landlord does not get as large profits as formerly, diffuses a

wide-spread prosperity throughout the Kingdom. The English Nation is now better fed and better clothed than it has been at any time for fifty years. There is a destitution and suffering, as must needs be, but it is greatly diminished in extent and squalor. Instead, therefore, of having, as many supposed, enjoyed all there was for her of "rise and progress," England is going on with giant strides to increased power and wealth, greatness and munificence.

Much of this prosperity is of course the fruits of a long Peace. But not all. England has been, for fifteen or more years, wisely governed. The "Iron Duke," the late Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord ABERDEEN, &c., &c., are enlightened and patriotic Statesmen. The Queen, "take her all in all," has qualities which render her a blessing to the English Nation. With a knowledge which enables her to discriminate between good and bad measures, and a faculty to surround herself with experienced and upright Counselors, she steadily exerts her power to uphold the right. It is the opinion of the wisest men here that no King, however able, could have reigned as usefully as has Queen VICTORIA.

When here before, I was struck by the circumstance that London had, in the sense we understood the term, no suburbs; that there were no miserable shanties or windowless huts, and no starving women or ragged children upon the outskirts of the City. The grounds are highly cultivated, and everything looks most palmy, up to the Gas-Lights. The reason did not then occur to me, though it is apparent enough. The land is too valuable to be thus wasted. Every avail-

able rod or foot is needed for cultivation. They cannot afford to let the idle and vicious, or even the unfortunate, vegetate where Vegetables can be grown. The poor and the destitute, along with the profligate and pestilential, are driven into the heart of the City, to tenant cellars and garrets in Lanes and Courts.

And in one respect there is a marked difference in the Agricultural Districts of England and America. Heretofore our Farmers had few or no high-blooded Animals. They could not afford to purchase "Durhams" and "Herefords" and "Southdowns," &c., &c. With us grain was cheap, and we could best afford to fatten common herds. But here nothing pays but blooded stock—the purest paying the best. The English cannot afford to pay anything for bones, legs, snouts, and ears. They go for flesh, and they get it, too, with the smallest possible proportion of bone or garbage. There is but precious little "coarse meat" in John Bull's Beef and Mutton.

The topic discussed everywhere, and by all classes here, just now, is the usurpation of LOUIS NAPOLEON, though there is scarcely any difference of opinion. All agree in regarding his conduct as perfidious, and all unite in denouncing him, the "Morning Post" excepted. It is supposed here that LOUIS NAPOLEON has secured the Army by promising it occupation; that wars will be waged as soon as he has "conquered the prejudices" of the French People. A very well informed English gentleman informs me, on what he regards as unquestionable authority, that even before this Usurpation the French President had consulted his Ministers in regard to the Programme of a War,

and that they had great difficulty, after the Commanding Generals had advised against it without further preparation, to induce a postponement of the design. If this be so, it is evident that LOUIS NAPOLEON intends to "follow in the footsteps of his Illustrious Predecessor."

The French People are either overawed by the Army, or they are willing to purchase repose at any sacrifice. But how long this state of things can last, is a problem that must solve itself. The Prince DE JOINVILLE and the Duke D'AUMALE, as you will see, have their eyes turned in that direction. They hope for a reversal in favor of their House. But that branch of the Bourbon Family, however popular once, made a "very bad failure," and are utterly discredited now.

KOSSUTH is now, I suppose, in America. He created a stir here, and is regarded as a man of decided ability. But he has no thought of retirement or repose. He is cast for a Part in the World's Drama, and means "to play out the Play." With a temperament which requires action, I do not believe he will content himself, long in America, especially if events in the Old World should invite his return.

The Queen, with her Court, is at the Isle of Wight, and London is now out of town. Our Minister, Mr. LAWRENCE, is at his post. He resides in Piccadilly, fronting St. James Park, with the Duke of WELLINGTON for his near neighbor on one side, and the great heiress, Miss BURDETT COURTIS, on the other. He has sustained himself, officially, personally and socially, most creditably. With the Government, the Nobility and with his Countrymen, he is universally popular. He went, a

few weeks ago, with Mrs. LAWRENCE, for relaxation, to Ireland; but his visit proved one of deep interest and severe toil. No American Minister had ever visited Ireland. Where so much American feeling exists, it was an event of more than ordinary importance. The Minister was received everywhere, and by all classes, with marked enthusiasm. He visited Dublin, Galway, Limerick, Cork, &c., &c., receiving public demonstrations from the authorities of those cities, and attentions from the Nobility and Gentry. This gave him favorable opportunities for ascertaining the condition, resources and wants of the Island. Since he returned he has, I am informed, addressed a Despatch on the subject to our Government.

The Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER, who is rightfully regarded as the Father of the Tariff of 1846, is receiving marked attentions here — attentions to which he is well entitled, for England is now profiting largely by the Policy of the POLK Administration. The British Manufacturers are reaping, and will continue to reap, a rich harvest from the Tariff of '46. They paid, if what I hear be true, handsomely for that Tariff, but it is repaying them, in its operation, fiftyfold. England, after adhering for centuries to a rigidly restrictive Policy, has attained a position which enables her, with her superabundant capital and cheap labor, to become the World's work-shop. There is a fable, I believe, of a Fox who having lost his own Tail, persuaded his friends that Tails were quite useless. England has got to the end of Protection, and is now endeavoring to persuade America, a Nation that possesses, like England, all the elements required for Manufacturing independence, that

as *she* can Manufacture for us cheaper, we should abandon the Protective Policy! She does not tell us, however, that when, deluded by the popular theory of "Free Trade," we shall have withdrawn the pressure of American competition, John Bull, generous as he is, will consult his own rather than our interests, in his prices.

I do not urge a High Tariff. We collect quite revenue enough now. But let us have a discriminating duty, with one eye to Revenue and another to Protection, keeping the latter eye a little widest open. I hope to see the closest commercial relations cherished and perpetuated between England and America. We want much that she makes, and she needs some things — considerable, indeed — of what we produce. But when the balance of trade is so much against us as to require the shipment of nearly a million of dollars a week, making some fifty millions a year, I venture to hazard the opinion that we cannot stand it long.

I met Ex-Secretary WALKER at the House of an English friend the evening before we went to Manchester. He is even more zealous than when in the Treasury Department for Free Trade, insisting that *our* true interests lay in that direction. It was urged, he said, that the Tariff of 1846 would break down the Iron interests, and yet Pittsburg, the only exclusively Iron Working City in the Union, was never so prosperous. But he very frankly admitted that this was owing principally to the fact that the raw material was obtained at rates so low that it was destructive to *that* interest, which is a large and important one.

In the course of the conversation I alluded to the amount of Duty I paid on some segars, remarking that in

this respect, at least, trade did not appear to be remarkably *Free*. That, he said, was a point to which he had determined to call the attention of this Government. The duty on Tobacco, he agreed was most onerous.

I have been struck afresh, with the number and amplitude of the Parks and Squares of London. They are a most important feature, and one that should be better observed in American Cities. The future will be filled with unavailing regrets at the want of attention to such interests, with which the health and happiness of Cities are so intimately blended. Beside those great breathing places, Hyde, Regent, Queen and St. James Parks, there are Squares in front of nearly all the residences of Noblemen.

I was quite fortunate in the Canvas Back ducks that I brought over for some friends. Four Brace went to the American minister, three brace to Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, three Brace to JOSEPH PARKES, Esq., and three Brace to Mr. STEELE, of Manchester. Mr. LAWRENCE divided with the Duke of WELLINGTON, Mr. PEABODY sent some to Mr. STURGES, of the House of Baring, Brothers, & Co., and Mr. PARKES divided with other friends. Mr. LAWRENCE tells me that he never eat them in finer order even in Washington. The Duke was delighted with this specimen of Yankee Game. I partook of them myself at the hospitable tables of Mr. PEABODY (the "American Merchant Prince"), and of Mr. PARKES, and certainly never eat finer ones at the Astor House or at Barnum's. Ducks, therefore, shot in the Chesapeake Bay on the 21st day of November, were, on the 7th of December, gracing the best Tables in London, having traveled 3,600 miles. So much for Steam and Ice.

We attended the Annual Cattle Show in Baker street to-day. It was a splendid Show of Cattle, Sheep and Swine. The Cattle were principally of the Durham and Hereford Breed ; the Sheep South Downs and Leicesters. I will not attempt to describe them. Specimens, "few and far between," have been seen in America ; but here were hundreds of Animals as perfect and pure as blood and high feeding could make them. The highest Prize awarded for Cattle, was Forty pounds, with ten pounds for the Feeder. The Duke of RICHMOND took the first Prize (twenty pounds) for South Down Sheep. The attendance of Ladies and Gentlemen was very large.

On Sunday, we attended Divine Service in Westminster Abbey, where a large congregation were worshipping the Ever-Living amid the monumental remains of the Illustrious Dead. We sat in the immediate vicinity of Tablets and Portraits to SHAKSPEARE, DRYDEN, ADDISON, BARROW, GOLDSMITH, HANDEL, JOHN, Duke of Argyle, &c. The scene added solemnity to the services.

III.

FOLKSTONE, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

I INTENDED to gossip through another sheet about London, but some interruptions broke me off, though I am not sure that you will escape an infliction, for I am here so cozily "in mine Inn," with nothing to do, that I find myself Pen in hand almost unconsciously.

John Bull is becoming better acquainted with Jonathan, and begins to appreciate his qualities. Our Packet Ships and Steamers have done much for us as a Nation. Mr. STEVENS' Yacht America achieved still more. Indeed John has not recovered from his amazement at that result. But he took his defeat like a Gentleman, as he is. Then we have sent over two fast Nags, "Pigeon" and "Fanny Jenks." The latter, I believe, was raised by our old Whig friend JENKS, of West Troy. There are, among the "oldest inhabitants," other recollections of which I need not speak. Altogether we are getting a respectable position in England. Let me give a practical illustration. There is one Barber in a dozen streets surrounding St. James Palace. He has about as many wigs to dress as Caxon, who did these honors for "Mr. Wardour" and "Mr. Oldbuck." But I was, for a week, the only individual who required his services as KNIGHT (and this was his name) of the Razor and Strop. He said he had heard that Gentlemen did not Shave themselves in

America. I informed him that his Profession thrives with us. When he asked if we had English Hair-dressers, I replied that most of our barbers were French and Italian, though some Englishmen were doing well. And he said, "I suppose, after a while, the *Natives* learn to Shave very well."

You will see in the London Times of the 12th inst. a very marked article anticipating events which may place England and America in a League to defend Constitutional Freedom against the encroachments of Despotism from combined Europe. In that article a mighty part is cast for us in the World's Drama. There is, doubtless, a pregnant future for America; but her career will, I trust, be a peaceful one. Our truest happiness and greatest glory can be achieved by a pacific Policy.

The Crystal Palace stands in all its exterior magnificence. England alone could have conceived and fashioned such a structure. And now, the purpose of its construction having been accomplished, what is to be done with it? It is a pity to demolish such a beautiful edifice.

I was surprised to learn that Lots in the vicinity of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange were less valuable than in Wall street. Rents, except in the most fashionable quarters, are about the same as in New York.

The State Department, in pursuance of a Resolution of Congress, has addressed Circular Letters to American Ministers and Consuls, inquiring the expense of living. Mr. LAWRENCE answers, not by saying what it costs *him* to live in London, because he fortunately is

able to support any style that he chooses, but by showing what it costs an American Minister to live respectably, ending with a conclusion that the present Salary is not quite half adequate. Mr. L. pays \$6,000 a year for House rent, and over \$1,000 for Carriages, Horses, Coachmen, &c. This leaves but \$3,000 for all other expenses.

All who come to London find it a very expensive City. Money finds its way out of your pockets with wonderful facility. A Guinea changed is a Guinea spent. But we found one remarkable exception. We took rooms, at the suggestion of our fellow Passenger, Mr. JAMES LAWRENCE, at Christie's Hotel, in St. James street. This, you know, is in a most desirable West End quarter quite convenient to Oxford and Regent streets, with Piccadilly on the one hand and Pall Mall on the other, St. James Palace being within forty rods, and Buckingham Palace within a quarter of a mile. At this Hotel, where we lived a week, with excellent attendance and capital fare, our expenses, including Servants, was less than they would have been at any first class Hotel in Philadelphia, New York or Boston. But this, I say, is an exception, for on comparing bills to-day with two young Gentlemen from the South who came over with us in the Baltic, and who stayed at "Long's Hotel" the same number of days, we found that it cost them (two) \$16 more than we (four) paid at CHRISTIE'S.

Yesterday one of the Fogs we had read of enshrouded London. All day, lights were as indispensable as at night. You could not see from the sidewalk half way across the street. The Thames Steamers did not run, and those destined to move to distant points could not

depart. The London papers say that there had not been so dense a Fog for seven or eight years.

We left London at half past 4 o'clock for Paris, *via* Folkstone, Boulogne, Amiens, &c. But the fog prevented our seeing anything of the Country through which we passed. Folkstone is eighty-four miles from London, a distance which we ran in two hours and a half, finding at the terminus a very excellent Hotel, the Pavilion.

The Folkstone of the days before Railways were invented, was an old Town inhabited by Fishermen, and had been finished at least a century ago. But Railways have given it a new impulse and are building up a New Town as a Rival to Dover, a place that had been for a long time quite finished also. The Railway and Steamer Fare, from London to Paris (262 miles) is £2 10s., or \$12.50.

As we are neither bearing Despatches from the Government, nor acting as agents for Livingston & Wells, we concluded not to run Express to Paris. We, therefore, left those who chose to go on in the night to *their* enjoyment, while we sat down to a capital Dinner, after which I repaired to the "Coffee-room" to study John Bull, solus, by his glass of Ale, his pot of Stout, or his hot water, sugar and whiskey, digesting his Dinner and the Times newspaper. By-and-bye comes a fat, fussy Gentleman, who gets up a dish of French politics, and then all pitch into LOUIS NAPOLEON right and left.

To-morrow we cross the Channel to Boulogne, where we intend to remain until Monday.

IV.

BOULOGNE, DECEMBER 14, 1851.

WE left Folkstone at 12 o'clock yesterday in a very finely modeled Steamer (unlike those so long in use here), with the advantage of a pleasant day and a calm sea, which enabled us all to keep the deck watching the receding chalk cliffs of England until the corresponding ones of France were discerned.

As a large share of the World's commerce passes through this Channel, numerous Merchantmen were constantly in sight. But how the face of things, in this respect, has changed? Up to the year 1807, England was constantly struggling with some or all the maritime nations of Europe for the Supremacy of the Seas; and in these Straits many of the most sanguinary Naval Engagements were fought. Blood enough has been shed in this channel to crimson its waters. If the Sea could give up its Spoils what Fleets of clumsy, lumbering ships-of-war would rise to the surface?

It is thirty-nine miles from Folkstone to Boulogne. We ran over in two hours. In entering this Harbor we passed over an hundred and fifty fishing Smacks, each manned with from a dozen to twenty Frenchmen, all talking loud and vehemently. The Smacks were taking advantage of the tide to get to Sea. Boulogne, always extensively engaged in Fishing, has increased this traffic largely since she has a railway to Abbeville,

Amiens and Paris. They take Cod, Haddock, Turbot and Sole, with a fish slightly resembling, though much inferior, to the White Fish of our Lakes, together with Herring and Sprats. They have, also, Mackerel fisheries, but they produce none of "No. 1." The Bass and Black Fish are not taken here. The Turbot, to my taste, is not what is claimed for it; but the Sole is delicious.

Of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Boulogne, eight thousand are English. "It is quite ridiculous," said a sprightly little girl who came with us, to her Father, "to see what mobs of English one meets in Boulogne."

There are several excellent schools here, and many English people, in moderate circumstances, come to educate their children. We made acquaintance with one of this class (Capt. PAGEOT, a half-pay officer of the British Navy) and his amiable Family, who very kindly showed us Lions and civilities. Many decayed gentlemen also come to nurse their gout and replenish their Exchequer; and a still larger number come to avoid the importunities of creditors. It has been a resort, too, from an early period, for needy Authors and Artists. LE SAGE, the author of *Gil Blas*, and CHURCHILL, the Poet, died here; and I believe that CAMPBELL, whose polished lines, like POWERS's statuary, set criticism at defiance, lived for many years, and finally died here. An old gentleman informs me, also, that Sir WALTER SCOTT, on his way back from Italy, yielded up his great and gifted spirit in Boulogne, though I had no such recollection.

The old Town of Boulogne is encircled by a wall built by the Romans. Immense Armies have been

concentrated here, first by CALIGULA, then by HENRY VIII, and then by NAPOLEON, that of the latter, in 1803, numbering 180,000, the different divisions commanded by Marshals SOULT, DAVOUST, NEY and VICTOR. He also had 2,400 Boats here, with which he intended to invade England. While here, the Army devoted a day's pay from each month to erect a magnificent Column, surmounted with a Statue of the then First Consul. Marshal SOULT laid the Corner Stone in 1804. But it was unfinished when NAPOLEON first abdicated, and LOUIS XVIII resumed the work, intending it to commemorate the restoration of the Bourbons. He was also compelled to fly before its completion, and after the Revolution of 1830, it was again resumed, and finally completed according to the original plan. It is a splendid Monument, on the base of which are bas reliefs, in bronze, of the General Officers of his Army submitting to BONAPARTE a Plan of the Column, and a group representing the *first* presentation of the Legion of Honor, which took place then and here.

We attended service in an English Chapel this morning, three of which are well attended here. Strangers pay a franc each for tickets, without which it would be difficult to pay the incidental expenses.

RUSSELL, the Vocalist, has purchased a Mansion here with pleasant grounds, as a permanent residence for his Family. Having known Mrs. RUSSELL in Albany, we called in the Evening and passed an hour agreeably with her. Mr. R. has been, and continues, successful in his Profession. He is now in London.

PARIS, December 15.

We left Boulogne at 10 A. M. this morning, and arrived here at 5 P. M. The Railway passes for twenty miles along the Coast, and then strikes off through a fertile and well cultivated country, interspersed every few miles with ancient Chateaux, with Tower and Turret, and Villas of thatched Cottages. The Cabbage, Turnip and Beet crops remain in the ground. The Turnips are turned out in furrows as they are wanted by the Cattle and Sheep. Most of the Farms were Ploughed and most of the labor was performed by Women. Abundant crops of Wheat and Hay had evidently been gathered.

The train stopped half an hour at Amiens, which gave us time to take Coffee and glance at the old Cathedral which was erected in the 13th Century, and is one of the noblest edifices in Europe. Among its sepulchral relics is the Head of John the Baptist (as is believed), brought here by the Crusaders. Here, in 1802, the Treaty of Amiens was signed by JOSEPH BONAPARTE (now Governor of the Hospital of Invalids) on the part of France, and Lord CORNWALLIS on the part of England. PETER the Hermit was here. Amiens has 50,000 inhabitants. Its Railway Station and Depot is the most graceful structure of the kind I have ever seen.

It is a luxury to travel on such a Railway. The Car designed for eight Passengers would not escape with less than twelve on our Roads. The feet are warmed by hot water in tanks. The track is so solid and smooth that you scarcely realize that you are moving. But how the Road pays its Stockholders, or even its expenses, with two trains a day conveying from fifty to

seventy-five Passengers, not half of whom go in the first-class Cars, I cannot conjecture. It may do a large freight business, though we saw but one Freight Train between Boulogne and Paris.

Paris is tranquil and looks cheerful. Infantry Guards are stationed at all the Theatres, Hotels, &c., &c., and Cavalry patrol the City during the night. Many strangers have left, and the Hotels are quite deserted. At MEURICE'S, where there are usually 150 to 200 Guests, there are now only some forty, and at the Hotel de Lille de Albion, where we lodge, there is but a dozen. JOHN JAMES, with his Son, and Doctor HOWARD TOWNSEND, are the only Albanians here.

V.

PARIS, DECEMBER 21, 1851.

THE People of France are now deciding the question, by Ballot, whether LOUIS NAPOLEON shall be their Ruler for ten years. Or rather they are ratifying the act by which he declared himself Supreme. I have been yesterday and to-day to the Polls in several of the Districts. Inspectors and Clerks preside as with us; and each Elector takes with him the evidence that he is a Voter. A man stands at the entrance of each Poll distributing Ballots (one of which I inclose) and for this he is paid by the Government. Each poll is protected by two Sentinels. The question is decided by "Yes" and "No." Tickets with "Yes" only are printed, so that those who vote "No" write their ballots. There is no other Candidate, and there will, it is supposed, be but few negative Votes. Instead, therefore, of an independent expression of public sentiment, it is but an act of acquiescence, constrained or otherwise, in the usurpation of NAPOLEON II.

Such of the French People as you hear talk on the subject are in favor of the change. This grows out of a desire for some form of Government that is strong enough to give repose and security. And so long as the Army is with NAPOLEON they feel sure of both, while without this conservative (!) influence, it is said, all would go wrong. There is, how rightfully I will

not undertake to say, a great dread of Socialism here. It is not believed that Society can be reformed upon that plan. It is difficult to "conquer the prejudices," to reform the habits, and subdue the passions of ages. However attractive as a theory, most people doubt whether such a reconstruction of society is practicable. The system would stand a better chance, or at least a fairer experiment could be made, by commencing with a community whose habits of civilization are unformed.

There is, also, among the Aristocracy of France, a systematic effort making to cure the working classes, especially of Paris, of their penchant for Republicanism. Paris, since the downfall of LOUIS PHILIPPE, has lost its accustomed gaieties. The Fetes, the Balls, &c., &c., that formerly rendered the City so attractive, have been discontinued. The Nobility and Aristocracy live cheap, purchasing as little as possible of shopkeepers, and giving few entertainments. The City is consequently less interesting to strangers, and business is therefore dull. Paris, to be prosperous, must be brilliant. Her Palaces must be occupied and her Saloons open. The wealthy and fashionable must be drawn here by Royalty, whose atmosphere cannot be breathed except by those in costly attire. A very large proportion of the inhabitants of Paris derive their support from occupations which minister to the luxuries rather than the necessities of life. In almost everything here the ornamental predominates over the useful. And in everything ornamental — in all that charms the eye, gratifies the ear, or delights the palate, the French are unrivaled. The Shopkeepers, the Milliners, the Con-

fectioners, the Perfumers, &c., &c., sigh for a Restoration.

The loss of life, in the recent affair, is variously estimated at from 500 to 1,500, in Paris. Many of these people were shot on the Boulevards, and were generally persons who were attracted thither by curiosity. Three Americans were wounded, one of them, a Midshipman or Lieutenant of our Navy, severely. LOUIS NAPOLEON, who heard of the case, sent one of his Staff to see him. Another American charged with crying "a bas Napoleon" was sent to Prison. Mr. SANFORD, our Secretary of Legation, hearing this, investigated the charge, found that the man not only did not so cry, but knew so little of French that he was incapable of doing so if he had desired; whereupon, the third day he was released.

Our townsman, Mr. J. B. JAMES, found himself "in a tight spot" during the melee. Walking on the Boulevard Poissonniere, he saw a child knocked down by the horse of an Officer, and going with the multitude towards the spot where the child lay dying, he heard an order, and looking round found a Platoon of Soldiers, with their muskets cocked, aiming at him and a few others, who did not wait for a second order to disperse. Near the place, a short time afterwards, a crowd was fired into and twenty persons killed. As late as yesterday I saw Masons at work plastering up Cannon and Bullet holes in the walls of buildings on the Boulevards.

The Proclamations of LOUIS NAPOLEON were a perfect surprise. Paris went to sleep on the night of the *coup d'etat*, without a suspicion or a dream of what would greet them on waking. The Government Printer, it is

said, was sent for at 12 o'clock at night to receive the manuscript copies of the Proclamations, &c., with a strict injunction of secrecy. Guards accompanied him back to the Printing Office, and were stationed by each Compositor and Press until their work was done.

During the progress of the Revolution, strong feelings of hostility to NAPOLEON were manifested, and a pretty general belief existed that he would fail. But this belief, if not the sentiment, has undergone a great change. Nobody now doubts but that the Nephew and Heir of NAPOLEON is to govern France, in what manner and how long, remains to be seen.

The Palace of the Tuilleries is being restored and fitted up as a Royal Residence. The President now occupies the Palace of the Elysée, in the Rue St. Honoré, but it is expected, immediately after the Elections, that he will remove to the Tuilleries, signaling his success with a splendid Review and a series of magnificent entertainments.

Mr. RIVES, our Minister, has not been to the Palace of Elysée since the Revolution, though after the President shall have been recognized by the People it is presumed that he will reappear at Court.

That LOUIS NAPOLEON has the sympathies, and will have, if he desires it, the support of the Legitimists of Europe, is quite certain. If by doing for them what they could not do for themselves, their friendship could be won, he is well entitled to it. It is easier to mold and govern France now than it ever was before. There are fewer master spirits to deal with, fewer rivals to encounter, and a less excitable population. The spirit of the age is pacific. Even those who love

Freedom, rationally, are disposed to count the cost. They are willing even to forego the enjoyment of its blessings if the boon is to be purchased with blood and treasure. But this probably grows out of the circumstance that here in France, after having overthrown Despotisms and Representative Monarchies for the sake and in the name of Freedom, they fail to get a genuine article. So far the French political crucible has given the People bogus instead of the pure metal. And it is not to be wondered at that they begin to distrust, if not to weary of false pretenses.

The success of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S demonstration will, in defiance of the maxim, roll back the wheels of Revolution. It will put out the fires and crush the spirit of Freedom all over Europe. There is no hope for Switzerland or Sardinia, and less than none for Hungary. The People of Prussia, Belgium, &c., who obtained installments of Liberty from their Monarchs will or may be required to yield them back.

You have LOLA MONTEZ in America. She is not only an eccentric but an extraordinary woman. I have learned a good deal of her history from a reliable source. Though not faultless, and certainly not a model for Ladies of our Country, she is by no means as bad as she has been represented, and even less frail than hundreds of European Ladies, in high life, who pass without public scandal. Her career has been a most eventful one, and her present professional visit to America is not among its least singular incidents.

VI.

PARIS, DECEMBER 29, 1851.

MORE than 8,000,000 of votes were cast on the 20th and 21st instant, of which over nine-tenths were in favor of LOUIS NAPOLEON. This average is nearly uniform in and out of Paris.

The President or First Consul, is now actively engaged in arranging the machinery of Government. He is aided by comparatively new men, most of the Statesmen of the Republic having either retired or been discarded. To perfect a system of Government for France is no ordinary task. The power of LOUIS NAPOLEON is supreme, so that if he possesses wisdom and integrity he can, for a season, at least, give repose and prosperity to a great Nation. I say for a season, because I am persuaded that this condition of things cannot be enduring. That repose for which the People are indebted to the Army, cannot last long, for the Army must and will have occupation.

The President keeps his own secrets. The best informed persons here are quite ignorant of his intentions. The movement which overthrew the recent Government was a perfect surprise. Ministers and Generals who found themselves in Prison on the morning of the 3d instant went to sleep, wholly unconscious and unsuspecting. All was admirably arranged. The Minister of the Interior, the officer destined to the com-

mand of the Army and the Chief of Police were alone in BONAPARTE'S councils. The entire Police force was on duty, with extra pay, all night. Resistance was apprehended only from the National Guard. To avoid this possibility the Drum Majors of each Brigade were directed to repair with all their Drummers and Drums to a large Court in the Place Vendome at eleven o'clock at night. Here they were placed under a sufficient guard and supplied bountifully with refreshments for the night. This and similar precautionary steps were taken so adroitly as to escape observation.

"The Independent," a Journal published at Brussels, as I am informed, contains an account of the movement furnished by distinguished men obnoxious to the President, but as that Paper has been suppressed here, I have not seen it, though a Gentleman just from Belgium promises me a copy. The account published in the London Papers, which I suppose you have seen, was written by DE TOCQUEVILLE.

The President is seldom seen, though this is supposed to be on account of his devotion to business. We met him on Thursday Evening returning from the Theatre in a close Carriage escorted by a Troop of Cavalry. He is to be at the Church of Notre Dame on New Years Day where there is to be a sort of Coronation.

The resignation of Lord PALMERSTON is the subject of much speculation and conjecture here. The London Papers are read with avidity, but furnish little more than their own speculations. The French question, as is generally supposed, had more or less to do with that resignation. Mr. WEBSTER'S demands in regard to the outrage committed upon our Flag at Nicaragua may

have embarrassed the retired Minister for Foreign Affairs. Lord PALMERSTON certainly sympathized with LOUIS NAPOLEON, as did not the British Nation, but his views are not unlikely to be adopted by his successor, for if the other Monarchies find it for their interest to recognize this Government, England will not stand out alone. If, therefore, the British Man-of-War was sent to Nicaragua with instructions which occasioned that outrage, Lord PALMERSTON would have found it easier to resign than to disavow the act. And if, as we all assume, *that act is to be disavowed*, may not this account for the resignation of the Minister of Foreign Affairs ?

The Nicaraguan Affairs, together with the change of Ministry, will probably prevent our Minister, Mr. LAWRENCE, from visiting Paris, as he intended, next week.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been removing some troublesome residents of Paris. France, as you know, has a common centre to which everything tends and all are attracted. With us many to whom the restraints of law are inconvenient, go to Texas, or Canada, or California; but in France all persons of enterprise and genius come to Paris. This, of course, makes a mixture of good and bad, in which, however, there is a strong infusion of the latter ingredient. Of persons condemned through a series of years to the Gallies, some 500 who had been either pardoned or had served out their terms, returned to Paris. They were, however, restricted to certain quarters, though not very rigidly watched. These discharged convicts, or some of them, were engaged in Barricading the City on the

3d inst., with a view to pillage and spoils. Orders were, therefore, given to the Chief of Police to arrest all who had thus broken their ban. Several hundred have been taken and sent to Cayenne, where a Colony of Convicts is to be established.

Paris is, or seems to be, as quiet as Boston or New Haven. For this the City is, I suppose, indebted to the Sentinels who are posted at almost every corner, and the Horse Guards that patrol during the night.

The Parisians are preparing for the New Year. The Shop windows are gorgeous beyond anything I had ever imagined. The displays in the Rue de la Paix, the Palace Royal, and on the Boulevards, are alike brilliant and dazzling. Booths are erected along the Boulevards filled with all the novelties and frivolities that French genius and taste (in which the attractive and repulsive are strangely mingled) can invent; so that for miles you have a continuous Bazaar.

Mr. VATTEMARE, the indomitable Father and Agent of the system of International Exchanges, continues to devote himself to his enlightened Mission with a perseverance and fidelity worthy of all praise. He took us yesterday to the Patent Office to see a splendid Collection of Weights and Measures which are to be presented to the American Government in exchange for Weights and Measures sent from Washington to France. The French system is a perfect one, and this Collection is very valuable. The Weights and Measures are now being carefully verified, and will be shipped in a month or two. The Minister of Commerce, in acknowledging the receipt of the American Weights and measures, says "that the Scales particularly have

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been found of such precision that they are now used in preference to ours for the most delicate operations."

We also visited Mr. VATTEMARE's Agency Apartments, in which are many hundred Volumes of rare and valuable Books destined to enrich the Archives and Libraries of our Country, many of them being for our own State, a rich return for its munificence in this respect. It is to be hoped that the American Government, National and State, will continue to strengthen Mr. VATTEMARE, for by doing so America will, in the course of a few years, become the recipient of most of the Literary and Scientific treasures of Europe. He is the man of all others for the successful prosecution of this great enterprise. His ambition is to be the Founder of a Republic of Letters. And to this end he brings an energy, an intelligence and an enthusiasm which must overcome all obstacles.

NAPOLEON is about to signalize his triumphant election by a series of public demonstrations. At the Church of Notre Dame to-morrow is to be a magnificent TE DEUM, in which the Archbishop and all the Clergy will participate. The Mayors of all the Cities in France, the Officers of State, the Judges, the Diplomatic Corps, &c., &c., are to be present. Ten guns are to be fired in the morning, at the Hospital of Invalides, for each million of Affirmative votes. On the 3d of January a Grand Ball is to be given at the Hotel de Ville, and a Grand Banquet at the same place on the 4th. On the evening of the 1st of January the Public Buildings are to be illuminated. After the TE DEUM the President is to receive the congratulations of the Civil and Military Authorities at the Palace of the

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Tuilleries. Soon after these Fetes there is to be a Review of the Army.

Our Minister, Mr. RIVES, as I informed you, had not been at the Palace of the Elysée since the *coup d'etat* of LOUIS NAPOLEON. As all the other members of the Corps Diplomatic had called immediately after that event, Mr. RIVES' absence was the subject of remark, and, as is said, of displeasure. If the President should assume that our Minister has discontinued his official relations with his Government, Mr. RIVES will not be invited to the TE DEUM, BANQUET, &c.

Our Consul, Mr. GOODRICH (known and respected everywhere as Peter Parley), not only discharges his official duties acceptably, but renders Paris exceedingly pleasant for Americans, by throwing his house open for agreeable and unceremonious visits every Friday evening. We met a large party of Americans there, who passed the evening with conversation, music and dancing. Both Mr. G. and his Lady tender to visitors, in the kindest manner, not only civilities but information, which are alike pleasant and useful.

The Office of Messrs. LIVINGSTON & WELLS is also a favorite resort of Americans, where they read American newspapers and mail Letters. I hope that their establishment here is as advantageous to themselves as it is convenient and pleasant to their countrymen.

The confidence of French capitalists in the existing state of things is indicated by their sale of American securities, with a view to their investment in French Funds. I meet such almost daily at the Consulate making transfers of United States stock.

VII.

PARIS, JANUARY 2, 1852.

The advent of a New Year occasioned opportunity for LOUIS NAPOLEON, who availed himself of it, to commemorate his triumphant Election by a most splendidly impressive ceremony at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, that memorable edifice having been gorgeously decorated for the occasion.

In going to Notre Dame at half-past 10 A. M., we passed thousands of Troops, who were being formed on either side of the streets leading from the Palace of the Elysée to the Cathedral, a distance of two miles. All was excitement, but there was no confusion. We reached Notre Dame at 11 o'clock in a long train of carriages. All around National emblems were displayed. Numerous Battalions of Troops guarded every approach to the Cathedral. In entering the Cathedral we were dazzled by the brilliancy of 13,000 sperm candles, placed in over an hundred Glass Chandeliers, Candelabras, &c., &c. This broad glare of light threw its rays upon innumerable Flags, Eagles, Tapestries, and a gorgeous canopy, under which a chair was placed for the "Prince President," this, for the present, being his title. Most of the decorations were the same used at the Coronation of Napoleon in 1804, with an "L" added to his initial of "N."

The Municipal Authorities of Paris and the other Cities of France, the Officers of Government, the

Judges, the Bar, &c., &c., were already there. It being difficult to obtain Tickets (lest some who had lost friends in the massacre should come with an intention of avenging their griefs), prevented the attendance of citizens and strangers except to a limited extent. There were but few persons, therefore, in the Galleries. This gave us a fine view.

A little before twelve the Archbishop of Paris, with his Clergy, in magnificent Robes, moved in Procession down the broad Aisle to the entrance, where they awaited the arrival of NAPOLEON, whose approach was heralded by the firing of cannon and the pealing of the chimes of the Cathedral. The body of the Church was filled with Gendarmes, who surrounded the President and those who occupied places of honor and distinction.

NAPOLEON, as he entered the Church, knelt slightly to the Archbishop, from whom he received the Sacrament and a Benediction. The Holy Fathers then moved slowly back to the Altar, followed by the President, with General ST. ARNAUD, the Minister of War, on his right, and General MAGNAN, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, on his left. Immediately behind the President sat JEROME BONAPARTE, Ex-King of Westphalia, Marshal EXCELMANS and General DE LA KANIERA, both Soldiers of the Emperor, and the latter having lost his right arm in one of his battles. There could not have been less than six or seven hundred officers of the staff and the line, all in full dress, in the Church. NAPOLEON passed in and out of the Church amid exclamations of "VIVE LA NAPOLEON," mingled, or rather sprinkled with voices, shouting VIVE L'EMPEREUR!" The President

was dressed in the uniform of a General of the National Guard.

The Diplomatic Corps, in full Court Dresses, made an imposing appearance. Lord NORMANDY, the British Ambassador, with a splendid scarlet uniform, was particularly conspicuous. Mr. RIVES, the American Minister, represented his Country as FRANKLIN did, in Republican simplicity of costume.

The TE DEUM was highly effective. During the ceremony there was the most profound stillness. The singing was what might have been expected from several hundred of the finest and most highly cultivated in Paris.

The ceremony occupied just an hour, and old Parisians speak of it as bearing a striking resemblance, in its decorations, effect, &c., to the Coronation of NAPOLEON. The President has a youthful appearance, a quick eye and an alert step. His bearing was graceful. Throughout he was self-possessed, receiving and wearing his honors as complacently as if he had purchased and paid for them. He evidently believes, with his Illustrious Uncle, that his "Star is leading him to Supreme Power." That he possesses great talents, courage and vaulting ambition, is quite certain.

I looked upon this magnificent Pageant with a painful conviction that all that had been gained for Freedom, in France, by the Revolutions of 1830 and of 1848, is LOST. The Republican Experiment, in this great Nation, has proved a signal failure. The wave which those Revolutions rolled through Europe, shaking Thrones in its course, will now come back with a crushing recoil.

But LOUIS NAPOLEON is not alone to blame for all

this ; others were laboring, with even more zeal, to bring Republicanism into disrepute. And it is probable that if *he* had been faithful to the Republic, *they* would have overthrown it and him. Those whom he imprisoned must not all be regarded as victims to Republicanism. And it must be admitted, also, that in this *coup d'état* the President has the support of a vast majority of the People of France. The Aristocracy was of course against Republicanism. Capitalists lived in constant apprehension. The middling classes began to doubt. Operatives, &c., by whom Republicanism was mainly upheld, imperfectly informed, were liable to mistake License for liberty. Agents were busy, in the name of Republicanism, mingling passions with its principles that threatened destruction to society. The result of all of which is, that the mind of France is reluctantly returning to its ancient modes of thinking. It therefore *acquiesces* in, rather than *approves* of, the change which seems inevitable.

Already "coming events cast their shadows before." The President removes to the Palace of the Tuilleries. Persons are only to be presented, hereafter, in Court Dress. A Functionary is abroad negotiating a marriage with a Princess. By a Decree in the *Moniteur* this morning, the "Eagles" of the days of the Emperor are restored to the National Standards and to the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The terms "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY," which everywhere greet the eye, upon the walls of Public Edifices, are to be EFFACED. Indeed, all the emblems of Free Government will fade out, and with them perish the hopes of Freedom on this side the Atlantic.

VIII.

PARIS, JANUARY 5, 1852.

THERE is, just now, a pause in public affairs; or perhaps I might say that the curtain has fallen upon the conclusion of the 2d Act of the great National Drama. The Actors are dressing, doubtless, for the next scene, but little is known of what passes in the green-room.

New gold coins are to be struck, with "LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, DIEU PROTEGE LA FRANCE," on one side, and "REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE" on the other.

On Saturday the Tree of Liberty in front of the Chamber of Deputies was cut down. Other Liberty Trees about Paris have shared a similar fate. One at Bezires, which cost the Town 1,200 francs, has been torn up by the roots and given to the Poor for fuel. These trees are supposed to exert an unfriendly influence against the Government.

Many of the Towns are becoming very loyal. The Municipal Authorities of Mioris headed their Congratulatory Address thus: "To His Majesty my Lord President of the French Republic." The Schoolmaster could not have been much abroad in that quarter.

The Moniteur says that LAMARTINE has renounced politics and is about to discontinue his Journal.

We have seen RACHEL, the French impersonation of

Tragedy. She is indeed a great actress, though to see her, in repose, no person could suppose so. There is nothing remarkable in her person, or striking in her features. Indeed, until her powers are required, she seems a commonplace sort of person enough. But in all that she does and says, the perfection of manner and the soul of feeling are wonderfully displayed. Having seen her, even with disadvantage of understanding most imperfectly, I no longer wonder at the enthusiasm she is capable of inspiring. She is, I am sure, well entitled to be ranked with GARRICK, Mrs. SIDDONS, TALMA, and the Elder KEAN, to whose Tragic excellence none other has ever attained.

We went, on Saturday evening, to the Grand Ball, given in honor of the Prince President by the Prefect of the Seine at the Hôtel de Ville. It was one of those brilliant scenes of which you have read. The Rooms were richly decorated and brilliantly lighted. Lords rejoiced in Stars, Garters, &c., and Ladies sparkled with Diamonds. The Music was exciting and the Dancing graceful. Some 4,000 persons were in attendance.

Apropos of Music. The Choir, by which the Te Deum was executed at Notre Dame on New Year's Day, received 16,000 Francs, or \$3,200, for its services.

Mr. BRYAN, of Philadelphia, a gentleman of literary tastes and a connoisseur in Painting, who has resided in Paris twenty years, has a large collection of rare and valuable Pictures, the Works of ancient and Modern Artists. I dined with him on Sunday, and while looking through his Gallery discovered a Painting which

possessed great historical interest. This is a VIEW OF GENESEE FALLS, painted by the Brother of LOUIS PHILIPPE in 1795, when those illustrious Exiles were on their way through the wilderness to Niagara Falls. The View was taken from the Northeast side of the River, (below the Falls) about opposite what used to be Alcott's Cotton Factory, where so many of us stood to witness the fatal leap of "SAM PATCH." There seem to have been four persons in the party, and while the Artist was engaged with his Pencil his companions were engaged in getting ready a collation on a blanket under a tree. After the overthrow of LOUIS PHILIPPE, this among other Pictures belonging to the King, was sold, Mr. BRYAN, knowing its value as an American gem, purchased it. But this is not all. Mr. BRYAN intends to present it to the City of Rochester. This is certainly its appropriate destination. And there it will be both appreciated and cherished.

Intelligence reached Paris last evening of the death of Mrs. MURRAY, the accomplished daughter of the late JAMES WADSWORTH, of Geneseo. She had been married but little over a year, and died, I understand, in giving birth to a child. Mrs. MURRAY died at Cairo, whither she had accompanied her husband immediately after her marriage, Sir CHARLES being Consul-General of Her Majesty. It was to attend the Marriage of his Sister in Scotland that JAMES S. WADSWORTH came out in 1850, and for whom such deep and universal solicitude was experienced while the fate of the Atlantic was in doubt.

It is reported here that NAPOLEON was shot at by a soldier doing duty with his Company, as he was leaving

his Palace to go to the Te Deum on the 1st of January, and that the Ball actually hit his hat. It is further said that the Soldier himself was shot by his Company within two hours afterwards. This seems improbable—almost impossible, but well informed persons believe it. If true the President took it very coolly, for he was calm and unconcerned at Notre Dame.

IX.

PARIS, JANUARY 8, 1852.

THE American Mails, quite anxiously looked for, arrived yesterday. But the dates from New York are only to the 23d ultimo, at which time you had scarcely digested the French news. The Tribune utters its indignation with increasing eloquence. Its article has been read here with deep interest. It embodies the sentiments and sympathies of an ardent lover of Freedom.

But I grieve to say that the enemies of Freedom are not alone to blame for its recent collapse in Europe. A great and glorious effort was made in 1848, to overthrow Despotism. Some of its thrones toppled down, and nearly all of them trembled. But those who struck for Freedom lacked either the wisdom or the virtue to profit by the advantages they secured for their cause. The Constitutions and Privileges then granted to the People by their Sovereigns have been either annulled or retracted. In France, where the strongest impulses for Freedom exist, and where Republicanism was most popular, there has been neither harmony of opinion or concert of action. The People to a large extent were sound, but their Representatives were unfaithful, and their Councils distracted. Things went on in this way until a pretty general opinion prevailed that Republicanism would not do for France. This resulted from

no change of sentiment in regard to that form of Government, but from the misconduct of its Champions and Representatives.

Had Mr. GREELEY's article appeared a fortnight earlier it would have been transferred to the London Times, for it is better Thunder than its own. But the tone of the English Press is subdued. John Bull is reflecting upon the French question. Its bearings may well induce England to pause.

I hear to-day from a reliable source that inasmuch as the Captain of the British Vessel at Nicaragua acted without orders in firing upon the Prometheus, the Government has disavowed the act. But if this be so you will have heard of it before this letter reaches home. I hope it is, for we do not want any more "passages at arms." And I fear that the merits of the question are not all on our side.

CHALONS, JANUARY 2.

Instead of finishing this Letter in Paris, I was interrupted by calls, and at an early hour this morning we left the Metropolis, and have been all day passing through a Country which, with American Institutions, and American intelligence and industry, would produce in abundance all that the eye or appetite could desire. For more than two hundred miles the Valleys of the Seine and the Saone, through which we passed, are as fertile and as beautiful, and much broader, than those of the Susquehanna or the Genesee. With the application of marl and plaster, which everywhere abounds, all the products of the Earth are produced in profusion. Upon the Hills, on either side of the River, Vineyards

are seen, and though at this season neither the Valleys nor the Hills are clothed in verdure or "drop their fatness," yet the view of so many evidences of fertility is refreshing. Oh what a glorious Country France would be if her 350,000 Soldiers were, instead of consuming the products of a partially cultivated soil, restored to the workshops and the farms!

We passed Fontainebleau, but as its magnificent Forest is now disrobed, concluded to defer our visit to the favorite residence of JOSEPHINE.

The Rivers I have named, instead of being made available, as our Rivers are, for navigation and other purposes, are almost entirely unused. We did not see, on these Rivers and the Yonne Canal, which runs parallel with them, all day, as much Produce and Merchandise, or as many Boats, as we should have met on the Erie Canal in a single hour. And yet we were passing through Cities and Villages, during the whole day, not more than ten or fifteen miles distant from each other, containing from five to twenty-five thousand inhabitants,

The Peasantry of France are poorly clad and miserably housed. Where Fuel is so scarce and dear, Fire is a luxury in which the Poor are unable to indulge. But inured as they are to this privation, where an American would perish they seem comfortable. It is, nevertheless, a great wrong to all France that the Government should repress the working of her Mines, which might produce an abundance of Coals of an excellent quality. In this, as in other respects, the principle that Governments are instituted for the benefit of the governed, is widely departed from.

DIJON, the Ancient Capital of Burgundy, where we had an opportunity of looking round, is a large, beautiful and apparently prosperous City. Its Churches, Town Houses, &c., are splendid structures. It is a place, as you know, of great historical interest, being the residence of the Dukes of BURGUNDY and the scene of the various vicissitudes of good and evil fortune through which all Ancient Cities have passed. DICKENS has made Dijon the scene of a tragedy of absorbing interest. It was here that EDITH DOMBEY awaited CARRER; it was here that noble spirited Woman avenged her wrongs without compromising her honor; and it was here that crimes which lack a name, and for which human jurisprudence has invented no punishment, were expiated fearfully but righteously by an avenging Locomotive, whose iron wheel crushed the wretch to powder.

CHALONS is the Terminus of the Paris and Lyons Railway. And here we expected to take Steamers, but that expectation was disappointed in a manner quite unforeseen. The Saone is frozen, or rather has been for ten days, but is now breaking up. After beating about we found the Captain of the Steamer who promises to take us to Lyons to-morrow. Instead of taking the Diligence and a night ride, we concluded to wait for the Boat, as uncomfortable and unsightly a looking structure as I have ever seen. She is an Iron Steamer over 200 feet long, only nine feet wide, and without any upper works. Indeed, but for the narrowness of beam and her great length, she looks like a Hudson River Steamer razeed for a Coal Boat. It has three low,

narrow, disagreeable looking Cabins, into which as many classes of Passengers are admitted, with a prospect of faring nearly as well, in the first class, as you do in the Cabin of an Erie Canal Freight Boat. But if the weather should be good, the discomforts of the Steamer will be forgotten in the novelty and beauty of the River scenery.

LYONS, January 11.

We have had a day's experience in a French Steamboat, which, however inferior in every respect to our own, we are quite unwilling to exchange, as we are compelled to do here, for a French Diligence.

The day was cold but the temptations of scenery kept us much on deck. The Saone passed yesterday through a delightful country. The soil, though it has been cultivated a thousand years or more, is of primeval richness. Ancient Chateaux, of majestic proportions, are numerous and imposing. Every Village boasts of a Church which, in their magnitude and magnificence, surpass those that adorn our principal Cities. If Churches were portable it would be a great thing to our thriving Cities to import some that are quite useless here, for it will be ages before we shall have leisure and labor to build such. Absurd as this suggestion is, the removal of the Obelisk of Luxor from Egypt to Paris was an enterprise even more formidable than the removal of a Church to America, for the latter might be taken in detail.

The "Zephyr," that being the name of our Steamer, resembling in many respects the description of *the* Sea Serpent, made but one landing from Chalons to Lyons.

This was at Macon (where the Wine bearing its name is made), a large Town that furnished nine Passengers, six of whom were Soldiers. The French travel, at home, but little. France, with her 40,000,000 of inhabitants, does not furnish as many Passengers for the Railway, Steamboats, Diligences, &c., as the State of New York with her three millions.

The Rivers Saone and Rhone are said to present scenery as impressive and beautiful as that of the Rhine. We have not yet seen that of the Rhone, but the approach to Lyons, on the Saone, for fifteen miles fills and delights the eye. The River is rapid and becomes tortuous, so that the views are constantly changing, each surpassing the other in beauty and grandeur—grandeur, because in approaching Lyons you exchange the comparatively level country for bold mountain views, cultivated as Vineyards to their peaks, and rendered striking with their Chateaux and Castles.

The indications of wealth as you approach Lyons, are all realized upon entering the City, whose massive docks, well built streets and fine mansions, show what the manufacture of Silks has done for its inhabitants. There are some seven hundred Silk manufactories, with over 20,000 looms, here. Lyons contains 250,000 inhabitants, for whom, in good seasons, there is ample employment. Having been founded by some Romans forty years before the Christian Era, Lyons is a place of highly respectable Antiquity, as its central streets, laid out and built up ten or fifteen centuries before America was discovered, strongly testify. Lyons is far inland, it being nearly 200 miles from the Mediterranean Sea. In clear weather the Alps and Mont Blanc may

be seen distinctly from the eminence where the Cæsars once had a Palace, of which there is still a ruin, and where at least one of the Roman Emperors was born. The history of modern Lyons is that of painstaking and thrift, but anciently it was the scene of stirring and startling events. Here the early Christians suffered martyrdom by thousands. And here, in the Revolution of 1793, blood ran, literally, through the streets. But all is peaceful and quiet now.

X.

AVIGNON, JANUARY 14, 1852.

WE looked around Lyons cursorily on Monday. Admittance is obtained to the Silk Manufactories for a consideration. Some very rich Silks are being made to order for America. But others still richer are going to Eastern Pashaws. It was here that the very magnificent Robes for the Archbishop of Quebec, which we saw last Summer, were made, and the Manufacturer confirms the statement of a Priest there, that they were the most costly ever made. We looked, also, at places memorable for blood and sufferings, first by the early Christians, and then in the Revolution of 1793, the latter under the auspices of monsters whose race, it is to be hoped, is extinct.

Lyons is in the vicinity of rich Coal Mines. As our fires were supplied with miserable wood, we asked for Coals. In reply we learned that the business of supplying the City with Fuel was a monopoly enjoyed by two Wood Dealers, with whom the Government shared profits.

The River Rhone being too low for navigation, the Diligence Proprietors, not unlike their brothers in our own Country, took advantage of the circumstance to put up their Fare. In a Steamer it would have cost us \$16 to come to Avignon, 150 miles. Now we paid \$40. This exasperated some people who were going

but having learned, even before reading *Tristram Shandy*, that Frenchmen "will not lend you their Voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and, unless you pay twelve sous for greasing their wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter for his bread?" we took things calmly.

Diligences, lumbering and clumsy as they look, are agreeable and easy going vehicles. The three Ladies of our party were comfortably bestowed in the *Coupé*. Five persons were *packed* along with me into the Interior, while a large and miscellaneous party occupied the Rotunde. The baggage, with any amount of merchandise, goes aloft. When ready for starting, the Diligence, to be drawn by five horses, two at the wheels and three abreast on the lead, weighs something less than a Locomotive. The Roads, however, are excellent, so that even with this enormous weight the Diligence moves off at a tolerable pace.

There is a spur of the Alps reaching quite to Lyons, and we passed, for most of the way to Avignon, through a broken country, presenting many varieties of scenery, some of which were very beautiful. Near Orleans, where the Romans constructed an Arch of Triumph which still stands proudly erect, the Alps, surmounted with Snows, are distinctly visible. It was here, as you know, from which the Family of Orange, that gave Sovereigns to Holland, England, &c., originated.

The Country about Lyons is largely devoted to the culture of the Mulberry, a business into which we embarked, rather unprofitably, some years ago. As we approached Avignon, passing through Provence,

we came into the Olive region. Millions of Acres are devoted to Olive Orchards. The Tree grows best upon the hill side where there is a good exposure to the Sun. The Tree is small and scraggy, and is fruitful and barren alternate years. The large Proprietors make the Oil themselves by placing the Olives in tubs of hot water, where they are pounded to a pommace, from which the virgin Oil comes to the surface and is skimmed off. Then, by compressing the pommace, an inferior Oil is produced.

The Merchandise, Wines, &c., &c., between Lyons and Marseilles and the intermediate places, are transported on Trucks (two wheels not quite as large as that at BURDEN'S Iron Works) drawn by three, four, five, and six Mules, tandem, with a Donkey on the lead. The harness which adorns the Mules' necks must have been invented soon after the flood, before the establishment of Museums, or something like them would have been preserved in these archives of Ancient Art. It would evidently be impossible to "conquer the prejudices" of the French in favor of their own husbandry. In the matter of Swine, for example, while their neighbors have improved the breed wonderfully, the French cherish that "lean kine" which Noah gathered into the Ark. I saw droves of Hogs to-day with legs nearly or quite a foot and a half long. In some instances I really believe that the legs, snout, ears, and tail would outweigh the body. Perhaps this is because the French prefer Souse, or want to display their science in cooking Pigs' Feet, &c., &c. Let me not, however, be understood as speaking irreverently of French culinary science, for

which I have the most unqualified admiration. In this science we are as far behind France as she is behind us in some other respects. If nothing but economy was to be consulted, we should profit largely by establishing Culinary Schools in America with French Professors. But along with economy would come good eating. Take, for example, that indispensable vegetable, the Potato. I have not seen one boiled since we landed in France; and yet they were served on our table, every day, but variously cooked, and always delicious. The tops of Celery, too, are cooked so as to flavor and garnish half a dozen dishes. Nor are good Cooks confined to the principal Hotels and Cafés. It is a Domestic attainment. If any Traveler coming to Paris chooses to test our judgment in this matter, let them take Apartments with Madame JOSEPH, No. 65 Rue New St. Augustin, a few steps from the Place Vendome, the Boulevard Madeleine, the Garden of the Tuilleries, and the Champs Elysée. I will cheerfully pay for all the Dinners they quarrel with.

Provence, through which we passed to-day, was, apparently, very poor. Everything looked old and dilapidated. We saw but few Cattle and no Sheep, There was everywhere an absence of domestic comfort. The People lacked the cheerfulness which belongs to the French character. The Buildings are all of Stone, with apartments for Families and Horses under the same roof. For full an hundred miles we encountered a race of unwashed Women. We did not see for hours, either in Villages or at Farm Houses, a Woman or child with clean face or hands.

But as we approached Avignon, both the face of

Nature and the faces of "Heaven's best gift" manifested a gratifying improvement; so much so, that it is not at all difficult to imagine that LAURA's charms and virtues were worthy of PETRARCH's muse and devotion. On inquiring, however, for LAURA's Tomb, we were informed that but a single stone of it remains.

Avignon is a most interesting Town. Here the Romans made their mark, as indeed that wonderful People did wherever their Arms or their Priesthood established themselves, for their structures were alike formidable and enduring. Their numbers must have been legion, or they could not have accomplished such Architectural wonders. Avignon, when the Church of Rome was divided, rejoiced in a Papal Palace, from which is a Bridge over the River Rhone, connecting with a Castle on the other side, to which, in emergencies, the Popes could escape through a subterranean passage. Three Arches of this Bridge, extending two-thirds across the River, are perfect. The Palace of the Pope is a majestic edifice in a good state of preservation, occupied now as barracks for French Soldiers, and as a Prison for persons brought from the Mountains charged with political offenses in the recent Revolution. While we were viewing it the Families and Friends of the Prisoners came with provisions. It was painful to see Women and Children looking through dungeon grates at Husbands and Fathers. Avignon contains 30,000 inhabitants, and is entirely surrounded by a Roman Wall.

We visited the Nunnery of the Black Penitents for the purpose of seeing what is esteemed the best Ivory Christ extant. The agonies of a Crucifixion are most

fearfully expressed. It is the work of an Avignon Artist whose Son had incurred the death penalties from the Inquisition, but whose life was saved by this exquisite piece of sculpture. The half francs paid by all to whom it is shown adds handsomely to the Charity Fund of the Nunnery.

XI.

MARSEILLES, JANUARY 15, 1852.

WE left Avignon, where another day might have been passed very pleasantly, this morning. It is not likely that my commendations will be of much service to the worthy Host and Hostess of the Hôtel de L'Europe, at Avignon, but I cannot do less than to advise Americans coming this way to "make a note" of this excellent House, for everybody who goes there leaves it with agreeable recollections.

ARLES, once a large and important City, is now mainly rich in its Antiquities. Its Roman Amphitheatre, which was capable of holding 25,000 spectators, is a splendid ruin. The Arches and Masonry of an Appian Way, extending, more than 1000 years ago, to Rome, still in a good state of preservation, are now the foundations for a common road.

NISMES, through which we passed without stopping, is also a place of great interest, as indeed are all places over which the once indomitable Romans spread themselves. Other Nations have warred with and conquered their neighboring Nations, but none other left such Monuments behind them.

There is a beautiful bay setting back several miles, as you approach Marseilles, on which, as we passed, hundreds of boats were engaged in fishing by torchlight. In this bay, by daylight, the same Fishermen

take Sardines—this species of the finny tribe coming there, I suppose, to be convenient to the Oil in which they are preserved. We were, however, greatly surprised to find that at Marseilles, where we supposed Fish abundant and cheap, they cost fifty and sixty sous a pound.

Marseilles is peculiar for its confusion of costumes and languages. In its Harbor all sorts of Craft are seen, and on its Wharves you meet People of all Nations. I saw in half an hour's stroll, in their respective costumes, Turks, Moors, Greeks and Arabs. Of the latter was an hundred of the most miserable looking objects I had ever met. They were going from a dirty looking Vessel to a Steamer destined for Algiers, but *why* to Algiers I could not learn. They were filthy and half naked, looking haggard and ill. The Moors are well dressed, fine looking fellows.

There is, except in its fine Harbor, but little of interest for the stranger here. We rode to the Prado, a beautiful Promenade, from which we had our first view of the Mediterranean, now calm and unmoved, with a mild spring sun shining upon its bright waters. Here too we immediately recognized the "Chateau d'If," to which Dumas imparts such thrilling interest in his Monte Christo.

I called on Mr. HODGE, our Consul, whom I knew in Philadelphia, and from whom I learned something of the workings of our beautiful Ad Valorem Tariff. Large cargoes of Rose Blankets are shipped from this Port to America. He found them invoiced at five francs a pair. This, by weight, gives a duty of about 12 cents a pound, while the Wool, of which they are

manufactured, is worth 30 cents. The Consul has been quarreling with the Importers, Consigners, &c., for more than a year, and has finally got their valuation up from five to sixteen francs. This is a specimen of the manner in which we are swindled by the Tariff which Mr. WALKER, greatly to the delight of John Bull, has been glorying in in England. So much has been said of the KOSSUTH difficulties here, that I of course endeavored to inform myself of the facts. Mr. HODGE very frankly showed me the whole Correspondence, but I shall only give you the substance. It should be remembered that, especially in Italy and France, they regarded KOSSUTH as a sort of Torpedo, that would ignite and explode if allowed to go into their cities. This caused anxiety to our officials. Com. MORGAN and Captain LONG, in Letters which I have read, apprised Mr. HODGE, before their arrival here, that their Guest was a troublesome customer, of whom they were most anxious to be quit.

When the steamer Mississippi arrived here, Mr. HODGE received a Letter from KOSSUTH, desiring him to obtain from the Government permission to land and pass through France to England, adding that if the Prefect was not at liberty to grant this permission, a request that he should make the application, by Telegraph, to the Minister of the Interior at Paris. The Prefect, on whom Mr. HODGE called, said that it was impossible; that the Government was apprised of KOSSUTH's views and had instructed him how to act. The permission to travel by land through France would not be given, nor was he willing to hazard disorder here by allowing KOSSUTH to land. Mr. HODGE, however, continued to

press the latter point, insisting that the rights of hospitality should not be refused to strangers. Finally, on receiving a pledge from the Consul that his Guest should avoid crowds and forbear speech-making, &c., the Prefect gave permission to KOSSUTH, with his family and friends, to land. This was soon effected amid a large concourse of People, who were quiet and orderly. In the evening Mr. HODGE invited KOSSUTH to accompany him to a Reception at the Prefect's, but as he did not care to meet the Austrian and Russian Consuls, he declined. In the afternoon of the following day KOSSUTH informed the Consul that as the expense of living on shore was more than he could afford, he had concluded to reëmbark. Mr. HODGE informed him that he was preparing apartments for him and his family in his own House, but he adhered to his purpose of returning to the ship.

In the meantime an impression had got out among the People that KOSSUTH was to return to the ship dissatisfied with the Authorities, and a large crowd, amounting to several thousand, assembled. Mr. HODGE walked with him to the wharf, amid popular cries, which greatly alarmed the Authorities.

The Prefect, in reply to his Telegraph inquiry, was informed that KOSSUTH's request was denied. This he communicated to the Consul by Letter. The Consul went immediately on board with this information, and at KOSSUTH's request, gave him the Prefect's Letter, which appeared next morning in "La Puebla." The Prefect immediately wrote to the Consul expressing astonishment that his Letter had been published. The Consul explained to the Prefect. In the meantime the

People in large numbers surrounded the Mississippi in Boats, cheering KOSSUTH and singing the Marseilles, KOSSUTH appearing occasionally, and thanking them for their demonstrations of sympathy, &c. This increased the apprehensions of the Prefect, who expressed his fears of an outbreak from the great numbers of Refugees in the City.

Mr. HODGE, who had pledged himself for his Guest, and who was embarrassed by the publication of a Letter which he ought not to have allowed to go out of his hands, wrote to Captain LONG and expressed fears that if difficulties occurred our Government and Flag might be compromised, and asking him to request KOSSUTH not to address those who gathered around the Ship. Capt. LONG, participating in the apprehensions of the Consul, communicated that part of the Consul's Letter to KOSSUTH. He regarded the Mississippi as little better than the Prison from which he had been released, and said he would appeal to the American People against their representatives abroad. He then wrote a Letter to the Consul justifying the publication of the Prefect's Letter, &c., &c.

Capt. LONG, in much trouble, hastened his preparations to Sail. He had hurried away from an Italian Port to avoid troubles there, and was compelled to take Coal here. But he got to Sea as soon as possible.

Now I suppose that the real truth of the matter was, that the French Government had better reasons than were known for denying KOSSUTH's request. Recent events have shown that dangers were thickening. It was that KOSSUTH was in communication with the oppo-

sition, and that it was possible that he might hasten an *emeute*.

Mr. HODGE, who is an American all over, had the highest regard for KOSSUTH, and desired to pay him every mark of respect. He obtained permission for him to land, by personally pledging himself that no popular excitement should be created. The publication of a Letter of the Prefect compromised him. I am sure, therefore, that when all the facts and circumstances are known, Mr. HODGE's conduct will be entirely approved.

On the other hand, except in the publication of that Letter, I see nothing to blame in KOSSUTH's course here. He desired to awaken all the influence and sympathy in France, for his cause, that he could. This was only being faithful to his Mission. Should he be censured for that? Certainly not. But the French Government, though a professing Republic, could not afford it. The Country was rife with strong political emotion. It was feared then, and is believed now, that if KOSSUTH had been permitted to pass leisurely through France, the "public tranquility" (that's the term in use) would have been seriously affected.

Elb
tr

XII.

NICE, JANUARY 19, 1852.

WE are at last in Italy, or rather in that subdivision of Italy belonging to the King of Sardinia, who is, however, little better than a tenant at sufferance of the Emperor of Austria.

The first forty miles from Toulon is without interest. We therefore took the night for it, stopping at daylight at Draguignan. Observing persons on their way to Mass, I followed to the Chapel, where were at least a thousand women at their devotions, along with an hundred or an hundred and fifty of the other sex. Our *Faith* may in many respects be better than that of the Catholics, but rising before the sun to confess and ask forgiveness is not among its *Works*.

Returning from Church I saw a Regiment of Soldiers out at roll-call. The French Army has been reformed in one desirable respect. The long, draggletail coat and clumsy chapeau have been exchanged for a neat frock and a tidy cap. They wear red Pants and a sky-blue Frock Coat.

As we pass South, the Olive Groves increase in number and extent. We see here, too, several species of Pine, none, however, like our own. The most beautiful is called the Aleppo, or Umbrella Pine. These, besides being highly ornamental, furnish a grateful shade. They are from twenty to thirty feet

high, and spread out in exact Umbrella form, making a canopy under which Camp or Mass Meetings might be held. We came, also, to Forests of Trees bearing the strong resemblance to our White Oaks, all of which were peeled from the roots to the limbs. This process was evidently a regular business, for while from some Trees the bark had been recently taken, on others it was formed anew, and on others again it was partly grown. We inferred that, as with us, the Bark was used for Tanning. But coming finally to a point where the Mountain of Estrelle had to be crossed, I got out to walk, when, on examination, our Oaks proved to be CORK Trees. Thus, again, Nature or Providence harmonizes its bounties. Along with the Vine grows the tree which furnishes the Cork so indispensable for the convenient preservation of the Wine. So with the Sardine. The Mediterranean Sea abounds in the Fish, while its shores supply the Oil in which they are preserved. May not this Fish (Sardine) have taken its name from the Country—Sardinia? We walked to the summit of this mountain, three and a half miles, from which was a glorious view of the surrounding country, broken into Vineyards and Olive Orchards, of the Mediterranean, and of snow-clad tops of mountains in the direction of the Alps. On this summit is a single House or Hotel, with the sourest kind of Wine, before the door of which some soldiers were playing marbles with 6-pound cannon balls.

We were three hours descending this mountain. This brought us to Frejus, the Port from which BONAPARTE embarked first, when his Sun was rising, on his way to Egypt; and again when, fifteen years after-

wards, it was overshadowed, on his way to the Island of Elba. Frejus is a Roman Town with an Amphitheatre, Church, and Aqueduct, by which the Town was supplied with water from the mountain streams, which are visible for twenty-four miles. It was in this Harbor that AUGUSTUS moored the Fleet captured at Actium. MURRAY says that Frejus was the birth-place of JULIUS AGRICOLA. A few miles further South, at a small Port, NAPOLEON landed on his return from Elba. This spot is commemorated by a Column.

Cannes, the next Town, is pleasantly situated. Here Lord BROUGHAM built a fine Mansion and resides. Opposite the Town, apparently about two miles out, is the small Island of Ste. Margueretta, with the Prison in which the "Man in the Iron Mask" was for so many years incarcerated.

In the Province of Var, through which we have passed to-day, which is wild and mountainous, Red Republicanism and Socialism prevail. Here were the scenes of misrule and atrocity of which the accounts are so appalling. I know not how reliable these accounts were. They are said to be greatly exaggerated. But at any rate I know that the People of Var have been hunted as if they were wild beasts. We met three detachments of Soldiers coming to-day with Prisoners. In the first lot there were at least fifty marching in couples fastened by the wrists. In the next there were some forty, and in the third some twenty. Several thousand have been brought in for transportation; and numerous detachments of troops are still scouring or scourging (I don't know which) the Country. If these Red Republicans are what they

represent them—men ready to murder the Rich for the purpose of equalizing Property—then LOUIS NAPOLEAN is doing a good work. But if, as some say, these People are Political Victims, then he is carrying things with a high hand.

Soon after passing Cannes we came to the line which divides France from Sardinia. And here the Passport and Custom House annoyances commence. The examination of Passports first occupied an hour. A mile farther on we were brought up by a Custom House, but half an hour sufficed to pass our luggage.

FRANCE, as the Alabama member of Congress, who occasionally amused himself by turning a somerset over his desk, said of America, "is a great country," though it is not, like ours, "constantly increasing." Crossing France in one direction from Boulogne to Nice, we have traveled over 800 miles as pleasantly and quietly as you travel along the Valley of the Connecticut River. I have not even seen, through all the Cities and Towns, the slightest disorder or even ill-will. Nor have I, in all these places, during five weeks, seen five drunken persons. Indeed I cannot remember but one decided case. And yet everybody drinks Wine. Some, also, drink Brandy, but seldom to excess. There is an absence, here, however, of all those attractive mixtures and "fixings" known at home as "Punches," "Juleps," "Cobblers," "Cocktails," &c., which beguile our young men into habits that so often end in ruin. Here there are few rummeries and consequently few rowdies.

French Diligence Horses live hard lives. The Drivers generally seem incapable of appreciating the noble qualities of the Animal to whom they are constantly

applying the lash. The English and American Drivers love their Teams and cheer them along by kind expressions, which are neither misunderstood nor lost upon them. Our Drivers, too, study to ease and favor their Horses as much as possible; but the Frenchman depends entirely upon his lash. The moment a heavy Diligence has been dragged up a long, steep hill, instead of allowing his Team to blow a moment, the lash is applied and they are forced into a trot or gallop.

Each Diligence has a Conductor, who times the posts, and takes general charge of the Passengers, Baggage, &c. The Conductor pays the grooms at every change of horses, and pays the Driver at the end of his Route, which is generally after three changes of Teams.

We reached NICE (which is truly a *nice* Town) at 10 o'clock in the evening. I intended to say something of Nice in this Letter, but an American gentleman (Mr. COSTER, of New York) has asked me to Dinner, and as that, you know, is a "privileged question," other business must wait.

NICE, January 20, 1852.

With Snow on the Mountains in full view, you have Green Peas here for Dinner. The Town is surrounded and sheltered on three sides by mountains, while in front it looks out pleasantly upon the Mediterranean. The atmosphere is at once mild and bracing. In the new town and over the environs, are large and pleasant Mansions occupied by Families who come here to pass the Winter. Rents are moderate and Provisions reasonable, so that you may consult both health and economy. It is a favorite resort of the English, of whom large numbers are seen on the Promenades and in their

Carriages. I met them also at the "Circle," an English Reading Room, discussing Lord JOHN RUSSELL, &c., as earnestly as if the whole responsibility of Government was resting upon each one of them.

The ancient Town of Nice was built upon a high rock which was strongly fortified, but which is now laid out in terraces and grottoes, from which you look upon the Town, away to the Mountains, and again over the Sea to the Island of Corsica.

I supposed that we had seen narrow streets in Rouen, Toulon, &c., &c., but they were only narrow as compared with the narrowest part of Maiden lane. In the older parts of Nice there are long streets, not five feet wide, with buildings six and seven stories high.

The beach and the surf all along in front of Nice is as fine for Bathing as that at Rockaway or Newport.

At our Banker's this morning I met a Lady who recognized me as an American and introduced herself as "Madame JUMEL, better known in America," she added, "as Madame BURR, though I have resumed the name of my former husband." This Lady, though eighty years old, has all the vivacity of youth. She is on her way to Rome, from whence she is to "return to Paris, take a few lessons in Dancing and reappear at Saratoga in all my glory." She said that she had crossed the Atlantic nine times; and learning that I came out in the Baltic, inquired if "Capt. Comstock did not tell me that she was the best tempered and least troublesome Lady Passenger he ever had."

I dined agreeably with Mr. COSTER, of New York, who, with his Brother-in-Law, Mr. REUBELL, has passed three winters at Nice. Mr. REUBELL, whose Grand

Father was in the French Directory in 1783, and whose Father was a General in the Army of France—himself a highly intelligent Gentleman—gave me much information which may not be written. His Father and JEROME BONAPARTE were young Officers at the Island of Guadaloupe when the French lost that Island; both escaped in an American Vessel and both married American Ladies at Baltimore. While BONAPARTE was King of Westphalia General REUBELL was his Aid-de-Camp. The Son, who married Miss COSTER, is so much dissatisfied with France, in proving recusant to Republicanism, that he is going to America to become a Citizen.

HAMILTON WILKES, Esq., of New York, is here quite, indeed I fear dangerously, ill.

Among the Americans in Paris who assisted to make our visit pleasant there, were DUDLEY SELDEN and Lady, and G. W. KENDALL.

XIII.

SAN REMO, JANUARY 21, 1852.

Two friends, in whose intelligence as Travelers I have confidence (Mr. MINTURN, of New York, and Miss KNOWER, of Albany, whom we hope to join at Florence), had spoken so highly of the land route from Nice to Genoa, that instead of taking the Steamer last night, with other friends, we left in a Vetturino this morning, and this day's ride has amply vindicated their judgment and taste. I have never passed a day in traveling of such exciting enjoyment. We were all day breathing a June atmosphere. The Mediterranean Sea, with an unruffled surface, lay spread out on our right, while the Maritime Alps, over and through which we passed, were in bleak majesty on our left.

At intervals we came to Towns whose ruined Castles and crumbling Walls told of the Centuries and the Wars through which they had passed. And wherever there was soil there was exceeding fruitfulness. The Orange, Lemon, and Fig, along with the Date upon the lofty Palm tree, grew luxuriantly. And here, as in France, the Vine and the Olive occupy every available inch of ground from the mountain's top to the Seaside. Everything, however, seems connected with the past. All looks hoary. Nothing is modernized. No habit or fashion changes. You scarcely see

a Dwelling less than a thousand years old, and most of those who dwell in them look as if they were born during the reign of some of the CÆSARS.

In leaving here we rise a mountain four miles long, the descent of which brought us into Monaco, a Domain belonging to a Prince of that name, whose sovereignty has the convenience of being the smallest in the world. And yet he is "Lord of all he surveys," all of which, but for the mountains, might be surveyed with the naked eye. His Palace is on a Peninsula about as large and not unlike Barren Island, near Coeymans. It is strongly fortified, and indeed almost inaccessible, as it needed to be, as a protection against the Corsairs; and on this spot over 1,000 inhabitants are pent up. This number is one-sixth part of His Highness' Subjects. The military force of Monaco consists of an hundred Soldiers, whom the Prince hires of the King of Sardinia. There is a Custom House on entering this principality, but the officers were civil people. The Government is supported by a small duty on the products of its subjects, who are also required to have all their grinding done at the Prince's Mill.

The Road from Nice to Genoa is truly a great work. It was commenced by the French and completed by the Sardinian Government. It was an enterprise of greater magnitude and of more difficulty than either the Railroad from Springfield to Albany, or that from New York to Albany. And it greatly surpasses both in boldness and sublimity of scenery. I have been surprised and annoyed at the complacency and

Highlands, but after what I have seen to-day, I am dumb on that subject.

But here the comparison ends. In all else that challenges comparison, we are so favored—our blessings are so incalculably more precious than those that belong to any other People, that we ought to thank God on bended knee, night and day, for making us the recipients of so many of his richest bounties. There are no intellectual, social or domestic relations or enjoyments here. There is nothing of elevation or refinement. The masses seem scarcely better fed or cared for than the Mules and Donkeys they drive.

In Towns containing five, six and seven thousand inhabitants, all live in narrow, dark, dirty streets, occupying cheerless tenements, with such an utter absence of even necessary furniture as to render them strangers to domestic comfort.

Here Women, as is too much the case all over Europe, do all sorts of Drudgery. They carry weights from their childhood, upon their heads, which cannot fail to flatten the brain. At a Hotel where we lunched to-day, a new building was going up, the stone for which were brought by Girls, from the quarry, on their heads. Women mixed and carried the mortar. While we were there they rested around the building to Dine on brown bread and water. They get eight cents a day for their labor.

ALASSIO, January 22.

This day's journey has been less interesting than that of yesterday. We have been passing along the face of barren mountains, between which are intervals not much more fertile. The inhabitants of the Towns

are generally Fishermen, and in person and dress resemble the Corsairs described by BYRON. The aspect of the Villages is anything but attractive. In riding through their streets your olfactory nerves are made sensible of the predominance of Onion and Garlic. These, however, serve to neutralize other odors even more offensive. Olive Oil is brought down through the Mountain Passes on Mules in Kegs. They come in single file, the leading Mule wearing a cow-bell to its neck, which resounds through the mountain gorges to admonish returning Caravans to stop at "a turnout." In the Towns the Oil is kept in precisely such Jars as we used to see in the Green Street Theatre, nearly forty years ago, in the "Melodrama of the Forty Thieves," when "HOP. ROBERTSON," as "Hassarac," won thunders of applause. Wine, of which each Province and Town has its own product, is frequently put into hogskins that hang out, instead of "a bush," in front of their Wine-shops.

Many of the old Towns are built, as Eagles build their nests, in the clefts of the highest rocks. This, when war was the principal occupation of Men, was their best security. But the practice was attended and is attended with inconveniences, first among which is that little or nothing grows on these rocks. Another is, that Women are compelled to come down, as we see, in droves, with baskets on their heads containing clothes to be washed in the Mediterranean. One of these lofty Towns, containing, apparently, an hundred dwellings, and situated on the edge of a mountain, took occasion, in one of the early Centuries, to slide down about 200 feet. It is not known how much of derangement this

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occasioned, but there is the Town, with its mansions mixed up with broken rocks, and its streets rather uneven and irregular, but on the whole about as good as new! The fact of the slide is as manifest and incontestible as of those which occurred at Troy—*our* Troy I mean.

SAVONA, January 23.

This is the close of our third day along the shores of the Mediterranean. It brings us within five hours drive of Genoa. We have crossed, during the day, Spurs of the Appenines. The scenery was truly grand. The Road is Tunneled through three mountains at distances of from 200 to 400 feet from their summits. We have seen nothing for three days at sea but small Schooners and Fishing Boats. You are pained every moment here by the degradation of Women. They are invariably the drudges. Wherever you meet a Man and Woman with a Mule or Donkey, the *Man* is riding and the Woman trudges by its side or behind. Along the road are women picking up manure. And at the Hotels, Male instead of Female attendants do the Chamber Work. When a Lady calls for the Chambermaid a Male Waiter appears.

SAVONA is a Town of great historical interest. It had once the finest Harbor on this side of the Mediterranean, but the Genoese, in the 16th Century, destroyed it by sinking hulks loaded with stones. They have been so far removed as to admit vessels of about 200 tons. We have passed through three Tunnels whose excavations are between three and four hundred feet below the surface. In emerging from one you come in sight of Genoa not more than ten miles distant by water, but almost as many leagues off by the road.

The Genoese claim the honor of giving **CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS** to the World. He was born, however, in **Cogaletta**, a suburb Town on the Coast, but lived afterwards with his Parents in **Genoa**.

XIV.

GENOA, JANUARY 27, 1852.

THIS being the scene of Mr. HENRY WYCKOFF's attempt to enforce his marriage with a lady of large fortune, and the place of his imprisonment, I took occasion to inquire into the facts. They strike me as quite curious, so much so indeed as to be worth repeating, especially as the parties are of our own country. The history, altogether, is full of Romance (the Romance of truth), but I shall give only a simple narrative:

"Chevalier WYCKOFF," as he is called, is a Philadelphian, well educated, with a fine person and attractive manners, who has been figuring in Politics and Literature, Fashion and Frolic, for nearly twenty years, and is pretty well known in Europe and America. He accompanied FANNY ELSSLER to America as her Friend and Manager. He was, and some say is, wealthy, but extremely penurious. He sent for the American Consul after his arrest and demanded to be exempted from the ordinary process of law, on the ground that he was employed by Lord PALMERSTON to promote, by correspondence, &c., friendly relations between England and America. But the Sardinian Authorities would not listen to this demand, and he was finally induced to employ Counsel. He was committed to prison for a criminal offense, but an effort is making, with a probability of success, to get his case on to the Civil Calendar. This would greatly mitigate his punishment.

The Lady is Miss MARY GAMBLE, daughter of JOHN GAMBLE, Esq., and niece of Col. GAMBLE, of Philadelphia. She came, when a child, to England, where she was adopted and educated by her uncle, Mr. DUNLOP, a gentleman of fortune. In person, she is small and delicate; in mind and manners cultivated and accomplished; in conversation, spirited and attractive; in temperament excitable, but confiding and affectionate. How, it may be asked, do you know all this? It is the result of observation during an interview of four hours, to-day, when Miss G., with the utmost frankness, gave me a free revelation of the origin, progress and results of her acquaintance with the "Chevalier." And as the whole matter is, in a few days, to become Judicially public, I have her permission to give the facts to such as feel an interest in them.

Mr. WYCKOFF came to London seventeen years ago with Letters of introduction from Miss GAMBLE's relatives, to her Uncle, who, together with her Aunt, received him very kindly. He was much at Mr. DUNLOP's House, and the family grew quite fond of him; so much so, that for three or four years, in Town and Country, and in traveling, he was frequently an inmate of the Family. During this time, being nearly of the same age, Mr. W. and Miss G. were much together and always friends—but only friends, no thought or dream of love entering the hearts or heads of either.

Mr. WYCKOFF went for a year or more on the Continent, and from thence with ELSSLER to America. When he returned to England, though the acquaintance was renewed there was no renewal of former relations; and for six or eight years Miss G. saw nothing and heard

little of Mr. W. In the interval her Uncle and Aunt had died, providing handsomely for her, but leaving the bulk of their fortune to an *only* child. This Cousin of Miss G. was of infirm health, and with this Cousin she lived in seclusion, soothing his sufferings and softening his pillow, until, about a year since, he died. From this Cousin Miss GAMBLE inherited a large fortune.

And four days after this death, Mr. WYCKOFF, who was in Paris when it occurred, appeared in London. He announced his arrival to Miss G. in a very appropriate Letter of condolence, asking permission, if her health and spirits would allow of it, to call. That permission was readily given. Mr. W. called, expressed warm sympathies and awakened affecting recollections of dear friends now no more. He called again, and again; but always as the friend of other days. He finally, expressing solicitude for Miss G.'s health, recommended change of air and scene. This accorded with the advice of other friends. Deciding to pass a few weeks at a watering place, Miss G. invited two female friends, the Lady and Daughter of Mr. LESLIE, the Artist, to accompany her. She left London, without any suspicion that either her Person or her Purse had taken Mr. W. captive. But three days after they were established in their Hotel, that gentlemen announced himself, as Dinner was ordered, to Mrs. LESLIE, with whom he was acquainted. He was asked to Dinner and passed the Evening agreeably with the Ladies. The next day he walked with them, expressing regret that his public duties would soon call him away. Again he Dined with them, and afterwards, by invitation of Mrs. L., had a seat at their Table. Ten days

glided pleasantly away, when for three or four days he occupied much of his time in writing what he spoke of as an important Letter. One Evening, having spoken of his intended departure the next morning, he said, as the Ladies were about to retire, "Miss GAMBLE, will you do me the favor to read this Letter? It contains a history of my past life, of my present position, and has reference to my future hopes. I need advice, and ask it of the Daughter of my best friends." Then, for the first time, a thought of Mr. W.'s intentions crossed her mind. She said, in reply, "Pray, excuse me. I am unfitted by habit and too little acquainted with business to give advice." But Mr. W. persisted, urging their early acquaintance, &c., and she took the Letter.

This Letter was addressed to Mrs. GROAT, of London, a Lady of position whose acquaintance Miss G. had made through W., and of whom he was always speaking with high admiration. The Letter, after giving a history of his pursuits, objects, and aspirations, stated that having exhausted all enjoyments of travel, general society, and fashionable life, his spirit required repose; that he had been long seeking and had finally found an object worthy of his affections; that this object, though sufficiently attractive in person, was most valued for her high intellectual qualities, the charms of conversation, the purity of heart, joined with all the domestic graces which make happy home circles; concluding with an avowal that he had determined to offer his hand and heart to Miss GAMBLE, and soliciting Mrs. GROAT's good offices in his behalf.

Early the next morning Miss GAMBLE wrote a brief

but explicit rejection of this offer, which she read to her friend, Mrs. LESLIE. That Lady urged, first that Miss G. should reflect upon the subject for a day or two, and next, that she should at least gild the bitter pill she was administering. But Miss G. desired to blast this flower in its bud, and sent the reply as she had written it.

I forgot to say that in his Letter Mr. W. urged that, as Miss GAMBLE had been left quite alone in the world, he was constrained, both by *duty* and affection, to become the protector of one so dear to his best friends.

Mr. WYCKOFF's seat at the Breakfast table was vacant that morning. Mrs. LESLIE suggested that they ought to send a servant, saying that Breakfast waited. The servant returned with Mr. W.'s compliments, but that he was at that moment departing, and must deny himself the pleasure of breakfasting with the Ladies. The servant brought also a Letter to Miss G., in which Mr. W. complains of the severity of her note, saying that the manner of the rejection had superadded mortification to grief, and expressing the hope that if they could not be lovers they should at least remain friends. Thus they separated. But Mrs. LESLIE, aided by a much loved female domestic by whom Miss G. had been brought up, and who had been nearly half a century in the family, prevailed on Miss G. to reply to Mr. W.'s last letter, and, while adhering to her determination, to soften the terms of her rejection.

In another week Miss G. returned to London supposing that Mr. W. had gone, as he said he must, to the Continent, on official business. Immediately, however, came a note from Mr. W. asking permission to call, not

to urge his suit, but to place their relations upon their former footing. He called, but carefully avoided the forbidden topic. He came again, and then again, finally proposing to call in the evening, but uttered no word of love. The evening visit was prohibited. During this time Miss G. saw much of Mrs. GROAT, who favored the views of Mr. W. And by this time he had won over the old Nurse entirely. Mr. W. himself finally took occasion to press his suit. Miss G. less than ever inclined to listen, determined to leave London. Mr. W. followed her to Paris, where, through the intervention of a mutual friend, he reëstablished friendly intercourse. Ere long, however, he became tender again, when Miss G. informed him that her purpose was unalterable, and that unless he spared her from further persecution, he must wholly discontinue his visits. Soon after this she left Paris for Switzerland, hoping to escape from the importunities of her enterprising Lover. But a few weeks afterwards Mr. W. appeared to her, most unexpectedly, upon the Alps at the House of the Monks of St. Bernard! Here salutations were unavoidable, Their descent was by Mules, but at a point two hours distant Mr. WYCKOFF had a Carriage waiting. He invited Miss G. to accept a seat in his Carriage. This was declined. He then, insisting that the long ride on the mule would weary her, urged her to take his Carriage and give him the mule. But she persisted in returning as she had ascended. At the foot of the mountain they necessarily occupied the same Hotel, where Mr. W. embarrassed the Lady by seeming, in the presence of other lodgers, to be her traveling companion. She left for Geneva, Mr. W. following. There she kept

her traveling companion, Miss BENNETT, and her Nurse, constantly with her. Mr. W. complained of this and asked for a brief interview, after which he said he would leave Geneva. She walked with him alone by the Lake shore. He urged marriage vehemently. As a Boat with a party of Ladies and Gentlemen approached, he took her hand saying, "I will not release this hand until you say it is mine." The Party approaching, with some of whom Miss G. was acquainted, as they passed, could not fail to see the position she was in. Her efforts were unavailing. "Release my hand," she demanded, as she observed that they were attracting notice. "Will you marry me?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, "if you will release my hand." Thus the first promise of marriage was obtained. Returning to the Hotel, he informed the old Nurse that her Mistress had consented to marry him. Having secured a promise, Mr. W. was impatient to arrange time and place. Miss G. said she must first consult her friends at home, and especially Mr. BATES (of the House of Baring & Co.), who is her Trustee. It was then agreed that Miss G. should write to Mr. BATES, and that Mr. W. should return to Paris, leaving the Lady free until she should hear from Mr. B.

But time and reflection increased rather than diminished her aversion to this marriage. She had many reasons to doubt the sincerity of Mr. W.'s affection. She could not understand how, having known her well, in her best days (I repeat her language), with indifference, he should have fallen suddenly and vehemently in love with her.

No reply came from Mr. BATES; and finally, in reply

to Mr. W.'s pressing Letters, she wrote him a Letter reviewing all that had passed and concluding with a declaration that she did not and could not love him, and therefore would not marry him. She then hurried to London. Mr. BATES had written a Letter which she had not received. He said that if her affections were interested, he would institute such inquiries in regard to Mr. WYCKOFF as the importance of the step demanded. She answered that neither her judgment nor her heart approved it, and that she had reiterated to Mr. W. her refusal to marry him. She communicated this determination to other friends, who had already heard from W. that all was settled.

A few days brought Mr. W. to London, insisting upon a fulfillment of her engagement. Miss G. refused either to marry or to see him until some friends induced her to relax in the latter respect. But his visits soon became irksome, and she directed her servants to deny her as often as Mr. W. called. Suspecting that Mrs. Groat, whom he had ever spoken of as a Vestal, had sanctioned Miss G.'s rejection of him, he wrote the former a Letter in which he said that Mrs. G. was in his power, and that he would blast her if he found that she had crossed his path.

Weary of all this, Miss GAMBLE again departed for the Continent. But either when now in London, or previously, WYCKOFF had bribed LOUIS, a Swiss Courier, who had been a long time in her service, and had her fullest confidence.

At Turin, about two months since, the Courier came into Miss GAMBLE's Parlor saying that "Mrs. AUSTIN, a Lady from London, who had just arrived at the same

Hotel, had a Message from her friend, Mrs. GROAT, and desired to see Miss GAMBLE in her Apartment." She immediately followed the Courier, who mounted to the third story and proceeded to the end of a long Hall where the Door of a Parlor stood open. Looking in and seeing nobody, she inquired where Mrs. AUSTIN was. The Courier replied, she will be up in a moment, and desired that you would sit. Miss G. said, "As Mrs. AUSTIN is not here to receive me, I will return. When she comes let me know." Half an hour afterward the Courier came and said that Mrs. AUSTIN was weary with travel, and had retired. In the morning the courier reported that "Mrs. AUSTIN" left in an early train. All this seemed strange, but excited no suspicions. But "Mrs. AUSTIN," in the person of "Chevalier WYCKOFF," stood behind the door of the apartment to which Miss G. had, by false pretenses, been beguiled, ready to close and lock it the moment Miss G. had passed its threshold. Mr. W. kept himself incog.

During the day the Courier told Miss GAMBLE that the Hostess was endeavoring to cheat them, and that he had a quarrel with her. The motive for this will be apparent. WYCKOFF's movement had attracted the attention of the Landlady, who saw that either Miss G. had an intrigue with W., or that she was betrayed by the Courier, and took occasion to say so to the Courier. On the following day the Landlady asked Miss GAMBLE how long the Courier had been in service, how well she knew him, and whether she approved of all his proceedings? She answered unhesitatingly that her Courier had been long with her, and that she did not doubt that his conduct was entirely proper. Indeed,

supposing the Landlady was herself in fault, she was replied to rather tartly. Thus, while confiding in a perfidious servant, Miss G. wronged a person who desired to warn her of danger.

In the course of an hour or two, the Landlady sent to inquire when Miss G.'s apartments would be vacant. Indignant at this insult, Miss G. replied "to-morrow morning." She determined to go to Genoa and join some English friends who were staying there, and directed the Courier to be ready for the early train. In the evening he came and said it was quite unnecessary to leave so early, and as the Nurse was ill, it would be better to take the second train. Miss G. said "that would bring us into Genoa in the evening," and that she would rather start early than arrive late. He replied that the second train (which only went half-way to Genoa) would bring them into Genoa before dark, and seemed so confident that Miss G. yielded.

At the Railway terminus she resumed her Carriage (people take their Carriages on the Railroads), but its progress was so slow that she several times endeavored to hurry the Courier, who kept saying that they would be at Genoa in good time. Another Carriage was observed behind them, keeping at a considerable distance. At the first post, the Postilion was changed, the Courier assigning as a reason, that the first boy was not the regular Postilion. Still they lingered, and as the weather was cold and threatened rain, Miss G. concluded to stop at the first post out of Genoa. But the Courier objected, insisting that they should arrive quite early, that it would not storm, and finally that it was impossible to stop because there was no Hotel in which

she could be comfortable. She said that she would rather take the chances even in a bad Hotel than go on, but the Courier could not permit her to be lodged so miserable. Looking into MURRAY'S Guide Book, which lay on her seat, she found that there was a very good Hotel at the place in question, and then she peremptorily directed him to stop. The Courier then selected Rooms which separated her from her Companions, but she changed that arrangement.

The next morning they proceeded to Genoa, and on the following day, LOUIS, the Courier, came to her greatly distressed, apparently, at having, as he said, lost their Passports. This, he feared, as things were in an unsettled state, might subject her to inconvenience, if not danger. He had endeavored, he said, to obtain a Passport, but was told that it could only be done by Miss G. herself, on application to the Intendant of Police. She directed him to call a Carriage, and she, along with Miss BENNETT, would go immediately for the Passport. He implored her not to inform Miss BENNETT of his misfortune, as she was always finding fault with him. Instead of Miss BENNETT, therefore, he took her old Nurse with her. They were driven to a distant part of the City, and Miss G. was conducted up a long flight of stairs into a large apartment. Here the Courier left them, saying he would see if the Intendant was ready to receive them. He soon returned, saying that Miss G. must go unattended into the Intendant's Room. She followed the Courier, who ushered her into a Room where, instead of the Intendant of Police, she encountered Mr. WYCKOFF! After locking the door, he informed her that the House was occupied by himself and those

only who were in his service; that as she had evaded her promise to marry him, he had taken steps with a view to its consummation; that her Courier had long acted by his orders; that he personated Mrs. AUSTIN at Turin; that his Carriage followed hers from that City; that he had intended to have asserted his rights before she arrived at Genoa, but was thwarted by her stopping before night; that she was now entirely in his power, but inasmuch as all he had done was prompted by affection, having her happiness as well as his own for its object, he trusted that she would save him from resorting to a painful alternative by cheerfully fulfilling her engagement.

Some three hours passed in unsuccessful entreaties and threats on his part, and in unavailing efforts on hers, to escape. She then, finding an opportunity, seized the tongs, broke the windows and made an outcry, but he immediately placed his hand upon her mouth and forced her back to a seat, soon after which he made an attempt to administer Chloroform, unsuccessfully; but he said if driven to make a second attempt she could not escape its effect. This alarmed her so much that she again promised to marry him. He said that where so much happiness depended upon a simple promise, so easily violated, that she ought to assure him of her sincerity; that he must have some guaranty; and finally, that he would send for a Clergyman and be married instanter. To this she interposed positive objections, but as positively promised to marry him at a proper place and time. He asked if she would give him a *written* promise of marriage, to which she replied affirmatively. He then said that he desired to protect himself against the

possibility of another disappointment, which, now that he seemed so near the possession of the only object for whom he lived, he feared would drive him to madness ; and proposed that the written engagement should convey to him half her fortune in case of her refusal to marry him. To all this she assented, and at his request wrote the Promise of Marriage, and the Forfeiture, in the form and manner dictated by the *impressive* Lover.

Things being thus arranged, Mr. W. said he would order a Carriage. Leaving the Apartment and passing through another, he was followed stealthily by Miss G., who, hearing the voice of her old Nurse in an outer room into which W. had passed, she rushed forward and fell into her Arms. They conveyed her back to the Apartment in which she had been confined, where she remained with W. and her Nurse, in a high state of nervous excitement. And finally, when restored, an hour or more was passed, in efforts to tranquilize and reconcile her to what had passed ; and then, at three o'clock at night (or morning rather) she was permitted to return to her Hotel.

On the following day, after consulting with the British Consul, Miss GAMBLE went with him to the *real* Intendant of Police and preferred a complaint, on which Mr. WYCKOFF, with his confederates, her Courier and Valet (a resident of Genoa), were arrested and committed to Prison, where they await a Trial which comes on next week.

This is, briefly, Miss GAMBLE's account of a strange story. She showed me Letters corroborative of it. It is, I believe, a truthful relation.

Mr. WYCKOFF, of course, has his own Version. He insists that Miss G. loved him quite devotedly, but had been influenced by others to wrong both herself and him. For the purpose of giving the affair the character of a civil offense, he drew up and swore to a statement in which, among other things, he says, that their last week in London was one of such endearment and dalliance as their betrothal rendered proper and natural. This Miss G. utterly denies. She did not, she says, during that time see Mr. W. alone, and finally denied herself to him, leaving London, as she intended, without his knowledge, though the sequel proved that he had perfect knowledge of all her movements through a faithless Courier.

XV.

GENOA, JANUARY 24, 1852.

THIS City is in the form of a Crescent, surrounded by mountains, but with an opening to the Mediterranean. It is, next to Marseilles, the most important commercial city of the Mediterranean, and indeed at this moment there seems to be more shipping here than at the former Port. Its population exceeds 160,000. Its aspects are quite pleasant. Upon the mountain side are magnificent groves surrounding equally magnificent Palaces. These indicate the former wealth of Genoa, as its crowded harbor and busy Wharves tell of its present prosperity.

Quite eager for American news, I started immediately after our arrival here, for the Consulate, and was fortunate in obtaining a copy of the Weekly Courier and Enquirer of the 1st instant, from which I was happy to learn that the Fire at the Capitol was not as disastrous as we first heard. As the Portrait of Columbus is destroyed, our Consul is endeavoring to obtain a copy of the only original in existence, which belongs to a Family in this City. The Consul here, Doct. BAKER, of Ohio, and his amiable Lady, are excellent People, who pay every attention to Americans. But they will not remain long, for while the duties are onerous the compensation is totally inadequate. There have been four Consular changes here within less than

as many years. The only American consul who contrived to live here did so by means as discreditable to his country as to himself. Of that individual they tell sad stories here. If he did not swindle upon a large scale he is greatly belied. The way in which a certain Picture was obtained, and the way that a certain Ivory Savior was not paid for, are calculated to make an American blush.

There is just now much solicitude felt throughout Sardinia in relation to events in France. Here the principles and privileges of Constitutional Government are much better understood than I had supposed, and far better appreciated than in France. Some abuse these privileges. The Press, in some instances, mistakes Freedom for License, and thus wounds Liberty; but in the main the People of Sardinia have shown themselves worthy of the Freedom they enjoy. And the King, though brother-in-law of the Emperor of Austria, is true to the principles he professed when his Father, unfortunate but faithful, abdicated in his favor. But it is feared that adverse influences are pressing him too hard. The usurpation of LOUIS NAPOLEON and the resignation of Lord PALMERSTON are regarded as the worst possible events for the cause of Constitutional Freedom. Sardinia is now the only Constitutional Asylum for Fugitives. Thousands of Italian, Hungarian, and French Refugees are here trembling. Unfortunately, Sardinia has to encounter not only the force of Civil Despotism, but has incurred the displeasure of the Church of Rome by denying its Civil Supremacy. That Church, I am pained to see, is now the ally of Despotism. How far it is to be blamed for

this I will not undertake to say. The present Head of the Church signalized his Accession to Power by acts worthy of the highest commendation. His Government, at once enlightened and parental, looked alike to the civil and religious welfare of his People. It seemed, for a season, like the dawning of a brighter day for Italy. But the Romans, like the French, were either unfitted for, or are unworthy of good Government. Not satisfied with privileges which they had not enjoyed for ages, and ungrateful for favors which a philanthropic Ruler had, at great hazard to himself, granted, they took advantage of the installments of Freedom given them, to overthrow their Benefactor and drive him into Exile. Betrayed by those to whom he desired to be a Father, is it strange that the Pope should act with those by whom he was restored to Authority? I believe that the principles and sympathies of PIUS IX were for Freedom and with the People. But the good things he did as an earnest of good things to come served only to make the People his enemies. And now he "puts his Trust in Princes."

In Genoa there is a strict observance of the Sabbath, as there is indeed all over Sardinia. Here the shops are all closed, and all labor is suspended. The City resembles any one of our own Cities on Sunday, with this exception, that Street Minstrels, Wizards, &c., are allowed to amuse the multitude. All, however, is order and quiet.

The Sardinian Soldiers, in this City, make a very fine appearance. The Officers are highly intelligent men. The Sergeants and Corporals look fit to command, and even the Privates dress, look and act like Gentlemen.

It is difficult to believe that the Sentinels you meet on duty are only common Soldiers. The Band which was out with the Troops to-day, is the largest and finest I ever heard.

[Mr. W. here gives an epitome of Chevalier WYCKOFF's case. But as a full account of the Chevalier's "Bold Stroke for a Wife," appears in Letter XV, we only subjoin a paragraph or two in regard to the caged ADONIS:]

By the Laws of Sardinia, a Prisoner is denied the benefit of Counsel, and kept entirely secluded until the Testimony against him has all been taken. This was a slow process, and for three weeks WYCKOFF was left quite alone to contemplate the chances of going for ten or fifteen years to the Galleys!

Finally, our Consul, Doctor BAKER, got permission to visit him. WYCKOFF assumed that the American Government, whose dignity had been insulted by his imprisonment, was bound to see him righted, and insisted upon making his case a National affair. Like honest DAVIE DEANS, on another occasion, WYCKOFF at first rejected the ordinary means of defense, but has since concluded to employ Counsel. His fate is still in doubt, though an effort is making to place his defense upon grounds that will let him off with a year's imprisonment. He talks much of his relations and employment as a public functionary, and tells queer things about his former connection with the New York Herald. These, however, are not of a character to be repeated, whether true or false.

XVI.

GENOA, JANUARY 27, 1852.

CHURCHES, Palaces and Paintings, in all of which Genoa abounds, attract the attention and excite the admiration of Visitors. In the magnificence of their Architecture, the beauty of their Churches and the excellence of their Pictures, the Genoese may justly be proud, for in each of these respects they enjoy a rich inheritance. But these have all been so well and often described that I shall make no attempt. We have passed three days here most agreeably.

The presence of the Family does not here, as elsewhere, hinder you from visiting their Palaces. Servants show you through the Apartments without disturbance to their inmates. These Palaces, in magnitude, are equal, and in finish, inferior to those of England or France. In Paintings they of course excel, for Italy is not only the birth-place but the permanent abode of Art. There must be inspiration either in her skies or her atmosphere, else why should she be ever prolific in Masters of the Art, while elsewhere eminent Artists are "like Angels' visits, few and far between?" The moment you touch the Soil of Italy, this Art manifests itself even in their humble Villages and unpretending Churches. At two or three small Towns through which we passed, before reaching Genoa, we visited Churches with Fresco and other Paintings of more

interest and merit than the very expensive one which adorns the gorgeous Madeleine Church in Paris.

The history of Genoa is deeply interesting. Its Commercial advantages and its Wealth, during all the ages of War, made it a point of attack for the ambitious and the rapacious. It has sustained many exhausting Sieges, and has prosecuted many sanguinary Wars against its neighbors. The "oldest inhabitants" remember and relate the horrors of the Siege of 1800, when the City was in possession of the French under the command of Marshal MASSENA, with the Austrians, 70,000 strong, surrounding them by land, and Lord KEITH, with the British Fleet, blockading it by Sea. The enemy were repulsed at every point, but as all supplies were cut off, time finally achieved a Victory. This was not effected, however, until every Animal, including horses, dogs, cats, &c., had been devoured. During the Siege, 15,000 inhabitants were swept off by diseases induced by famine; and when MASSENA finally capitulated, of his 7,000 troops, only 2,000 had strength to appear on parade.

Large quantities of American Cotton come to Genoa. Five Vessels are now here with Cotton, after discharging which they go to Leghorn for their return cargo, and failing to get Marble there, they run over to Sicily for fruit. The ship *Cantatrice*, Capt. DEVEREAUX, of Boston, had a passage of 112 days from New Orleans. A Ship that left New Orleans the same day, and which he fell in with four days afterwards, was here six weeks before him. Capt. CROWELL, with another Ship, left New York for New Orleans after Capt. DEVEREAUX sailed from the latter Port, discharged and took in

cargo there, and was at Genoa first. And yet the *Cantatrice* is a fair sailing Ship, and Capt. D. is a capable officer, with thirty-five years' experience. This shows how capriciously the winds blow.

Capt. NOBER, of the Bark C. S. Bevan, was dreadfully gashed last night by a Sailor, who attempted to murder him. He was cut in the head and face. The Sailor was brought before the Consul this morning, and will be sent home in Irons for Trial.

The King of Sardinia is very popular with all classes. The People speak of him with great affection. His manners are simple, and his sentiments and sympathies are with his subjects. But I fear that he will not be able to resist the pressure of Despotism. Within a week, as I learn from an intelligent source, a Minister representing a Monarch of Despotic policy at Turin, said: "Your Majesty sees the shape things are taking," to which the Sardinian King replied, "I do." "Well," added the Diplomatist, "I hope your Majesty is preparing to meet the Sovereigns of Europe in their efforts to secure repose." "Yes," said the King, "I am so far prepared that I can pack my Trunk and be off to England or America in half an hour after I find myself unable to protect the rights and promote the happiness of my People." All I see of his people induces a belief that the Sards are worthy of such a King. That the Genoese are I have no doubt, for there is that in their conversation, their bearing, their spirit, as in their history, to show that they breathe an atmosphere strongly impregnated with the spirit of Freedom.

We are quite Royally lodged here. Our Hotel, base as are the uses to which it has come, was a Palace once.

The stairs and floors are of beautiful Marble. Our Parlor and bedrooms form a suite, which, if thrown together, would make a large Concert Room.

Sedan Chairs are used here by Ladies attending Parties, Balls and Theatres. This is necessary from the narrowness of the streets, there being but three or four considerable Avenues large enough for carriages.

The costume of Genoese Ladies is very graceful. Very few, even of the best classes, wear bonnets, a long white gauze veil having been found more convenient and becoming. Women, in humble ranks, wear muslin shawls with gay colors.

I said I would not attempt to describe Churches, nor will I; but I never go into one of these deeply impressive Edifices without regretting that we have not at least one of them in America, so that those who cannot come so far to see them, might nevertheless enjoy the privilege. In all probability none such will ever be erected in America. But one such might be purchased and sent home in detail. Or at any rate the whole interior of an Italian Church might be taken there without destroying its effect or beauty. The expense would be greatly less than the cost of transferring the Column of Luxor from Egypt to Paris.

LEGHORN, January 28.

We left Genoa at 8 o'clock last evening in the "Capri," a Mediterranean Steamer that runs between Marseilles and Naples, arriving here at 7 o'clock this morning. She is a well built English Steamer with tolerable accommodations, and exacts an intolerable amount of passage money. The fare from Genoa to

Leghorn (but a little over 100 miles) was \$10 each. There is a steamer four times a week between Marseilles and Naples. The passage occupies four days, though their running time is but half that, as they lay over, during the day, at Nice first, then at Genoa, then at Leghorn, and then at Civita Vecchia, reaching Naples on the morning of the fourth day. This gives Travelers an opportunity of making brief visits at interesting points along the Mediterranean. I infer from the circumstance that of the Passengers on board the "Capri" last night eleven were Americans, that there is a large sprinkling of our Countrymen in Italy. Leghorn possesses a good and convenient Harbor, and is Commercial in all its aspects. Alabaster, beautifully wrought, is for sale here. English and American Travelers stop here for a day or two to purchase and ship gems of this description.

PISA.

After breakfasting at Leghorn, we came by Railroad, twelve miles, to this Town of world wide notoriety on account of its LEANING Tower, which is cylindrical in form, 50 feet in Diameter and 178 feet high, with an inclination of nearly fourteen feet. It was erected in the twelfth century. Twelve bells, the largest of which weighs 2,000 lbs., have been ringing their changes from its summit for six centuries.

Near this Tower is a Cathedral, claimed to be one of four of the finest Churches in the World, or rather the Cathedral with its Baptistery and Cemetery form a group exciting great interest and curiosity. This Cathedral was conceived by the Pisans at the close of

a War which left them enriched with the spoils of their vanquished enemies. It was fifty-four years in the process of erection. It is elaborately adorned with Paintings. The chased silver work around the Altar cost 36,000 crowns. It has been twice stolen by and ransomed from the French.

The River Arno runs through Pisa. The land between Leghorn and Pisa is frequently submerged, but produces fine grass. It has a population of nearly 30,000. The climate is good. The great fertility of soil for which Tuscany is so famed is apparent about Pisa. Both here and at Leghorn, however, the presence of Austrian Soldiery is a disagreeable feature. The idea of having the Army of a Despot quartered upon a People eminent for their devotion to Law and Order, is very repulsive. But the once honored and beloved Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose strongest defenses were in the hearts of his People, by abrogating the Constitution which he had approved, now supposes it necessary to surround himself with Austrian Bayonets.

XVII.

FLORENCE, FEBRUARY 4, 1852.

IF Florence could exchange climates with the Island of Madeira, there would be at least one PARADISE on Earth—that is, if Paradise be that place of beautiful perfections with which it is invested by hope and faith. The bountiful soil of Tuscany supplies all wants of man. Genius has adorned the Galleries of Florence with attractions which continue to charm through never so long a life; for, like the plays of SHAKSPEARE, I am sure these Pictures may be studied forever. And as for Palaces, there are more than enough for all who wish to occupy them, and that too at rents marvelously low. Why, you may live in a Palace with ample grounds (including Garden and Vineyard) for less rent than is paid for any two and a half story building in our immediate Hudson street neighborhood. And the prices of all needful articles correspond, Provisions, Fuel, Wine, Service, &c., being more than reasonably cheap. A person with a small income at home, well invested, may come here to enjoy the “fat of the land,” and become rich without working, if he lives long enough.

Take an example. The Villa and Palace of the SALVIATA Family is situated a mile and a half from the City, and joins that of their great rival Family, the DE MEDICI. Beside its ample Gardens, Orangery, &c., there are several hundred acres of vineyards, Olive

Orchards, Meadow and Pasture Lands. In out-houses there is all that befits a Palace. In the Gardens there are Statuary and Fountains. The Saloons, Dining Hall, Library and Boudoir of the Palace are hung with Paintings by the old Italian Masters. From the Palace you have fine views of Fiesole, the Ancient City of the Etruscans, Val d'Arno (in viewing which both MILTON and WASHINGTON IRVING fertilized their classic spirits with beautiful imagery), and of the City of Florence, which spreads out like a Mosaic Carpet at your feet. This fine old Palace, with its appropriately rich furniture, and its broad grounds, is occupied by Col. WINTHROP, of New Orleans, who pays for all these luxuries the sum of \$1,200 per annum !

Again, Mr. TWEEDY, with his Lady and Miss KNOWER, of Albany, occupy pleasant furnished Apartments on the Arno, with a large open corridor from which you have a fine view of the River, the Corsini and the surrounding Villas, for which they pay \$160 a year. Dinners are served from an excellent Hotel for themselves and two servants for \$1 per day. Their Breakfasts cost less than half a dollar. Wood (which is here more abundant) costs \$6 a cord. Wine (of Tuscany, pure and delicious) at from ten to twenty cents a bottle.

Mr. PAGE, an artist of established home reputation, has been here two years, studying diligently and working hard. Few artists are better qualified to profit by advantages which Italy offers, for he has mind, genius and taste. He studies TITIAN, whose colors are unrivaled, and means to perfect himself in that school. His copies of that great Master are admirable. A Flora, by

PAGE, which has been purchased by Mr. SHAW, of Boston (who is living here with his family very pleasantly), compares favorably with the original. If PAGE were an Englishman he would be overwhelmed with orders for Pictures. But we are not yet a picture-buying people, though our wealthy citizens spend their thousands much less rationally.

Mr. NICHOLS, a Painter of modest but real merit, from Connecticut I believe, is also here, endeavoring to "climb the steep and rugged hill of fame." But unfortunately, his talents and his virtues are his only capital, and these, though excellent in their way, will not pass at his Banker's for golden Neapolitans nor silver Piastres, without which his wife and children may not subsist. I saw some very fine Pictures in NICHOLS' Studio yesterday, two of which were, happily, purchased by a Lady who commissioned me, at his own prices, but for much less than their intrinsic value. We were made acquainted with Mr. NICHOLS by a Lady from Albany, to whose quick eye to discover genius he is indebted for all the encouragement he has received here.

POWERS, the American Sculptor, whose genius has conferred honor upon his country, and whose fame is to endure, with his works, through all time, has resided in Italy seventeen years, fourteen in Florence and three in Rome. No American comes to Florence, of course, without paying homage to this shrine. But as there are no Saints in our National Calendar, we only find plain HIRAM POWERS, whose "shingle," as we express it, hangs out to indicate his Studio, in lingering about which three hours passed very delightfully. Among the objects which first attract attention is a group of familiar heads

which the Artist modeled in America, viz.: Chief Justice MARSHALL, Gen. JACKSON, Judge BURNET, GEORGE McDUFFIE, Mr. VAN BUREN, Mr. GRANGER, Col. PRESTON and JOHN S. PRESTON. Of the two latter gentlemen, and of Mr. LONGWORTH, of Cincinnati, POWERS speaks with great affection and gratitude, as his early and best friends, without whose encouragement he says he could not have been where and what he is.

Besides a large building where his huge marble blocks are first reduced to form by ordinary workmen, POWERS has three Apartments connected with his own Sanctum, where his assistants are engaged in executing his designs. Most people know, I suppose, what I did not, that eminent Artists have little or nothing to do with the marble. The "Greek Slave," the "Fisher Boy," upon which we have looked with wonder and admiration, came in all their beauty and perfections from the hands of subordinates, all the thought, genius and taste having been bestowed upon his plaster models.

POWERS is engaged with two works, one or both of which will, I trust, ultimately adorn the Capitol. One of them is to represent AMERICA, and the other CALIFORNIA. They are happy conceptions. Their emblems and allegories are appropriate and poetical. It will, as he is only able to give intervals of time to them, take two or three years to complete these Statues.

If this great Sculptor had not devoted himself to his present Art, he would have been a most useful and accomplished Machinist, for his genius could not have been repressed, though he is apparently unconscious of being anything more than a plain Vermont scion engrafted upon a Cincinnati stalk. Though destined

to labor here for a long time, his affections are with and for America, where, as he hopes, the Sun of Freedom that lights him to his rest, will shine upon his Children. POWERS works as skillfully in iron, steel and brass as he does in marble. In his Studio is a Smithy (if that word may be used), where he makes all his own tools—tools by means of which his Artistic labors are much simplified and facilitated.

The absorbing objects of interest here are the Picture Galleries. In this respect the wealth of Florence cannot be estimated, for her Paintings have no money valuation. The gold of California could not purchase them.

The UFFIZI and PIRRI Galleries are situated on opposite sides of the Arno, but connected by a continuous wall and covered walk for the convenience of the Grand Duke, whose Ancient and Modern Palaces are adjacent to either Gallery. The collection in the Uffizi Gallery is said to be the most various, if not the most valuable, in the world. To speak understandingly of these works of Art, taste, cultivation and reading are indispensable. Deficient in all these qualities, I shall of course be careful not to expose my ignorance. But even an un instructed eye observes with interest the infancy, youth, manhood and maturity of Art as displayed on these walls, in the origin, progress and perfection of Painting. This peculiarity is observable in the works of the great Masters, whose early efforts stand here in contrast with their finished productions. You see the genius of RAPHAEL, first in the bud, then half blown, and finally in all its glory. And you see collectedly, Art rising, step by step, age after age, from its dawning dimness,

its partial development, its growing beauties, to its full orb'd effulgence, through the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And then, when several Masters had, by long struggling, attained the summit of their Art; when half a dozen Schools of Painting had been perfected; when none were bold enough to think of rivaling RAPHAEL, TITIAN, CORREGGIO, LEONARDO DA VINCI, MICHAEL ANGELO, &c., &c., their Pupils and Successors became copyists, and then of course the Art began to decline.

You are struck also in these Galleries by the fact that most of the old Masters, nearly all, indeed, drew their subjects from the Scriptures. The Savior, the Martyrs, the Virgin, the Holy Family, and other powerfully wrought Scriptural incidents seemed to call forth their highest efforts. Each of the great Masters painted portraits of themselves. Those of RAPHAEL, TITIAN, REMBRANDT, &c., are to be seen in these Galleries. Of Landscapes you see but few, and those, if I may hazard an opinion, inferior to many of the productions of Modern Artists.

That illustrious Flemish Artist, RUBENS, whose Pictures adorn the Galleries of Europe, appears to advantage here, though his very highest efforts are to be seen at Antwerp, his birthplace. And this is true, I believe, with most of the old Masters. The Galleries of France, Germany, Prussia, Italy, &c., as well as the collections of England, boast of their MURILLOS, but the finest Pictures of that immortal Artist are only found in Spain.

Much of the Ancient Statuary in the Florentine Galleries bears evidence of the "crash of matter," if

not of the "wreck of worlds." The finest productions are more or less mutilated. Arms, legs, nose, &c., have had either to be supplied or mended. Even the "Venus de Medici," that embodiment of all that is perfect and beautiful in the female form, is seamed all over. But fractured and patched as it is, the power of Art is so triumphant in this work that none surpass and few approach its excellence. This Statue was exhumed, two hundred years ago, from ruins in which it lay buried nobody knows how many centuries. Another greatly admired Antique representing a Boy taking a thorn out of his foot, has had "every bone in his body broken," in the setting of many of which no great science was displayed; yet no such other Marble Boy has been or probably will be created, though exactly such Boys are seen wherever thorns grow (where do they not grow ?) and Boys go barefooted.

XVIII.

FLORENCE, FEBRUARY 5, 1852.

THE Army of Austria occupies Tuscany. This is an ugly feature, and one which galls the Tuscan. The streets of Florence are desecrated by the tramp of six thousand Foreign Soldiers. In other parts of the Dukedom there are eight thousand more mercenaries. The Troops have to be supported by a People whose Constitution they came here to trample under their feet.

In the general uprising of the European People, which temporarily promised so much to the cause of Free Government, the Grand Duke of Tuscany granted his People a Constitution. But when Despotism rallied for the re-subjugation of the Continent, the Grand Duke of Tuscany sympathized with his kinsmen. This occasioned tumult here, and the Grand Duke fled to Austria, from whence he returned with the Army of the Emperor to maintain his authority over a People whose affections, in all past time, were his best defense. Before these adverse events, the Grand Duke and his Family were objects of affectionate solicitude all over Tuscany. The People honored and loved their Ruler. But all is changed. Now when he appears on the Corsini, at the Opera, or in the Streets, "none are so poor as to do him reverence."

The Austrian uniform is a white frock coat with sky-

blue pants. With the troops here are two or three fine German Bands of Music.

The Corsini, which is the Champs Elysée of Florence, presents many attractions on Thursdays and Saturdays, where, with good weather, you see all the Rank and Fashion of Florence. The Coaches and Four of the Grand Duke, of the King of Naples (some of whose Family are here), and of Prince DEMIDORFF, of Russia, who resides here, with their handsome and dashing outriders, make a brilliant display. Beside these are numerous and rich private Carriages and "much people," to whom the German Bands discourse the music of the best Masters.

The accounts given of the wealth of Prince DEMIDORFF seem fabulous. He gives Dinners from a service of Silver which cost \$40,000. His income is derived from mines of Malachite and Platina, and amounts, it is said, to half a million of dollars annually.

Our Ladies passed the afternoon yesterday very agreeably at the Palace of Salviata, where Mrs. WINTHROP received them most cordially. Having been shown through the splendid Apartments and enjoyed its hospitalities, they strolled about the grounds, plucking Oranges, Roses, Japonicas, &c., &c., all the while in full view of the snows that rest upon the surrounding mountains. The latter feature, in February, you will readily enough comprehend, but that Fruits and Flowers should be growing, openly, in such close proximity to snows, seems like an atmospheric paradox.

It is rather difficult, after visiting the Galleries of Florence frequently, and feasting all the nobler senses with such glorious Paintings, to forbear speaking of

them. Visitors soon grow wise—wondrous wise in Pictures. After two or three visits they select their favorite Artist, and begin to affect knowledge of colors, drawing, light and shade, effect, and all that sort of thing. "Some are of PAUL," while "others are of CEPHAS," and all are disputatious. This is, I suppose, proof of the truth of the maxim, that people "talk most about what they know least."

There are several old Churches, whose Architectural and Historic interest equal that of any others in the world. The Duomo is esteemed to be one of the greatest achievements in Architecture. It certainly surpasses anything I have ever seen. In contrast with this sublime and beautiful edifice, St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and Notre Dame, and the Madeleine Church in Paris, are lost. The Campanella, or Tower belonging to, yet separated from the Church, nearly three hundred feet high, is built entirely of beautiful black and white Marble, highly polished and elaborately adorned. The Baptistery of the Church, though also an independent structure, in the form of a Rotunda, and a noble edifice, completes the group. The Doors of the Baptistery, with their exquisite bas reliefs, excite everybody's admiration. MICHAEL ANGELO is said to have exclaimed, when they were finished, that they were fit to become the gates of Paradise. These edifices were nearly an hundred years in the process of construction.

SANTA CROCE, a Church built in the 13th Century, though rude in Architecture, is rich in historical associations. Its Frescoes, done by the best Artists of that day, combine manifest beauties with glaring defects. But within these walls repose the remains of men whose

memories never die. Here are the Tombs of DANTE, MICHAEL ANGELO, MACHIAVELLI, GALILEO, along with many others less distinguished abroad, but eminent at home.

The large Convent connected with Santa Croce is now occupied as barracks for a Regiment of Austrian Soldiers. A Sentinel refused us admittance, but a Monk who observed it came out and conducted us through the Convent.

Among the literary notabilities here are Mr. LEVER, who sends his "Maurice Tiernay" in chapters to London; and Mrs. TROLLOPE. I do not know where mental labors could be more agreeably prosecuted than in Florence.

Families residing here enjoy desirable facilities for Education. Instruction is both thorough and cheap. Mrs. SHAW, of Boston, who is devoting herself to the Education of her Daughters here, tells me that for Lessons in the French and Italian Languages, Drawing, Music and Dancing, from accomplished Masters, they pay (for four scholars) \$10 per month.

There is just now quite a musical excitement here, occasioned by the debut of a Prima Donna belonging to a noble Family—a Family that has produced a Pope and two or three Cardinals. She has, in addition, youth, beauty, and high cultivation in her favor. Her passion for the Opera was so strong as to overcome the remonstrances of Parents, by whom she is to be disinherited. We went to see her in "Lucretia Borgia." The audience was large and fashionable. If the enthusiasm she inspired may be taken as evidence of merit, her singing and acting realized an interest which

belongs to other times. The applause increased as the Play progressed until it became deafening. In several of her most effective passages she was interrupted by spontaneous outbursts of applause, and between the acts she was called out two or three times to receive the homage of her admirers. With all this she was manifestly delighted to intoxication. These things, however, will fail to compensate, permanently, for the great sacrifices she is making for them.

In dress, manners, and even in the appearance of the Florentine Ladies, there is little to distinguish them from our own countrywomen. At the Opera and on the Corsini you see Ladies whom you might meet in New York without supposing them of Foreign birth.

Florence is a very quiet, orderly City, and one in which there is very little of abject poverty. Nor are you, as in most other European Cities, annoyed by Beggars. There is neither Police nor Watchmen, and apparently no necessity for either. Nor is there, fortunately, any occasion for Temperance Laws or Societies. The cheap Wines of the Country are drunk by the Peasantry and the Laboring Classes generally, but they are free from "all that intoxicates."

Tuscany, with proper tillage, might be made to produce enough for a population three times as large as it now supports. In the hands of American Farmers it would make everybody so rich that they would snap their fingers at California. But though cultivated by people who are by no means the idlest of the Italians, they are immeasurably behind us in enterprise and industry. The land is generally owned by small Proprietors, who lease it to Peasants, who supply the

labor, and then the product is divided between Proprietor and Peasant. The Leases are for one year, and the agreement is verbal; but a good Farmer keeps his land as long as he pleases. The Proprietor furnishes the Stock. The *increase* is divided. All improvements are made at the expense of the Proprietor. All the grains of a Northern climate, along with every description of vegetables, are produced in abundance. Tuscany is one great Vineyard. The fields are fringed with vines, which, running from tree to tree, form a graceful hedge. They are of luxuriant growth, and yield a profusion of grapes. Tuscan Wine is therefore plentiful and cheap. Large quantities of it are sold in flasks holding nearly half a gallon, at prices varying from two to three cents a flask.

CIVITA VECCHIA, February 11.

Having passed a fortnight very pleasantly at Florence, we left on Monday morning for Naples, via Leghorn. The simultaneous arrival of four American Ships, on that day, had created quite a stir in the Harbor. These Ships (the George Washington, Cantatrice, Eva, &c.,) had all been lying at Genoa, and left that Port in company.

Mr. BINDER, the American Consul at Leghorn, is a most attentive and intelligent gentleman — quite worthy, I am sure, of the confidence reposed in him. Though not an American by birth, he resided many years in Charleston S. C., where he married the daughter of Gen. SUMPTER. It is pleasant to meet Officials abroad who manifest such a cheerful readiness to render your visit pleasant.

We left Leghorn in the Steamer *Herculaneum*, at 7 o'clock P. M. Heretofore we had seen the Mediterranean in repose; but now its tranquillity had been disturbed, and we were destined to a widely different experience. The first wave encountered after leaving the Harbor, sent the Ladies to their State Rooms, where they lay for eighteen hours enduring all the horrors of seasickness, mitigated, so far as mitigation was possible, by the assiduous attentions of "Antoine," that Italian Steward whose skill in "loosening stays," &c., &c., was commended, several years ago, by a New York Lady. The Ladies now in "Antoine's" charge, did not require that service of him, but they concur in commending his attentions and kindness. Instead of reaching Civita Vecchia at 7 this morning, when due, we arrived at 3 P. M. As the gale was increasing, the Captain (or rather the Board of Health, by whom such things are regulated) decided to remain here until 1 o'clock to-morrow. This intelligence was grateful to our seasick voyagers, who rallied with alacrity, and waited impatiently for a tardy permission to land. This was obtained at 4 o'clock, and we soon found ourselves discussing a light Dinner at the "*Albergo Orlandi*," a tolerable Hotel.

On board our Steamer were an hundred Soldiers, just recruited in the Swiss Alps, for the Army of the King of Naples, who, for obvious reasons, prefers them to Neapolitans about his Person and Household. They were young Peasants, who, tempted by large pay (twice the sum received by Native troops), enlist for four years. I knew that in former times the Soldiers of Switzerland were thus farmed out by their Rulers, but was before

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unaware of the fact that they went voluntarily into Foreign Service.

Civita Vecchia, the Seaport for Rome, is less than forty miles distant from the "Eternal City." It is a small town, with massive buildings, strongly garrisoned by French Soldiers, with a wretched population. The Harbor is small, with two narrow entrances, and is admirably sheltered. The surrounding country is a dreary waste. It looks as if it might have rested, in its nakedness and sterility, ever since the Flood.

This morning those of our Passengers journeying to Rome were furnished with Vehicles looking nearly as old and quite as primitive as the face of the country. And everything around wears an aspect of age and decrepitude. The Fishing Boats, the Nets, and the Fishermen themselves, not less than the patched garments in which they are partly clad, seem to have belonged to past ages. Their teamsters violate the Scripture, which forbids "unequal yoking," by coupling an Ox with a Mule, and a Horse with a Cow, several instances of which I saw this morning.

XIX.

NAPLES, FEBRUARY 16, 1852.

THIS City contains more than four hundred thousand inhabitants. Its Harbor and Bay are claimed to be the most beautiful in the World, though the palm is disputed by the admirers of Constantinople and Valparaiso, while others, as they well may, place that of New York in competition with either and all. In scenery and associations we cannot claim for New York the magnificent features which Naples presents. We have no Vesuvius, with its ever smoking and sometimes fiery eruptions. Nor have we, as in view of Naples, Islands that have shot up mountains high out of the Sea. Nor can we point, as the Neapolitans do, to the spot where ST. PAUL landed on his way to Rome; where TIBERIUS died, and VIRGIL was entombed. But in place of these memorials of Antiquity, we can boast of high moral achievements. New York, with a Bay almost as broad, and during the Summer months, as bright and beautiful as this, looks out upon mighty Ships and Splendid Steamers wafting the products, the Luxuries and the Treasures of the World to and from nearly twenty-five millions of enlightened, prosperous, happy Freemen. How gladly would any or all the hoary and decayed Nations of Europe exchange their memories and their miseries, their Palaces and their Prisons, for the fresh-

ness and fertility, the privileges and the bounties enjoyed in America.

Naples is in the form of a Crescent, extending between three and four miles, though far the largest number of its inhabitants are packed away in a quarter covering not more than 150 or 200 Acres of ground. The City is built upon a narrow belt nearly level with the Sea, but is sheltered all around, by a mountain which rises boldly immediately behind it. Directly behind our Hotel is a perpendicular ascent of nearly three hundred feet. The City is overlooked and commanded by the Church, Castle and Fort of San Elmo. From the Fort you are stared at, impudently, by several hundred heavy pieces of Cannon. It is garrisoned by Swiss Soldiers, some 15,000 of whom are in the service of the King of NAPLES.

The King's Palace, a plain but extensive building, is in the City, with the Bay on one side and the principal street on the other. That he "is clothed in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day," is probable; and that Beggars lie (not at his gate because the Sentinels won't let them) all round his Palace, is certain. These Beggars are not only afflicted as LAZARUS was, but are infected in a way that makes one *crawl* while looking at, or thinking of them.

The U. S. Ship Independence, Capt. JAMISON, is the only Man-of-War in the Bay. The Neapolitan Fleet (not formidable) lies moored in the Harbor. Commodore MORGAN, who is in command of the Mediterranean Squadron (now reduced to a single Ship) lives on shore.

In the Harbor, the stripes and stars are seen from a single Ship, the "New England," one of our largest class of merchantmen. The Hon. E. J. MORRIS, our capable Charge d'Affaires here, has given an account of the miserable and ruinous annoyances to which this Ship has been subjected. She came from New Orleans with Tobacco and Cotton. The Board of Health having been informed, in 1850, by the Neapolitan Charge d'Affaires in Brazil, that the Cholera was then raging in New Orleans, this Ship was quarantined for thirty days; but inasmuch as Tobacco is not regarded as an infectious agent, and inasmuch, perhaps, as the Government monopolist may have been in need of this part of the Cargo, the Captain was allowed to discharge it. No person is allowed, however, to go on board the Ship, nor is the Captain allowed to come on shore. And he is ordered now to go to an Island twelve miles off to land his Cotton, after which he must remain there in Quarantine sixteen days before returning to the City to take in Cargo.

Mr. MORRIS remonstrated, first to the Board of Health, then to the Ministry, and finally to the King, against this arbitrary, oppressive, stupid regulation. He has shown them the injustice and absurdity of subjecting a Vessel coming from a healthy port, in a healthy season, with a clean bill of health, to such ruinous restrictions, insisting that a course so contrary to the usages of all enlightened Commercial Nations must keep Merchant Ships away from this Port, and in this case subject the Neapolitan Government to a just demand for indemnity.

The Musical circles have been discussing for several days the chances of success or failure in the case of an

Englishman who has presumptuously announced himself for a part in an Italian Opera! The Italians predicted failure, while the English only said, "He shall have fair play. We will all go to the Opera." The Debutante is a son of BRAHAM (younger than him in America), the once great English Vocalist. Having seen and heard the elder BRAHAM, though in the "sere of life," and having also heard the Son, who was, and perhaps is, in America, without being at all struck with admiration of either, I anticipated little interest in the efforts of this gentleman. But I accepted Mr. MORRIS' offer of a Seat in his Box. The Opera House of San Carlo is the largest and finest in the world. It has 180 boxes, holding from seven to twelve persons; and a thousand can be crowded into the Parquette. The Orchestra is a powerful one, and the Scenery magnificent. Last night there was a large and fashionable audience. The first Act of the Opera, after a Ballet, went off with spirit. Mr. BRAHAM appeared in the second Act. The profound stillness was unbroken even by a loud breath. He looked pale, but the first note sounded showed firmness. He sang on until the audience, satisfied with his execution of a difficult passage, manifested its approbation by slight expressions of surprise rather than of applause. But at the conclusion of an Air there was a brief but unequivocal demonstration in his favor. The scenes changed and BRAHAM appeared again with a Lady. There is a sharp, malicious hiss. The lady attempted to sing but was repulsed, I know not for what offense; but BRAHAM was compelled to go on without support. And now his success was triumphant. The applause was general

and hearty. After the curtain fell, the Italians were warm in their expressions of admiration, concluding, however, with their old remark, that though BRAHAM had surprised them, "Englishmen cannot sing Italian Music." As Naples is now the seat of the Operatic Muse, Mr. BRAHAM having "conquered" even "the prejudices" of a critical audience, he has great reason to regard his reputation as established. He certainly passed a severe ordeal, for I never saw one so discriminating or so cruel. In the course of the evening a brilliant and favorite singer, who omitted a passage in his part, was driven from the stage.

The Neapolitan Navy, though small, is efficient. The King has fifteen War Steamers, nine of which are in this Port, together with twelve Ships, all small, but fine vessels. The Steamers were built in England. They are moored at the Royal Dockyard by the King's Palace. The Naval Barracks also join the Dockyard. Everything about these Vessels and Dockyard is in admirable order.

The Mountain against which Naples rests is of Tufa of a yellowish color, which cuts like our clay, but which, by exposure to the Sun, becomes as hard and durable as granite. Of this material Naples is built. Cement made of Volcanic ashes and sand is said to be even more durable than stone or marble.

Italy, you know, abounds in Macaroni and Vermicelli. The making and eating of these articles enter into the occupations and appetites of every City, Town and Village. It is used in many forms of which we have no knowledge. It enters into all their Soups and Pastry, and into many of their Meat dishes. And,

though I started with prejudices, I must say that these dishes are invariably good.

Naples boasts of making the finest Macaroni in Italy. I visited a small town at the foot of Vesuvius yesterday, where thousands of bushels of Wheat were being made into Macaroni. The Wheat is first subjected to a kiln-drying process, being spread on tiled roofs which are heated gently from fires within and from the Sun without. It is afterwards ground coarsely, mixed with water and kneaded into a paste, which is subjected to action by pounders, somewhat resembling those used in driving piles. The Paste is then forced through machinery which gives it its form and name, some coming out Macaroni and some Vermicelli, each taking, however, many varieties of form, some long and thin like paper, some like ribbons, some in balls, and others like beans, peas, and even as small as mustard seed.

At Genoa, from which place I think we get most of our Macaroni, Saffron is put into the Paste, which gives it its yellow tinge. Here it is nearer the color of bread. Not only the Italians, but all who visit Italy, become very fond of this description of food. The impression which I think prevails in America, that Macaroni and Vermicelli manufacturers are not particularly clean, is erroneous. There is no good ground of objection to this food on that account.

The *Lachrymæ Christi* and *Falernian Wines* are made from Vineyards which surround Vesuvius, and though delicious, are strong and even fiery. If tempted by the fine flavor of these Wines, to drink more than two glasses, the blood remains heated for several hours.

There are but few Americans here now, Rome being at present the point of most attraction. From our own State I have only met Mr. GEORGE TIBBITS, of Troy, who, with his companion, Mr. WARREN, leave this afternoon for Rome. Gen. DE PEYSTER, of Dutchess county, who is intent, as I learn, upon acquiring Military information, is also here.

I presume that information of the death of JOHN R. KANE, at Palermo, has reached New York.

XX.

NAPLES, FEBRUARY 20, 1852.

THE day chosen for our visit to the long buried City of POMPEII proved auspicious. We had the benefit of a bright sun and a balmy atmosphere. To us it was a day of deep, absorbing interest. We lingered for six hours about the now solitary edifices and silent streets which, two thousand years ago, teemed with a dense population.

It is twelve miles from Naples to POMPEII. The road runs along the Bay shore at the foot of Vesuvius for ten miles, and then turns to the Southeast through a Valley and near the River Sarno, which is supposed to have been its ancient boundary, though there is now a fertile valley a mile in extent between the City and the River. In going to Pompeii you pass through Portici and Terni del Greco, Towns that have been built upon lava foundations, and are sure to be destroyed when Vesuvius discharges itself in this direction; and yet the inhabitants live on as little concerned as we are with the idea that the world is, at some future period, to be destroyed by Fire—an idea, by the way, which finds strong corroborative evidence in the fact that internal fires are rending mountains and upheaving seas throughout a region hundreds of miles in extent.

The ancient City of Pompeii is plainly indicated by a ridge or mound extending from the base of Vesuvius

to its excavated Amphitheatre, which is situated at its eastern extremity. Not much, if any, more than one-third of the City, has been excavated; and most of this was done by the French, though the work has been progressing moderately under the Neapolitan Government. The task is herculean, for the City lies buried under volcanic earth from ten to twenty feet deep, and as the roofs of the buildings were all crushed, the apartments were of course filled with solid earth.

Volcanic soil is very fertile. The unexcavated portions of Pompeii are highly cultivated. Whatever is planted or sown here produces abundantly. Extensive and beautiful Vineyards grow and bear luxuriantly. These Vineyards give us the *Lachrymæ Christi* and *Falernian Wines*, which, though most delicious, are heating and fiery, as may well be inferred from the nature of the soil which produces the grape.

There are about fifty laborers engaged now in excavations. We were allowed to use the Pick, but not to take away any of the Spoils, though, like other Visitors, we did obtain a few specimens, among which were fragments of stucco and Etruscan ware. Whenever a Sovereign visits Naples the event is signalized by developing, in his presence, the contents of a House, and these are given by the King to his Royal Guest. Everything valuable found at Pompeii has been carefully preserved here in the Museum, to which, as well as to Pompeii, strangers have free admission.

The excavations display Streets, Institutions, Dwellings, Shops, &c., &c., in a much more perfect condition than I had supposed. These are all satisfactorily identified. There is neither doubt nor obscurity as to the

Pantheon, the Tribunal, the Temples of Iris, Bacchus, Jupiter, Hercules; the Theatres, the Baths, the Houses of DIOMEDE, PANZA, &c., &c. Not only the walls of these buildings, but their different compartments, with, in some instances, elaborate Fresco Paintings, are seen. Entire streets have been excavated and renumbered. Wine and Oil Stores were identified by the Jars and other Vessels in which these liquids were kept, and which are still in use here. In a large Bake House, the Ovens of which are perfect, Bread, with the name of the Baker stamped on each Loaf, was found. In DIOMEDE'S Wine Vault, the Wine Jars are still standing against the wall, close to which several skeletons were found, one of which was supposed to be either the Wife or Daughter, from the rich necklace, bracelet and ear-rings that adorned the person of the sufferer. Near the gate of the city leading to Herculaneum the skeleton of a Soldier who perished on duty, with his armor on and his arms by his side, was found. The Sentry Box in which this Soldier was found is perfect.

The Amphitheatre was a noble structure. The seats were of marble. Near the Arena are dens or cells in which the Wild Beasts with which the Gladiators contended were caged. In one of these the skeleton of a Lion was found. In this Amphitheatre it is said that 20,000 spectators could be seated.

The Streets were paved with large Stones of irregular size and shape, but with a flat surface, in which were cavities evidently caused by the wheels of Vehicles. The sidewalks are raised like ours, and handsomely paved with pebbles, and around Temples, &c., with Mosaic. In front of the Home of the Vestals there

is a fine Mosaic pavement, with the word "Salve" (welcome) on the sill at its entrance. In one of the largest and most elegant Houses were Marble Dining Tables.

The King keeps intelligent guides at Pompeii for the twofold purpose of showing Visitors through the City and protecting its treasures. We were fortunate, in addition to the information given by the Guide, in having Mr. MORRIS, our representative to this Government, who knows Pompeii as he knows his own City of Philadelphia, with us. Having wandered for three hours, which took us about two-thirds through the City, we sat down upon the broken wall of the Tribunal, in view of the Pantheon, the Theatre, &c., &c., to our Lunch, moistening our bread with Falernian Wine, distilled from Vineyards growing over a City whose inhabitants, eighteen centuries ago, held this beverage as fit for their gods. Having discussed our viands, we resumed and completed our pilgrimage, passing out of the City at a gate which opened up an Appian Way that led to Rome, on either side of which, for some distance, were Tombs. I wish it were possible to impart to friends even a faint idea of the solemnity and impressiveness of Pompeii. Though walking literally among the Tombs, all the aspects of Pompeii are cheerful. The Streets are clean, and all around you is a stillness in harmony with the scene and its associations. You look up on smoking Vesuvius, down which the burning Lava ran, making for itself channels which still remain.

Having thus explored POMPEII, we repaired to the Museum where its recovered treasures are deposited;

and here, again, mingled amazement and admiration, with even increased intensity, are awakened. These treasures (belonging in part to Herculaneum) fill eight spacious Halls, each devoted to classified articles. The room we visited first, contains Kitchen Furniture of every conceivable description, mostly in bronze, and bearing a strong resemblance to articles now in use. In this department of domestic life, the Pompeiians were not behind those of our day. An adjoining Room is devoted to Etruscan Vases of beautiful form. In this Room, also, are several magnificent Mosaics. Then comes a Room devoted to Glass, in various colors, and for nearly all the purposes for which it is now used. And yet, while this knowledge belonged to the buried inhabitants of Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago, its uses and its existence was comparatively unknown in England a thousand years afterwards! Another Room is devoted to Sacrificial Vases and other appendages of Heathen Worship; among which are Vessels for Incense, Idols, Deities, &c., &c. Then comes a Room devoted to Weights, Measures, Scales, Lamps, Candelabras, &c., &c., among which are Steelyards with the name of AUGUSTUS inscribed under figures of ROMULUS and REMUS. These articles show a higher state of civilization, in this respect, than existed in England during the Reign of ELIZABETH; and prove that the ages which succeeded were indeed dark ones. Two Rooms are devoted to Miscellaneous articles, including Iron Stocks found in front of a Prison, Agricultural Implements, Vases, Essence Bottles found in the Bath Houses; a Helmet with bas relief representing the conflagration of Troy; Bells of various descriptions, and

those for Cattle precisely such as are used now; with Flat-irons, similar to our own; Letters, for Stamping Bread, so like Type that the Art of Printing ought not to have been a comparatively modern discovery; Mirrors; Opéra Tickets, numbered to correspond with the seats; Musical Instruments, Dice, Pins, Nails, Locks, Keys; Bits, found in the mouth of a Skeleton Horse; Paints, including Rouge, &c., &c. In another Room is a vast collection of memorials belonging to the Amusements, Revels, &c., of the Pompeiians. These indicate a very great fondness for Festivals, Masquerades and kindred amusements. Among the divinities to which they sacrificed, it is quite evident that Bacchus and Venus were most popular.

"The Cabinets of Gems" are in a Room in which Visitors, Ladies especially, linger longest. This Room is floored with Mosaic taken from Pompeii. There, carefully preserved in glass cases, are Gold Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins, Ear and Finger Rings, Chains, &c., similar to those now worn, together with a great variety of golden ornaments. There are, also, Silver Cups, Plates, Spoons, Salvers, &c. Here, too, are loaves of Bread, Honey, Grain, Soap, Oil and Wine in flasks, and Eggs, unbroken and but slightly discolored. Here, too, are bits of wearing apparel, of wool and linen, and skeins of Sewing Silk.

The Statuary, arranged in Rooms of great magnitude upon the ground floor, presents objects of profound admiration. In looking at these marble and bronze presentments you cannot doubt for a moment that you have the face, head, features, and expression of illustrious persons who sat for them. In many

instances these heads indicate clearly the qualities, good or bad, noble or ignoble, for which the originals were distinguished. And in this description of Art Pompeii and Herculaneum were far in advance of an age which supposes itself immeasurably ahead of the Ancients. Even the Statuary of the palmiest days of Rome fails to surpass that which has been rescued from the Ruins of these buried Cities. And the extent and variety of these works of Art is truly amazing. There was more fine Statuary buried in these two small Cities than has been produced, throughout the world, during the last three Centuries.

Among so many hundred Statuary gems challenging admiration, it is difficult to discriminate, though there are some figures that fasten themselves upon your attention and memory. Such, for example, as the "Wounded Gladiator," "The Mother of Balbus," "Agrippina, the Mother of Nero," "Titus," "Caligula," "Claudius," "Marcus Aurelius," "The Hunter," "A Faun reposing on a Skin of Wine," "Cæsar," "Augustus," "Infant Hercules strangling Serpents," "Maximus in the Costume of a Consul," "Alexander the Great mounted on Bucephalus, whose trappings are of Silver," "Brutus," "Cicero," "Homer," &c. But the head which, for the last two or three years, has arrested the attention of Americans the moment they enter the Room, is that of SENECA, whose strong, marked, and clearly defined resemblance to Gen. TAYLOR is most remarkable. Those who loved Gen. TAYLOR and revere the memory of that truly great and good man recognize this striking likeness of him in the head and features of one of the Sages of Antiquity with deep emotion.

XXI.

NAPLES, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

THE King, who resides most of the time at his Palace in the Country, has been for a week in the City. This augments the Guard about the Palace. In passing yesterday, at the tap of a Drum, I saw several hundred Soldiers rush to their Posts within and without the Palace Gate. Soon, the Royal Coach appeared, and as it passed in, the Troops presenting Arms, instead of the King, as I expected, my eyes were rewarded with a sight of two Royal Babies and their Nurse. But the King was out riding subsequently with the Queen. He is of good height, rather portly, and apparently over forty. He is, I understand, a man of fair talents, good temper and kind disposition, preferring ease to action. He comes from that branch of the Bourbon Family which BONAPARTE stigmatized as "never learning or forgetting anything." His Policy is in harmony with that of Austria.

There is a large military force (Neapolitan and Swiss) in the City. They look like fine troops. Within a few years the King has been converting the Lazzaroni into Soldiers, and though the experiment was regarded as of doubtful utility, it turns out that fellows who were good for nothing else, make capital Soldiers.

Sentinels are posted "as thick as blackberries" throughout the City, by means of which excellent order

is preserved. At night the Sentinels wear a "Spook" like appearance, being enveloped in long white sack cloaks with a hood.

The Mediterranean Squadron, which for more than thirty years has consisted of several Ships, has been reduced down to the Independence, and a month or more since she was ordered home; but in consequence of the changed aspect of Public Affairs, at the suggestion of our Diplomatic Representative, Com. MORGAN awaits the further orders of the Navy Department. With a large Commerce in the numerous Ports of the Mediterranean, at a crisis like the present, we ought, instead of one Ship, to have three or four cruising in this Sea; that is, if Ships-of-War are essential to the protection of the rights and interests of our Countrymen.

Sailors will be what they have been everywhere and through all time. Scarcely any of them come on shore with money in their pockets without getting into a scrape. They collect the Minstrels, Mountebanks, Showmen, &c., around them, giving them more money for half an hour's foolery than they gather from others in a month. Then they charter Vehicles and drive Jehu-like through the City till they get "castaway," bringing up finally, after a fight, in a guard-house. Some time since half a dozen American tars came to the conclusion, over their Cups in a Sailors' Café, that it was a "bloody sham" to keep several hundred jolly fellows whom they had seen through the grates of a Prison, thus cribbed, without their "grog." So they start off with a determination to open the Prison Doors. Approaching the Guard, their leader, in a set speech, explained the nature of their enterprise. But as the

Sentinel did not understand English, they "damned his eyes" and pushed ahead. The Sentinel and a comrade presented their Bayonets, but Jack immediately pitched into them, disarming and overthrowing both. Reinforcements, however, were at hand, and the Sailors, after a gallant resistance, were captured and marched off to Prison themselves.

We went yesterday to the Tomb of VIRGIL, which is in a lonely spot on the brow of a mountain overlooking the City and Bay. Immediately under this Tomb is the mouth of a Grotto, remarkable in form and history, extending through this mountain. This Grotto or Tunnel is the Road which connects Naples with the Ancient Town of Pozzuoli. It forms a beautiful carriageway, from which to the summit of the Arch is a distance of from seventy to one hundred feet. When, or by whom it was constructed, history telleth not, though it is spoken of by SENECA, PLINY, and others of their time. At the Western end of the Grotto, MARCUS BRUTUS had a Villa on the small Island of Nesis, where there is now a Lazzaretto.

Near Pozzuoli, at the Ancient Harbor of Cumae, ST. PAUL, after appealing from AGRIPPA to CÆSAR was sent in "these bonds" from Jerusalem to Rome, and after his tempestuous voyage, disembarked. And here (Pozzuoli), before commencing his land journey to Rome, the Apostle tarried seven days. This, therefore, is Apostolic as well as Classic ground.

We visited the Royal Palace yesterday, also. It is of course very spacious and very superbly furnished. In the State Apartments are many rare Paintings by the Old Masters, and much costly furniture. The Apart-

ments occupied by the King's Family comprise a very inconsiderable part of the Palace. It is only on great occasions that the magnificent suite of Rooms we saw are lighted up. The King's birthday, which occurred recently, was brilliantly celebrated. On this occasion, our townsman, Gen. COOPER, in full military costume, was presented by Mr. MORRIS. ♦

Naples is *the* place for Coral ornaments. From here most of the work of this description comes. It constitutes an important item in the occupation and traffic of the City. Once the deepest colors were most valued; but afterwards those of a lighter hue came in fashion; and none now but the *palest* are held in esteem. Corals, therefore, almost colorless, command the highest prices. I saw a gentleman yesterday ordering ten Coral buttons for a Lady's Vest, which cost eighty dollars, while those which, to my unfashionable eye, were more desirable, might have been purchased for one-eighth part of the money.

CAMPO SANTO, the Cemetery of Naples, is eligibly situated on an eminence about a mile and a half from the City. I was surprised to find it even more elaborate in Chapels and with grounds more highly ornamented than those of Pere la Chaise. Indeed it is the most impressive Cemetery I have seen. Wealthy Families have expensive vaults, over which chapels are erected. The various congregations have, also, their separate grounds and chapels. The Poor are interred in lots set apart for them. At the head of each grave is a cross containing a number corresponding with a number recorded in the Keeper's books. Interments of Soldiers, from Hospitals, Alms Houses, &c., are in

Catacombs in the centre of the Cemetery. The Ground for this Cemetery (the Ancient Campo Santo being nearer the City) was consecrated only twelve years ago, and yet the number of interments has already reached 80,000.

We passed from the solemnities of Death to the frivolities of Life, for on entrance into the City its streets were rife with the Buffooneries of the Carnival, this being its last day. These exhibitions are really too grotesque and ridiculous to describe. I will give a single illustration. Our carriage stopped as a multitude poured out of a narrow street. The Carnival Personæ consisted of half a dozen Lazaroni in coarse masks and flashy costume. The principal actor mounted a rostrum and proclaimed his ability and readiness to cure all maladies. He learned his wonderful medical secrets, he said, from the Indians in America. The subordinates disappeared among the crowd, but soon one of them was seen approaching, bellowing vociferously. This Patient had a toothache. The Doctor first used a chisel and mallet to loosen the tooth, and then drew out an enormous tusk with large iron pinchers, greatly to the edification of the multitude. Then came another whose Arm had to be sawed off; and another whose Stomach had to be opened, from which a sheep's pluck was taken. Other operations, to the increasing admiration of the auditors, followed. And finally a Female Patient approached, but suspecting that this was one that might not exactly accord with our ideas of propriety, we drove on before the Lady was declared to be "as comfortable as could be expected." This is a fair specimen of Carnival festivities.

I saw the other day what struck me as a Medical novelty, or, at least; a novel mode of Inoculation for Kine Pox. This was the "Pock Cow." She is led about the City from House to House, the Doctor inquiring at each whether they have any Children for Inoculation. The matter, instead of coming, as with us, from the Doctor's Saddle-bags, is taken directly from the Cow's bag, into which fresh incisions are made with the Lancet.

FEBRUARY 22.

The name of WASHINGTON is known throughout the world, and his character is revered by all civilized Nations. This, the Anniversary of his Birthday, was appropriately honored here. Looking out in the Bay this morning, my eyes were greeted with the STARS and STRIPES streaming from nearly all the Vessels in Port. The United States Ship Independence was gaily decorated with the Flags of all Nations. The American Flag was also displayed by the Neapolitan Ships-of-War.

In the Evening, our Charge d'Affaires, the Hon. E. J. MORRIS, gave a brilliant BIRTHDAY FETE. His Mansion was handsomely illuminated. Over its entrance the name of WASHINGTON was described by variegated Lamps. The Americans at Naples (Resident and Visitors) were invited. The officers of the United States Ship Independence, together with several Officers from a British Steam Frigate just arrived, were there. The Diplomatic Corps were present. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE (brother of Lord PALMERSTON), who has represented his Government here for twenty years, attended, with

his Attaches, and manifested the highest interest in the character of WASHINGTON, and much admiration for America. Several Officers of the Swiss Regiments stationed here, and many Neapolitan Ladies and Gentlemen, were in attendance.

A large Suite of Rooms were thrown open. The scene was enlivened by a fine band. At eleven the Supper Room, displaying a profusion of delicacies, was thrown open, and at twelve we left a large and cheerful party engaged in the enjoyment of conversation and dancing.

I see it stated that the Pope is to send a contribution of Marble for the WASHINGTON MONUMENT. The Monument Association may look in this direction for another contribution, and one that cannot fail to be valued. Mr. MORRIS has asked for, and I believe obtained from the King of Naples, permission to take from Herculaneum a block of LAVA for this great National Memento. It will be sent home in the United States Ship Independence. Mr. M. has obtained permission, also, to excavate two Tombs at Herculaneum, the contents of which, or such as may be suitable, will be sent to America.

After reading the Speech of Senator STOCKTON on the question of Flogging in the Navy, I asked Lieutenant DRAYTON, the Flag Officer of the Independence, how this Reform worked. His views on the subject are so practical, and so manifestly sound, that I cannot forbear repeating them briefly, in the hope that they may meet the eyes and claim the attention of some Member of Congress, who can be induced to act upon them.

Lieut. DRAYTON says he is quite sure that Flogging, as a general punishment, is repugnant to the feelings of most Officers of the Navy. He entertains no doubt but that the system may be reformed with great usefulness. But he says that the Law abolishing the Cat involved the necessity of providing other and better modes of punishment. Now, all the power Officers possess, is, to confine Sailors for misconduct; and this, especially in bad weather or when hard work is being done, is a relief rather than a punishment, so much so, indeed, that it is not unusual for bad men to disobey orders expressly to shirk duty. Lieut. D. says that two-thirds or three-quarters of all the offenses committed by Sailors, result from Rum. By abolishing the Grog Ration, therefore, occasions for punishment would be comparatively rare. Congress should, he says, after prohibiting Rum and Flogging, establish by Law modes of punishment applicable to various offenses, and graduated, as they are by other laws. But the leading features in a wise penal Code, in the judgment of Lieut. DRAYTON, should be, first, rewards for good conduct; and second, expulsion of irreclaimably bad men from the service. Now, he says, the best Sailor in the Navy, even if he be a man fit to command, fares no better than the worst one. He gets neither promotion, nor privileges, nor thanks for years of faithful and gallant services. There should be something to stimulate and to reward good men. And there should, also, be a regulation by means of which the worst men can be expelled from a ship and kept out of the Navy, for the conduct and character of a whole Crew is frequently

influenced and formed by the good or bad examples of individual Sailors.

The condition and welfare of Sailors in the American Navy, Lieut. D. says, are less cared for than those of any other Nation. There are no Laws or Regulations designed or calculated to elevate or improve, to encourage or reward them. Instead of being shipped by Officers of the Government, they are caged in Rummeries and entrapped when drunk by "Crimps," who take their three months' advance pay, for which the Sailors receive bad clothes and worse rum. If "Jack" serves faithfully until he is worn out, no refuge or retreat is provided for him. In the English and other Navies, though Sailors are not as well paid as ours, they are really better off, because they are in various ways protected by philanthropic regulations.

It is strange that, with a Board of Navy Commissioners, consisting of experienced Officers, something has not been done for the protection of American Seamen. There must be Naval Officers about Washington equal to the task of reforming and improving our Naval System. Why will not some enlightened Member of Congress examine the English Navy regulations, and in consultation with Com. SMITH, or some such Officer, prepare a Bill which, while it abolishes Rum and the Lash, provides such punishments as will restrain bad men, and offers such inducements as will encourage and reward good Sailors.

XXII.

BALÆ, MARCH 5, 1852.

THIS is classic ground—ground familiar to the Poets and Philosophers, the Sages and Tyrants of Antiquity. We have been traversing all day localities which, thousands of years ago, were traversed by VIRGIL, CICERO, PLINY, TASSO, JULIUS CÆSAR, HANNIBAL, NERO, &c., &c. To the Scholar these scenes must possess rare interest, for I doubt whether another spot, combining so many natural phenomena and classic associations, can be found.

Go with me, in imagination, over these grounds. The excursion shall not weary you. We alight first at the Grotto del Cane, the gas of which extinguishes the life of a dog in two minutes. The Dog kept there for this experiment was taken in with instinctive knowledge of the ordeal that he was to go through. In less than a minute he was in convulsions. Being immediately withdrawn, he lay a short time as if under the influence of galvanism, and then attempted to rise, but went staggering off.

This Grotto is situated upon the border of a small Lake, on the shore of which is a Race Course. And as we arrived, a Hurdle Race was about to come off. Hundreds of Carriages and thousands of People had come from Naples. Among the Nobility were the

Prince of Syracuse (brother of the King of Naples), and the Duke D'AUMALE, Son of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Six horses entered, four English and two Neapolitan. The Course extends around the Lake for two miles, so that the horses are all the time in full view. Two horses either fell or threw their Riders in leaping the second hurdle. Another bolted after running about two-thirds round, and three came in handsomely, a Neapolitan horse winning.

Leaving the Race Course we pass two Prisons, one for ordinary Convicts and the other for persons guilty of Republicanism, and both crowded with inmates. In the distance is the Island of Ischia, where Political offenders expiate their *crimes* in ways at which humanity shudders. Of the victims confined there and on the Island of Capri, Mr. GLADSTONE has given but a too painfully true revelation. At Puteoli, the Port at which St. PAUL landed, you stop to view the ruins of the Temple of JUPITER SERAPIS, which was destroyed by an Earthquake before the Christian era, remaining undiscovered until 1750. Though its splendid Grecian Columns have been carried away to adorn Modern Palaces, it is still a noble ruin. Here, also, you see the Mole from which CALIGULA stretched his bridge of Boats to the City of Baïæ. Leaving Puteoli, you pass the Villa of MARCUS BRUTUS, now a Lazzaretto. This brings you to Monte Nuovo, a high mountain that rose out of the Sea in thirty-six hours, in the year 1538. Soon after this comes the Villa of JULIUS CÆSAR, a part of which sunk, and what remains overhangs the Sea. In this vicinity is the Villa of CICERO, answering,

though in ruins, to the description given of it by PLINY, This was CICERO's Academia. In view of this Villa is the Lake of Lucrine, over which Birds could not fly.

You have now reached the Ancient City of Baiæ, destroyed three thousand years ago by an earthquake. In its Harbor, near Cape Misenum, the Elder PLINY lay with his Fleet when the Eruption which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum broke out. Among the best preserved ruins of Baiæ, are the Temples of Venus, Diana and Mercury. Proceeding farther you come to a Grotto extending several hundred feet into a mountain, terminating with Springs, the water of which boils an egg in two minutes. The guide who went in came back with his bucket of water with perspiration running in streams from every pore. Persons suffering with chronic diseases came for relief to this Grotto from Rome before the birth of the Savior. Rising this mountain you see the River Styx. Here also is the remains of an immense reservoir from which fresh water was conveyed in a subterranean Aqueduct to the City. And we went into the subterranean Dungeons of NERO, near which you look out upon the Elysian Fields. Returning, the principal objects of interest are the Sybil's Grotto and Solfaterra, where Alum, Vitriol, Sal Ammoniac, &c., are made from Volcanic substances.

Now from this brief, crude sketch you can, perhaps, form an idea of the intense interest which such an excursion awakens. It was from the Harbor of Baiæ that the officers of the U. S. Ship Independence viewed the eruption of Vesuvius in 1850.

NAPLES, March 6.

We took advantage of a calm day to visit the Independence, through which we were kindly shown by Lieut. BRADFORD and Midshipman HESTER. She is a noble specimen of Naval Architecture, and would, I doubt not, if an emergency required it, maintain the reputation our navy acquired in 1812, '13 and '14. Her crew, including officers, number nearly 600, two of whom (Com. MORGAN and the Chief Gunner), were on board the U. S. Frigate Constitution when she captured the British Frigates Guerriere and JAVA. The old Gunner has and desires no other home or element than his Ship and the Ocean. He has not been on shore for more than a year, though he might go, if he chose, every day. Dr. WHEELON, the Surgeon of the Independence, was very kindly attentive to one of our party who required medical aid. Lieut. DRAYTON, whom we meet often, I like much. And with Capt. JAMISON, Lieut. MINA and Purser MURPHY, whom we know slightly, I am also pleased. Com. MORGAN, a veteran who has seen much service, has, in his manner and conversation, all the heartiness of the Sailor blended with the polish of the gentleman. In conversation to-day he mentioned an incident so complimentary to an old friend, that I must repeat it. I had been looking at a Portrait of him painted by ALEXANDER, of Boston. "I had one," said the Commodore, "painted by HARDING, which got broken and soiled. While here it occurred to me that I might get an Italian Artist to copy HARDING's Picture, and with this view I asked PERSICO (who was employed by our Government to ornament the Capitol) to send me the best Portrait Painter in Naples. He

came with an Artist under the patronage of the Emperor of Russia, who had been a long time in Florence, Rome and Naples, and is considered the best Portrait Painter in Italy. The Artist examined the Picture a long time very attentively, inquiring where and by whom it was painted. I asked him to make a good copy, for which I would pay him his own price. He took it to his Studio, but came back with it the next day, declining the commission, with the remark that it was a better Portrait than he or any Artist in Naples could paint."

This was certainly a very handsome compliment to HARDING. I need not say that the Commodore now sets a higher value upon his somewhat neglected Portrait.

I have said nothing of the Prisons of Naples, because they are not yet full, and People find themselves inside of them for sinning far less than I should if I allow myself to *think* of the thousands of victims of Tyranny who are wasting away their lives in Dungeons. Mr. GLADSTONE's account of the horrors of Neapolitan Prisons is no exaggeration. Thousands are now incarcerated for being moved by the impulse of 1850. The suspicion of entertaining liberal opinions marks a man for oppression, and the slightest expression of a Republican sentiment is fatal to his Liberty. The Islands of Ischia and Capri, could the secrets of their Prison Houses be given up, would reveal cruelties worthy of a much darker age.

XXIII.

NAPLES, MARCH 12, 1852.

VESUVIUS, you know, is the most *prominent* feature of the varied views that Naples presents. We had been looking at its smoking crater, high above the clouds, anxiously for three weeks, intending to take advantage of the most favorable occasion to ascend. To many this is an impossibility; to others, it is difficult, and even perilous; while to the youthful and athletic it is only an exciting enterprise. All, however, who ascend, regard it as an achievement of which they are at liberty to boast. It would have grieved me to have left Naples without ascending Vesuvius, and I rejoice to have seen this great wonder of the world; but now that it has been achieved, no moderate sum of money would tempt me, in company with Ladies for whose safety I am responsible, again to encounter its perils. Accidents rarely occur, and this encourages so many to venture; but there is manifest and imminent danger, especially to such as trust themselves to carriers, as well as to those in delicate health who climb up. Perhaps a brief account of the process will interest you.

We left Naples in a carriage at 8½ A. M., which drove to a Town built upon the Lava which overwhelmed Herculaneum. Here we mounted Ponies. A ride of two hours brought us through a winding, steep but pleasant road to the hermitage, four miles from Portici,

where we stopped to refresh. From thence to the foot of the Cone is a mile and a half, by difficult and narrow passes through and over Lava. But the Ponies are way-wise and sure-footed. To H., who was now in the saddle for the second time in her life, this seemed a fearful undertaking, but she accomplished it gallantly.

The Ladies, when we started, only intended to go to the foot of the Cone, but when there the temptations to ascend were irresistible. They saw others going up and returning (for a large number had been waiting, like ourselves, for a fine day), and though it made the head swim to look at persons up in the clouds clinging to an almost perpendicular mountain, they resolved to follow, and immediately seated themselves in Chairs lashed to poles. Four men raised these poles to their shoulders and commenced the ascent. Having, as you know, one disabled walking-beam, I also seated myself in a Chair. The distance up is about a mile, and steep as it is you mount directly instead of winding your way. The first thirty or forty rods is through volcanic cinders, and easy enough. You then reach the broken, sharp scoria, much of which furnishes but an uncertain foothold. And here I discovered an unexpected difficulty. The Carriers, having been up with a party that preceded us, were so jaded and exhausted that I saw how impossible it was to reach the summit in that way. I therefore alighted, and taking an arm of two of them, trudged upward, at the hazard of doing myself irreparable injury. In the meantime the Ladies, who were a quarter of a mile in advance, were also in the hands of weary, panting Carriers, whose progress was slow and difficult. Frequently, to prevent themselves from

falling backwards with their burthens, the Carriers would drop upon their knees and hold on to the broken scoria until they gathered breath and strength to struggle on. I was infinitely relieved, therefore, when the Ladies disappeared, for then I knew that they were safely up. The last quarter of a mile was rendered easier by the snow into which steps were made. The ascent is usually accomplished in three-quarters of an hour, but in consequence of the exhaustion of our Carriers, we were an hour and a quarter going up.

But once up, we breathed freely, and the View was so sublimely interesting that we forgot our toils and perils. There was a mild atmosphere and a bright sun. We first glanced over the broad bay, and broader campagna, which spread out under our feet. Large Towns, in the distance, looked like a single Mansion, or, at most, a Mansion around which out-houses clustered. The City of Naples, with its 400,000 inhabitants, seemed but a small, compact Village, and the United States Ship Independence, moored in the Bay, was no larger, apparently, than a Pilot Boat. More immediately below us are the Cities and Towns buried by Lava by the different Eruptions, over which modern towns (excepting Pompeii) have been built, in anticipation, it would seem, at some future day, of a similar fate.

Having surveyed, with our eyes, the surrounding scenery, we followed the guide to the Crater, to obtain a good look into which we had to walk for several rods on its rim, with a yawning gulf on one side and a frightful precipice on the other.

VESUVIUS is now in repose. It has, however, two

lungs, or breathing places, from which columns of smoke are for ever and ever ascending. This smoke is so strongly impregnated with sulphur as to strangle those who inhale it. The Lava on the sides of the Crater is of the color of brimstone. An Egg placed in crevices near the top will roast in a few minutes. Metallic substances change color by a moment's exposure to this atmosphere. Indeed, this change occurs without exposure, for, on our return, Mrs. H. found that her Purse (a highly polished steel one), which had not been out of her Pocket, was blackened and spoiled.

Some adventurous gentlemen attempted to descend a few rods into the Crater, but were soon driven back by the smoke, the density of which shut off the view into the pot where molten lava is boiling.

"All that goes up must come down." So of Vesuvius. To those who are alert and hale, the descent from this dizzy height is a frolicsome feat. Over the first quarter of a mile, through the snow, the young roll and turn summersets. But for Ladies, and invalids especially, the descent has its perils, for it requires rigid bracing and strong muscular effort to preserve an erect position. You do not return, however, over the sharp, broken scoria, but by another route, through volcanic cinders, into which you sink almost knee-deep. The Ladies, with a Carrier on either side, on whose arms they rested, ran rather than walked down. And when we reached the bottom in safety, I experienced a grateful sense of relief from apprehension and solicitude.

Returning we visited HERCULANEUM, a buried city on and over which Resina stands. Here, therefore, com-

paratively little has been done in the way of excavation, because the Ancient can be recovered only at the expense of the Modern. Enough has been done, however, to fill the Museums of Naples and Rome with numerous wonders of Art. Herculaneum was destroyed by the same eruption which overwhelmed Pompeii, but was not discovered until the commencement of the 18th Century, and then accidentally by the sinking of a well. We descended to the Amphitheatre from which so many gems of Antiquity have been recovered. Its magnitude and magnificence are alike wonderful. While groping by torch-light through galleries sixty feet below the surface of the present town, a train of cars, the track for which is directly over this Theatre, rushed by with a noise like distant thunder. But I will not dwell upon details which are familiar to most people.

It is passing strange that places like HERCULANEUM and POMPEII should have been for so many Centuries lost, not only in fact, but to the *knowledge* of the world. It is supposed that most of their inhabitants escaped. The eruption which buried these cities was not only seen by thousands, but was made a part of the history of the times in those two most graphic Letters written to TACITUS by the younger PLINY, who was an enlightened and calm witness to the sublime catastrophe.

XXIV.

ROME, MARCH 23, 1852.

WE have been a week in the "Eternal City," though at first, it was not that "Eternal City" of whose "rise, progress and fall" we read; nor was it the Rome of my imagination. Rome, *per se*, is apparently less ancient in its aspects than many cities of the Continent; less so, even than York, Durham, Salisbury, Chester, &c., in England. Throughout Rome, as it stands, to the eye of a stranger, the modern predominates over the ancient. At first you see everybody and everything looking and acting just as everything and everybody looks and acts elsewhere. Indeed, some of its Antiquities lack the features that usually mark the progress of time. St. Peter's, though erected before America was discovered, looks brighter than St. Paul's Church, in Broadway. In the first view of Rome, therefore, there is disappointment. DICKENS, who experienced it, says, after the first view of the City, that "it was not the Rome he expected to find, degraded and fallen, and lying asleep in the Sun among a heap of ruins; and I confess to have gone to bed that night with a very considerably quenched enthusiasm."

But these are first impressions only. They soon fade away; and the Rome that was as soon comes up in its greatness and grandeur to fill and impress both the eye and the mind. You have only to ascend the Pincian,

the Capitoline or the Quirinal Hills, and look off upon the Coliseum, the Palace of the CÆSARS, the Castle of St. ANGELO, the Baths of Caracalla, the Pantheon, the Forum, &c., to catch something of the spirit of Rome in her days of triumph and glory. Here you breathe a really ancient Roman atmosphere, and from these landmarks you survey the Theatre in which the great Dramas of Antiquity were enacted.

And having thus, from these vantage grounds, obtained a general knowledge of localities, losing common-place things of the *present*, in the magnificent outlines of the *past*, you go about seeking out Rome's other self among its excavated Temples, Monuments, Columns, Memorials, &c. By degrees, what were at first distant and isolated ruins, combine and associate themselves in your mind as a compact whole, for which, in its Architectural grandeur, the world with its accumulating population and wealth, has furnished no parallel. In one quarter alone, extending from the foot of the Capitoline Hill to the Arch of Titus, there is enough of recovered Architectural magnificence to fill the mind and the imagination with amazement. If the Coliseum were the only surviving monument of Rome's former greatness, she would command the wonder and admiration of the modern world. It is difficult to convey an idea of the magnitude of this structure. Though enough of its crumbling materials have been carried away to erect numerous Mansions and Palaces, enough remains to build a considerable town with. Of the magnitude of St. PETER's it is still more difficult to convey or suggest an idea, for its proportions are so perfect — the parts all harmonize so beautifully — that

as a whole it loses its appearance of greatness. It is only by viewing it in detail that you can comprehend or realize its vastness. St. Peter's and the Vatican are said to cover as much ground as Turin, a City of 120,000 inhabitants. This is probably an exaggeration, but it is certain that a walk around them would insure any one a sharp appetite for breakfast. The Dome of St. Peter's does not look much larger than that on our City Hall, and yet the City Hall might stand in that Dome. The magnificent Granite and Marble Columns in and about St. Peter's, if placed at the distances which Magnetic Telegraph Posts occupy, would extend from Albany to Troy. There is stone enough in St. Peter's to build up both sides of State street, from the Exchange to the Park, with the Exchange and Capitol included.

The Hotels of Rome are in a cluster around the Piazza di Spagna. Having established yourself in one of these, the business of sight-seeing commences immediately. The City has been, all winter, and is now, full of strangers, a large sprinkling of whom are from America. We found Gen. J. T. COOPER and Mr. W. H. DE WITT, with their Families. These, with our Party, made quite an Albany Representation. From New York and Boston there are at least a dozen Families.

Our first acquaintance was with our Bankers, Messrs. MAGUARY, PACKENHAM & HOOKER. In the junior partner of this House, Mr. HOOKER, we found a most agreeable American, who studies to render Rome pleasant to his countrymen. He is connected with a very wealthy House, which does a safe and profitable

business. Mr. HOOKER is from Chautauque county. He goes home in June to visit his brother in Westfield; and he is quite sure of a warm welcome from numerous friends to whom he has been so attentive here. Two Bostonians (Messrs. BATES and STURGES) are the active Partners in the great Banking House of BARING, BROTHERS, London; and a New Yorker (Mr. HOOKER) is the principal in another great English Banking House in Rome. These incidents are alike gratifying and creditable to those gentlemen and to American intelligence, enterprise and integrity.

Our next acquaintance was with the Hon. Mr. CASS, the Representative of our Government at the Papal Court, who has not only extended to us every facility in obtaining permission to visit Villas and Palaces, but has accompanied us to several, and been kindly attentive in all respects. The demand upon him for such civilities is constant, for all who come here need and seek the aid of our Minister, and all are cheerfully served. He has already obtained seats for nearly an hundred Americans, in St. Peter's, to the ceremonies of the Holy Week.

On Sunday, we attended Divine Service at the residence of Mr. CASS, where apartments have been fitted up for "Stated Preaching," and where the Rev. Mr. HASTINGS, a man of decided ability, officiates.

We have visited the Studios of FREEMAN and TERRY, American Painters who have been long enough in Rome to establish a high Italian reputation. With Mr. FREEMAN's success I am much gratified, for he is, professionally and personally, a man of decided worth. As an Artist, he aimed high, but by long and devoted

study and labor he has attained his mark. He goes home in May, taking with him two large Pictures (both of which are sold), which have been greatly admired here, and will assuredly extend and perpetuate his fame. Mr. TERRY has been eminently successful here. Like FREEMAN, he only paints original Pictures. For his best Picture (Jacob's Dream) he has orders that will require several years to execute. Mr. CHAPMAN, another American Painter, is devoting himself successfully to his Art. His Studio is adorned with several beautiful heads, either finished or in progress. He is also making a copy of MURILLO's "Mother and Child."

We went, of course, to the Studio of the Sculptor CRAWFORD, whose colossal Statues of PATRICK HENRY and THOMAS JEFFERSON, ordered by the Legislature of Virginia to grace a Monument at Richmond, are exciting universal admiration. They are indeed noble conceptions and noble creations, worthy in all respects of the illustrious Statesmen whose forms and fame they are destined to perpetuate. These figures, together with an Equestrian Statue of WASHINGTON, are to be cast in Bronze at Munich.

Mr. STORY, of Boston, Son of the late eminent Justice STORY, is here working upon a Model for a Statue of his Father.

Mr. MOSHER, of New York, a Sculptor of decided genius, is rising, like most of the American Artists here, to usefulness and fame. Mr. WOOD, another Sculptor, has just finished an excellent marble Bust of our townsman, Mr. DE WITT, who will avail himself of his visit to Europe to gather up a good many gems.

I am gratified to see that our Artists here are profiting handsomely by the taste and liberality of wealthy Americans who have been in Italy during the present year. It is quite time that more should be done, in this way, to embellish both our public edifices and private mansions. Our country is rich enough now to indulge in this commendable luxury. And a visit to Italy cannot fail to beget and cultivate a taste for Art.

The English and American Families here have beguiled the Winter with private Theatricals, under the especial auspices of Mr. and Mrs. BLACK, at whose mansion we saw the "Merchant of Venice" played with much Dramatic spirit and effect the other evening. Among the Dramatis Personæ were Mr. and Mrs. STORY, Mr. J. G. LOWELL, and Mr. and Mrs. CRAWFORD, and a Mr. HEMANS, son of the gifted Authoress.

I have seen the works of GIBSON, the best English Sculptor, and those of POWERS and CRAWFORD, the best American workers in marble. Than these three Artists, there are none in Italy of higher, if of equal merit. And yet, sublime and beautiful as are the creations of these men, there is an American, now comparatively unknown, who is destined to equal, if not surpass, them all. This is our townsman, PALMER, who needs only a course of study and practice here, with the works of the great masters before him, to take rank among the most distinguished Sculptors of the age.

XXV.

ROME, APRIL 7, 1852.

THE solemnities of Holy Week draw Visitors to Rome from all parts of the world. These solemnities commenced with Palm Sunday. We went early to St. Peter's, where seats were prepared for several hundred privileged Ladies, and where several thousand gentlemen were permitted to stand.

The Pope was borne in on the shoulders of twelve Disciples, preceded by a Procession of Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, &c., &c. After appropriate services, which included the elevation of the Host, Palm leaves were blessed and delivered to the dignitaries of the Church. The services occupied three hours, and were highly impressive.

In the afternoon of Sunday I was presented by Mr. CASS to His Holiness. We went, by appointment, at 4 o'clock. Mrs. MIDDLETON, of South Carolina, Mrs. RUTHERFORD, of New Jersey, and Gen. STUART, of Baltimore, were presented at the same time. Mrs. MIDDLETON is the daughter of a Roman Officer who died recently, and who was for a long time Governor of the Castle of St. Angelo. She had a Petition to present, asking for the continuation of a Pension to her Mother. This led to a conversation which displayed the Pope in all his benevolence of heart. I was gratified with the opportunity thus offered to see his fine,

expressive countenance lighted up, and to hear him speaking the language of kindness and affection which have characterized his whole life.

Mr. CASE told me that Mrs. REED, of Baltimore, whom he presented two or three weeks ago, informed the Pope that she took a warm interest in a Church nearly finished, in her native City, and asked of His Holiness a Picture. This request was readily granted, and a valuable Painting goes to Baltimore.

THURSDAY, April 8.

We were early at St. Peter's this morning. The services of the day commenced in the Sistine Chapel, belonging to the Vatican and adjoining St. Peter's. Long before 9 o'clock, several hundred Ladies, all dressed in Black, with black Veils thrown over their otherwise uncovered heads, were seated in the Chapel. Leaving the Ladies here, I returned to the Bridge over the Tiber, at the Castle of St. Angelo, to see the World of Rome wend its way to St. Peter's. It was really a gorgeous scene. A long line of gay Carriages, broken occasionally by detachments of Troops going in the same direction, along with a dense mass of Pedestrians, kept me interested for half an hour. During this time I counted the richly ornamented Carriages of forty Cardinals, all drawn by beautiful black horses, each with three outriders, in splendid livery.

After celebrating High Mass in the Chapel, the Pope repairs to the Balcony of St. Peter's, where he gives his Benediction to the assembled multitude. This was a truly imposing ceremony. The immense area in front of St. Peter's was thronged. A solemn stillness

pervaded the multitude. The Pope rose, and, in an audible voice, pronounced his Benediction to many thousand prostrate believers.

This over, there was a simultaneous rush for the door of St. Peter's, through which three solid columns of human beings were passing for fifteen or twenty minutes; and though many thousands entered, St. Peter's was far from being full.

Here the ceremony was deeply interesting, for here the Pope, in imitation of his Divine Master, washed the feet of his Disciples. These Disciples were twelve Missionary Priests who had been abroad teaching the Scriptures. They were robed in white, and seated at the right of the Altar, upon an elevated bench. Having tied on a white Apron, the Pope proceeded to the discharge of this duty, accompanied by Cardinals and Priests, with water and napkins. The Pope knelt in front of each Disciple, who placed their feet (one foot) in a silver ewer, over which water was poured by an attendant. The Pope then wiped and kissed the foot of each in succession, the last of which was that of a Colored Man. Each Disciple kissed the Pope's hand as he was rising. They were all deeply affected, as indeed were most of the auditors, for there was such a touching humility in the manner of the Pope, that the lesson this ceremony teaches could not fail to impress itself upon Christian hearts.

Long before this ceremony was over the crowd began to move back to the Vatican, where the "Last Supper" was spread, and where the Pope again, in imitation of his Divine Master, performs the humble office of servitor. The rush was tremendous. Neither age nor sex

were regarded. Indeed those who got into the current were swept along irresistibly, in imminent danger of being crushed or suffocated. Having been for more than four hours on our feet in the crowd, we dropped out and came to our Hotel for refreshments, intending to return to St. Peter's at 6 o'clock for the "MISERERE," which is sung both there and in the Sistine Chapel, with the finest effect in the latter place, but the crowd will be so great that we shall content ourselves with the Choir of St. Peter's.

EIGHT O'CLOCK, P. M.

Immediately after Dinner we drove again to St. Peter's to hear the "Miserere." On the way we met several Processions of Priests, Monks and Pilgrims, carrying a veiled Image of the Savior. The Monks were closely masked. The Pilgrims looked weary and famished. In each Procession was a Choir whose chaunt was very touching.

Thousands had preceded us at St. Peter's, but we made our way through the masses to the gate of the Chapel in which the Miserere was to be performed, and there we stood wedged in by a compact army for three-quarters of an hour. But we could not catch the faintest notes of this highly effective Sacred Music, for though all endeavored to be silent, there was more or less noise.

This over, we repaired to the Pauline Chapel of the Vatican, which was brilliantly lighted, and where the Pope was engaged in appropriate services over the relics of the Holy Sepulchre, which are deposited here. And here we passed through another crushing ordeal, for though we left many thousands of People in St. Peter's,

we found other thousands in the Vatican. The good Pope looked weary enough, but the duties of the day were not yet over, for he left this Chapel to attend to the cleansing of the Altar in St. Peter's. This, however, closed our day—a day replete with solemn interest. The ceremonies we witnessed were well calculated to produce powerful emotions in the heart, and to exert a salutary influence upon the conduct of those who believe that the Faith of the Apostles has been preserved and transmitted by this Church; that PIUS IX is the successor of St. Peter; and that the Religion of our Savior is taught by his Priesthood—a Priesthood that has so far vindicated Revelation as to have carried the Cross and taught the Scriptures everywhere and to all People.

FRIDAY.

There are Religious Ceremonies during most of the time of Holy Week in nearly all of the Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Churches of Rome. We have just returned from St. Peter's, where the Pope came with a Procession of Cardinals to the adoration of Holy Relics. Returning we stopped at two Churches in which the Miserere was being sung, and where there was washing of the feet of Pilgrims.

During the day we visited the Church of Scala Santa, where Penitents and Pilgrims ascend a long flight of steps on their knees. These steps are supposed to be the same that the Savior ascended when he was taken by PILATE to the Judgment Hall.

SUNDAY, April 11.

Rome rejoices to-day in a risen Savior. The Church, having passed her season of Fasts, and laid

aside her Sables, assumes her gayest Vestments. All is life and animation. Numerous Religious Processions and Ceremonies took place at break of day. We repaired to St. Peter's at 8 o'clock, where a great multitude had already assembled. Soon after 9 o'clock the Pope's Procession, preceded by the Pope's Guard, entered St. Peter's. It was far more imposing than those which preceded it. There was a larger number of Embassadors, Noblemen, Military Officers, Bishops, Archbishops, Cardinals and other Dignitaries, and they were all most richly decorated. The services which followed, occupying more than two hours, were deeply impressive. These over, everybody rushed to the great Square in front of St. Peter's to receive, from its Balcony, the Pope's Benediction. For half an hour St. Peter's discharged, through its four side doors, a dense mass of human beings, numbering, I judge, from thirty to forty thousand. These, added to more than as many more previously in front of the Church, along with five or six thousand Troops, swelled the aggregate to nearly an HUNDRED THOUSAND. There all stood under a bright sun and cloudless atmosphere, with eyes directed to the balcony until His Holiness appeared. Then all was hushed to breathless silence, and all knelt; and the scene, at this moment, was more solemn and sublime than can be described. The Blessing over, the various Bands commenced playing, and the various Regiments moved off. All was now full of life and spirit. Carriages rattled off, but this was no easy task. Ours, though Dragoons were busy in preventing confusion and opening avenues, was over an hour in getting out of the Square. The streets, on our way to our Hotel,

were lined, like Broadway on the 4th of July, with People decked in their gayest attire. Thus closes the morning of Easter Sunday. We go in the evening to see St. Peter's Illuminated.

9 O'CLOCK, P. M.

We have seen St. Peter's Illuminated! It was a sight that richly compensates for a long journey to Rome. The effect is truly magnificent—much more so than can be imagined from all the descriptions or views we had seen. In the comparison, all that I had ever witnessed in the way of Illuminations was tame and common-place.

We drove to the Church at 7 o'clock. The lighting of nine thousand lamps took ten minutes. These illuminated St. Peter's from its base to the brass at the top of the Dome, together with the Corridors on either side of the Square. This showed the Church to great advantage. But brilliant as this was, that which succeeded was far more so. At 8 o'clock precisely, and as the great Bell of St. Peter's told the hour, instantaneously the "Golden Illumination" occurred. Thousands of additional and even more radiant lights appeared as by magic. And now the scene was one of gorgeous beauty. This mighty Cathedral was in a blaze of glorious light. Several Bands were all the while discoursing soft, mellow music around the Square in which were from fifty to seventy-five thousand spectators. Having feasted our eyes on this beautiful scene we drove to the Pincian Hill for the purpose of obtaining another and more distant view. This, too, was beautifully grand. And having devoted two hours

to the Illumination we returned deeply impressed with recollections of a spectacle of unsurpassed magnificence.

Many thousand persons are employed in this Illumination, many of whom are exposed to imminent dangers. Those who ascend to the Ball and Cross at the top of the Dome receive the Sacrament and take leave of their friends.

There was an unpleasant occurrence in front of St. Peter's yesterday. When the Pope was about to pronounce the Benediction, a French Officer ordered Mr. JONES, of New York, to take off his hat. Mr. J. refused, and the Officer knocked it off, for which he struck the Officer with his Cane. The Officer struck back with his Sword, cutting Mr. J. slightly in the hand, who returned another blow with his Cane. By this time he was taken in charge by Troops and carried to Prison. Information was taken to Mr. CASS, our Minister, who immediately went to the authorities, and after two or three hours' delay procured his release.

XXVI.

IN THE APPENINE MOUNTAINS, APRIL 20, 1852.

WE are weather-bound high up in the Appenine Mountains, over which we are passing towards Bologna. The morning was cold, but pleasant, and for several hours we passed through valleys rejoicing in fruits and flowers, with the mountains in sight covered with snow. As we began to ascend, a storm commenced, which increased in severity for several hours, until the road became so heavy from snow and ice as to seriously impede our progress, the wind all the while blowing a hurricane in our faces. At four o'clock our Postillion thought it prudent to stop short of the regular Posting House, fortunately, however, at an Inn in which we are comfortably housed, where we find others in the same fix. This is our first experience with Mountains whose summits are ever enveloped with snows.

We left Rome a week ago, having passed an entire month in the "Eternal City," more interested in its wonders the day we left than the day we entered it. Those who read my hurried Letters (if there be such) escaped, narrowly, a heavy infliction, when I committed to the flames the gossip I was strongly tempted to send home. I was in great danger of thinking that what I saw with absorbing interest might be made interesting to others; but when I remembered how often and how well all things have been written, I concluded that the columns of the Journal could be occupied to better advantage. ROME, however, though I did not write of

her, follows me, day and night, with its precious memories. Oh, what bright visions of her faded glories come teeming back! One could live, I am sure, a long life of happiness upon the mental treasures garnered up in a month at Rome. In her Ruins, in her Villas and in her Galleries, emotions are excited that will make the heart bound as long as its pulsations last. You bring away from Rome impressions that will endure through life. In the recollections of Rome there is a fund of enjoyment worth far more than the money it costs. To say nothing of many other great Pictures, I would not, for many golden dollars, have foregone the exquisite pleasure of seeing, again and again, GUIDO'S CENCI, a Picture of such surpassing excellence that the whole world is paying it the homage of admiration. That Picture, with the FOMBARINA of RAPHAEL, in the Palace of the BARBERINI Family, if money could purchase them, would command almost any sum demanded.

I was, before going to Rome, under the impression that the greatest number of Valuable Pictures were in the Vatican. This is erroneous. The Vast Galleries of the Vatican are the depositories of recovered Antiquities. You walk for hours in review before the Statuary and Heads of Ancient Emperors, Consuls, Philosophers, Orators, Poets, Heroes, Popes, Cardinals, &c. You see Colossal Vases, precious Stones and the choicest gems. And you see a few truly great Pictures, among which is RAPHAEL'S Crucifixion. But the varied treasures of Art, beautiful creations of all the Illustrious Painters, are found in the Galleries of the BORGHESE, BARBERINI, ROSSIGNOLI, and other noble Families. There are also fine Pictures at the Capitol.

We left Rome in a blaze of glory. This was a glory created by a magnificent display of Fire-works, which takes place, under the auspices of the Government, the night after Easter Sunday. All Rome (with many thousand strangers) is attracted by this annual Exhibition, surpassing, it is said, all displays of the kind that the World has ever witnessed. The Pincian Hill is the scene of display. The spectators are densely packed into the Square of the People. The Exhibition commences at 9 and closes at 10 o'clock. These Fire-works, it is said, were designed by MICHAEL ANGELO, and remain, to this day, unequalled.

I have heard since we left Rome, that Mr. Cass, our Representative there, was to be a party to a Duel with a French Officer, on account of the prompt manner of his demand for the release of an American who had some difficulty in front of St. Peter's on Palm Sunday. Mr. Cass told us on Sunday Evening that he had spoken freely of the conduct of the French Officer, but I hope that no such consequence may have been the result.

Bologna, April 22.

The Snow storm that caught us crossing the Appennines was a severe one. Our progress for ten or fifteen miles this morning was at a snail's pace, Oxen having been obtained to assist the Horses in dragging the Carriage. But these bald, rugged succession of Mountains were all finally overcome, and, as we began to descend, the Snow grew "beautifully less" until, about two o'clock, we reached a delightfully verdant valley, which, by degrees, spread out into one of the richest landscapes my eye ever rested upon. In this Valley Bologna is

situated. The surrounding Country is entirely unlike Italy in all its aspects. Indeed, except in absence of manufactories, this Valley resembles that which is fertilized by the Connecticut River.

The approach to Bologna was so attractive, together with the cheerful look of the Town (with 80,000 inhabitants) that we decided to tarry here a day. All the indications of prosperity around Bologna, manifest themselves in the active, thrifty appearance of the Town, which, though one of the oldest in Italy, looks as bright as a new made City. And it is filled with well dressed People, most of whom, as they walk the streets, take Snuff immoderately. There are, instead of paved sidewalks, Colonnades extending all along all the streets, so that you may walk constantly through a beautiful Arcade. The water from the roofs of buildings is conducted by spouts into the centre of the streets, so that when it rains, or when, as to-day, snow is melting, persons riding in open Carriages are subjected to involuntary shower baths.

Most Travelers rush through Bologna, as we intended, thinking, I suppose, that its Sausages are its principal attraction. But this is a great mistake, for though just from Rome and Florence, we are charmed with one day in Bologna. Its Gallery of Art is enriched with glorious memorials of GUIDO's genius. Here this great Master was born and lived and died, and here are his magnificent Pictures. Either one of the eleven that adorn this Gallery would be an invaluable treasure. Here, too, is the St. Cecilia of RAPHAEL, and the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, by DOMINICHINO, along with fine pictures by GUERCINO and PERUGINO, RAPHAEL's Master

Bologna boasts of its hundred Churches, containing many admirable Paintings. In its Cathedral, the interior of which resembles that Building at Albany, is the Tomb of "ELIZA," the Sister of BONAPARTE.

Bologna boasts, also, of one of the oldest and most celebrated Universities in the world, in which the principles of Jurisprudence are taught by the most eminent Professors. In this University were learned female Professors. The Library of the University contains 140,000 volumes and 9,000 manuscripts. One of its Librarians, the late Cardinal MEZZOPANTI, added to his other high intellectual attainments, that of being the best Linguist ever known. It is said that he was master of forty-two different Languages, in most of which he conversed fluently. Lord BYRON, who visited this eminent man, described him as "a walking Library, who ought to have lived at the time of the Tower of Babel, as a Universal Interpreter; a real miracle, and without pretension. I tried him in all the Languages of which I knew only an oath or an abjuration of the gods against postillions, savages, pirates, boatmen, gondoliers, muleteers, camel drivers, postmasters, horses and houses; and by Heaven he puzzled me in my own idiom."

The Bologna Sausage, which you see exposed invitingly at shop windows, though tempting to the eye, is too highly flavored with Garlic to suit our tastes.

Bologna has been distinguished through all time for its devotion to Republicanism. Her citizens have on all occasions devoted themselves to the cause of Freedom. They are evidently an intelligent and enterprising People.

XXVII.

FERRARA, April 23, 1852.

Our route to-day from Bologna to Ferrara has been through one of the most fertile and beautiful countries my eye ever rested on. For nearly forty miles, and on either side of the road as far as your vision extended, was a broad plain, perfectly level and broken into fields by rows of Lombardy Poplars, which afford a support for vines that grow luxuriantly. Instead of the numerous old Towns that you encounter elsewhere in Italy, here are only Farm Houses, in and around which there is an appearance of comfort that reminds us of Home.

FERRARA is a very Ancient City, with annals as eventful as most of its kindred Cities. It once contained 100,000 inhabitants, though its population has dwindled down to less than 30,000.

We came in at 2½ o'clock, and ordering Dinner for five, sallied out immediately "sight-seeing." Anxious to see the best works of GARAFALO, some of whose Pictures we saw at Rome, we went first to the Church of St. Francisco and then to the Cathedral. From thence to the Dungeon in which TASSO was confined seven years, upon the walls of which is his name, and where BROW and other distinguished Poets have since cut their own. Our next object was the Library, in which there are manuscripts of ARIOSTO and TASSO, but for this we were too late.

We then proceeded to the Castle or Ducal Palace of the Ferrara Family in its days of Power, now the residence of a Cardinal. It was built many centuries ago, and is a "grand, gloomy and peculiar" structure, with Towers, Moat, Draw-bridge, &c. In the Dungeons of this Palace the Tragedy, upon which BYRON founded his Poem of "Parisina," was enacted. We were taken to the frightful cells in which PARISINA and Ugo were confined, and where they paid with their lives the penalty of their guilty loves.

Returning, we saw a Procession of Priests escorting the Cardinal Legate to the Cathedral, whither we also repaired to Vespers.

On our way back to the Hotel, I was not a little surprised to see in a Theatrical Poster, that "MACBETH" is to be played in Ferrara; and approaching it, I was still more surprised to find among the "Dramatis Personæ," the name of AUGUSTA MAYWOOD! This Lady (the Daughter of my old friend MAYWOOD, the Actor, Scholar and Gentleman) was born in Philadelphia. And yet I find her name in a bill to play to-morrow night in Northern Italy! I should like, for the novelty of the thing, to hear Macbeth done in Italian, but we depart in the morning.

PADUA, April 24.

Leaving Ferrara at six o'clock this morning we have been all day traveling through a lovely country. Seven miles from Ferrara we crossed the River Po, which is about as broad as the Mohawk at Schenectady, with a rapid, discolored current. The process of crossing was novel. A long line is made fast to a buoy in the centre of the River an hundred rods above the Ferry. This

line was attached to the bow of our Boat, which, by the action of the current, was soon carried to the opposite shore. This, to me, was a new, simple and cheap propelling power. The line was kept out of the water by nine small canoes placed at equal distances between the Buoy and Ferry Boat. The helm only is used in crossing.

Along the River you see numerous Flouring Mills riding at Anchor, the wheels of which are turned by the current. They are of primitive construction, but are said to make tolerable Flour. The supply of water never fails, and for "Custom Work" they seem a very good sort of Mill.

The road, after crossing the Po, perfectly straight and level for twenty miles, is shaded delightfully by rows of Lombardy Poplars, of uniform size, making an avenue of extreme beauty. About twelve miles from Padua we approached Mountains clothed in verdure and cultivated to their tops. This was a new and pleasant feature, for since we left Marseilles, traveling over 1,000 miles, we had not seen a Mountain that rejoiced in a tree, or vine, or shrub, or blade of grass. These fertile Mountains evidently add much to the aggregate wealth of the Country adjacent, for nowhere in Italy are there such unequivocal evidences of prosperity. Here, not only the Valleys but the Hills "drop their fatness." And here stately Mansions and lofty Palaces abound.

PADUA is not behind other Italian Cities in its historical interest. It claims to have given birth to many distinguished men, to the memory of whom they have preserved numerous memorials in Marble and Bronze.

The remains of ANTONIO, the Founder of their City, and of LIVY, are held in the highest reverence. In approaching Padua, the Church of San Antonia, with its eight splendid Cupolas, is highly effective; and in entering it you are delighted with its beautiful Park, surrounded by water and adorned with Fountains and Statuary.

From Padua we take the Railroad to Venice. This, after four days' traveling by Vetturini, is a great relief. There are many annoyances incident to Travel through Italy, whether by Diligence, Post or Vetturini, which, if you choose, would render you constantly unhappy. But we have kept our tempers so far, though pretty severely tried by the various modes of plunder and extortion resorted to by those you deal with

XXVIII.

VENICE, APRIL 26, 1852.

WE came "on board" this "glorious City in the Sea" (as ROGERS calls it) in a Gondola by moonlight. I say "came on board," for to me Venice seems like a huge Ship moored away out in a broad Bay. Its approaches from the land are all by water, and instead of intercommunication by streets you go about from House to House in Boats. We stepped from the Railroad Station into a Gondola, which took us some two miles through winding Canals, some broad and some narrow, to the step of our "Hotel Royal, San Marco."

The Gondola of Venice is long and narrow and sharp at either end. It sits lightly on the water, over which it glides noiselessly. It is propelled by one or two oars (as you choose) by Watermen who stand up behind the oar. If you take a Gondola for the day with two oars it costs twelve shillings of our money. If you have but a single Waterman, though his oar is on the side of the Boat he steers her by a reversed motion of the oar as easily as if another man held a rudder. The Gondolas are all painted black, and though graceful in form, are not as gay as the Pictures we see.

The Grand Canal is the Broadway of Venice. It is lined with Palaces. In being rowed through it, our Gondolier pointed out those belonging to the Duke of BORDEAUX, the legitimate Heir to the Throne of France;

to the Countess GUICCIOLI, adjoining that once occupied by Lord BYRON; two belonging to TAGLIONI; the Ducal Palace, and several occupied by DOGES in the days of the Republic.

Gondolas are a luxury compared with Hacks and Cabs. Indeed there is no other mode of conveyance so luxurious.

Early yesterday morning I observed numerous boats with Soldiers approaching San Marco from different points, and proceeding to the Square, I saw a review of several thousand Austrian Troops.

At two o'clock we returned to the Square to witness the novel and interesting ceremony of "Feeding the Pigeons" Hundreds of People had collected with the same object. The "Pigeons" (or Doves) were coming in from different directions and lighting about the windows and cornices of a Marble Palace, where they sat quite gravely until the first sound of the Clock of San Marco striking the hour of two was heard, when the whole flock simultaneously settled down upon the pavement under the window from which the seed was thrown and from which they have been fed, at the same moment every day, from a period so remote that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." To-day we went again to the same place. The Pigeons began to collect a quarter before two, evidently as intent upon their dinners as the same number of children, or "children of a larger growth" would have been. Other Bells sounded a few minutes before two, and another Clock struck a minute before, but not a Dove moved until the hammer was heard on the Clock of San Marco, and instantly every wing spread and the flock again settled to the

pavement. While busily picking up their food a dog gamboled round amongst them, and children walked into the ring without disturbing them at all. Some say that the Government provides the food for the Doves. Others say that a Lady, centuries ago, provided in her Will for the feeding of the Pigeons; but none know when or why the practice originated.

Venice was built on a cluster of small Islands, but by far the larger portion of the City is founded upon piles and mason-work in the sea. It has 146 Canals, one of which (the Grand Canal) is navigable for vessels. Over this there is but one bridge, the Rialto. Over the smaller canals there are nearly 400 bridges, which vary in depth from four to thirty feet. Through what were originally islands, there are narrow streets, and many Buildings have both a water and land front.

Much of the interest of Venice is concentrated about the Piazza of St. Mark. Here is the Ducal Palace, in front of which is the "Stone of Shame," by standing on which Bankrupts formerly obtained exemption from their debts. Near the Palace is the Cathedral of St. Mark, to construct and adorn which the Venetians plundered many Oriental Cities. Among these spoils are no less than 500 Marble Pillars. Over the entrance stand the four bronze horses brought from the Hippodrome at Constantinople in the time of the Crusades. BONAPARTE plundered Venice of these when he conquered Italy, but they were restored in 1815. Their origin is unknown, but they were at Alexandria and Rome before Constantine removed them to the Turkish Capital. Around the Square or Piazza of St. Mark, on three sides, are continuous Marble Palaces, in the

basement stories of which are Jewelers and Fancy Shops similar to those in the Palais Royal in Paris.

As many of the old and distinguished Families of Venice are extinct, so many of its Palaces are deserted. These, with their closed windows and barricaded doors, cast saddening shadows over waters by which they are situated. Though Venice still has a large, busy and moderately prosperous population, yet everything you see speaks of the past rather than the present. Its glory departed with its commerce.

It is curious to see a large City like this, from which the whole, or nearly the whole, animal creation is excluded. Not a Horse, or Mule, or Donkey, or Cow, or Goat, or Swine, and scarcely a Dog or Cat, are seen in all Venice.

Water, for the supply of the City, is brought in large boats from Rivers running into the Sea. It comes in bulk to different points, and is then dipped out into large casks and distributed by Gondolas through the Canals. Women, with a peculiar costume, supply the Dwellings with Water, which they carry in brass buckets by a yoke across their shoulders. In the Streets it is sold by the glass.

I am disappointed here, as I was at many places on the Mediterranean, in the scarcity of Fish. Instead of finding them in abundance, as along our Seaboard, there are but few varieties, and those of an inferior quality.

Here, as in all other Italian Cities, are numerous works of Art. Several Galleries accessible to strangers contain rare Pictures. Here TITIAN, having nearly

completed his hundredth year, died. Some of his best Pictures were executed after he had numbered ninety years; his celebrated Portrait of ARIOSTO, which we saw yesterday in the Manfrini Palace, being one of them. Among his noblest efforts is the Presentation of our Savior, a large Painting which adorns the Academia.

The Merchants of Venice do not, as in former times, "congregate" about the Rialto, though this is still a busy place.

The "Bridge of Sighs" is not, as I had supposed, one over which citizens pass, but is raised thirty feet above a narrow canal, and connects a Prison with the Ducal Palace. It is, as you know, the "Bridge of Sighs" because persons after receiving sentence crossed over it to their Prison, at whose massive iron bars and frowning aspect one cannot even now look without sighing. This Prison is now a Hospital.

We reached here a day too late to welcome our friend Dr. HOWARD TOWNSEND back from Egypt. Mr. W. H. DE WITT came from Milan as we are preparing to leave for Trieste.

XXIX.

TRIESTE, APRIL 28, 1852.

THE Steamer Archduke Frederick, on board of which we left Venice last evening, brought us across the Adriatic Sea in nine hours. Steamers now run every day between Venice and Trieste, and unless the business should be largely increased they are not likely to be annoyed by competition. There were scarcely Passengers enough to pay for Fuel. We see nothing, or very little, of "Opposition" in Europe. In most places there is hardly enterprise enough to keep up a single line. The only touch of "Opposition" I have seen was at Civita Vecchia, the day after Holy Week, when, it being known that large numbers of People would leave, another Boat came on, taking Passengers at half price to Leghorn, Genoa and Marseilles.

Trieste, as you know, is the principal Port and most Commercial City of Austria. It is among the few *modern* Cities of the Ancient World. Its Harbor is easy of access and every way safe and commodious. The City contains over 70,000 inhabitants and is growing rapidly. Several War Steamers lay moored within the Mole where most of the Shipping lays, and two large Ships-of-War ride at Anchor outside. There are three American Ships in Port discharging Cotton.

Trieste, springing up as it has with comparative suddenness, attracted Merchants from all parts of the

world. Among its active, wealthy Merchants, are English, American, Greek, Italian, Armenian, &c. Its Sailors are mostly Dalmatians. All languages are spoken here, but the Italian predominates.

Here you begin to experience the inconvenience of a depreciated Currency. Gold in Venice when I left, bore a premium of twenty-four per cent. The Currency of Austria is now the worst in the world. The Notes of the National Bank are twenty per cent below par. Most of its Silver Zwanzigers are debased. If, for a paper Florin or a Zwanziger, change is coming back, you are asked to take "Shinplasters" (such as circulated with us during and immediately after the War), representing three, six, ten and twelve cents.

LAYBACH, April 30.

We have been two days coming by Vetturino from Trieste to this place. In coming out of Trieste you climb a mountain several thousand feet above the Sea. The road is so circuitous that, having traveled five miles and reached the summit of the mountain, the City lies at your feet, from which, by an air line, you are not over a mile. Having attained this height you travel twenty miles through rocks and boulders thrown together in great confusion by some violent spasm of Nature. The Road is Macadamized, but as heavily loaded wagons are passing over it, pulverizing the limestone, the wind that is constantly sweeping over the mountain raises blinding clouds of dust.

Throughout most parts of Europe, Roads, for the purposes to which we devote them, are entirely useless. We have traveled over them for days and almost

weeks without meeting a loaded Vehicle. But here a different and far more pleasant view was presented. Immediately on leaving Trieste we saw numerous "Pennsylvania Wagons," heavily laden with merchandise, drawn by three, four and five spans of large horses, while we were constantly meeting wagons loaded with Lumber, consisting principally of Boards and Ship Timber from the vast Forests of Pine, Larch, and Oak that abound in Austria and Bohemia. After traveling, as we had for months, in countries either barren always, or wholly denuded, it was quite refreshing to see natural Forests again. I think we met between Trieste and Laybach at least 300 loads of Lumber. Many of the teams are driven by Women. You see Cows yoked like Oxen drawing heavy loads, though it is not as common here as in Italy.

The Railway from Vienna, which now terminates at Laybach, is being constructed to Trieste, though this is a herculean enterprise, for most of the way the route is either through mountains or mountain gorges, which present apparently insuperable obstructions. A large proportion of the persons employed upon this work are females. While Austria keeps up an Army 300,000 strong, I suppose that it is indispensable that its women should perform the labor of men, though I cannot get reconciled to the custom. Among the Peasantry of this country, however, there is but little indoor work for females. Here is nothing of the domestic enjoyments which we possess and prize. You see no pretty cottages, no tidy furniture, no pleasant Homes in which the hours of repose are solaced. Men and women labor like cattle and then go like

beasts to their stalls or stys, to be fed with the coarsest food. We talk of our privileges and our enjoyments, but, oh! how little we *realize* of their value! If we could but see the condition of the toiling millions of the Old World, we should give grateful thanks night and morning to a bountiful Providence for casting our lot in such pleasant places, and labor honestly and devotedly to preserve and perpetuate our institutions.

At Adelsberg, where we lodged, is a Cave or Grotto, into which Guides conduct Travelers some four miles. Its spacious chambers are decorated with stalactites. The interest of this Grotto is increased by the circumstance that the River Poip loses itself near its entrance, but is seen several hundred feet below the surface of the Earth (in the Cavern) and finally reappears, taking another name, at Planina, twelve miles distant. The stalactite forms floors, walls, pillars, festoons, &c., for the Grotto. The Proteus, amphibious in its nature, but inclining to the Fish species, is found in this Cave.

Laybach is pleasantly situated in a very fertile valley. It has about 15,000 inhabitants. There was a Congress of Sovereigns here in 1820. From this place we take the Railway for Vienna. The train leaves Laybach at 7 o'clock this evening, and arrives at Vienna at 5 to-morrow afternoon.

Among the Travelers at the Hotel going to Vienna this evening, are the Duke of Bordeaux (HENRY V) and the Prince of Colonna. Both are young men. The former is lame. The Palace of the latter, at Rome, is occupied by one of the newly created Cardinals, whose first Reception we attended, to see, as we did, what

remains of Roman magnificence in the way of Pearls, Rubies, Diamonds, and other valuable ornaments.

European travel has its novelties, especially to an American. Its exactions try the temper of all, though we stand them better than the English, many of whom scold and chafe from the moment they cross the Channel. If you travel Post, every Post Boy claims his "bona-mana." If by Vetturini, your driver claims his at the end of the Journey. At Hotels, though "Service" constitutes an item in your bill, the Waiter, Chambermaid, Porter, &c., all stand ready to wish you a "bon voyage," in such polite and gentle terms that the appeal is irresistible. And then the "Secretary" has such consummate skill in working upon a bill, that while you know beforehand what your Apartments, Breakfast and Dinner are to cost, the total frequently startles you. These extortions lead to practices, in the way of indemnity, which are at least ludicrous. If, for example, four want Dinner, you order Fish for *two*, Butter for *two*, Sugar for *two*, and Dessert for *two*, because of these things you are sure to get enough for *four*. In a fashionable Hotel, if you are to stay but one night, four Wax Candles are lighted in your Parlor, and one—sometimes two—in each of your bedrooms. These are charged at the rate of twenty cents each. You must, therefore, either submit to the imposition or pocket the Candles! The practical result is, that your Countess and your Baroness, as well as Ladies without Title, who at home would scorn to trouble themselves about Candle ends, quietly slip them into their Trunks or Carpet Bags! They also fob various articles, for which they

pay roundly, but in a manner so stealthily that it has a petty larceny appearance.

While my hand is in, let me make a clean breast of it. At our Hotel in Vienna the charge for Tea was 40 cents. As we were paying six dollars a Day for Apartments, and as the Tea consisted simply of a Dish of Tea and a Roll, we ordered only for *two*, though our party consisted of four. And this is so common, that those who do not practice upon it are exceptions to the rule. Some Travelers, it is said, hide enough of their Breakfast to make a Dinner. *We* content ourselves with pilfering a Lunch from our Breakfast Table. The justification for all this is, that you pay separately for each and everything, and most exorbitantly for the "small rations."

XXX.

VIENNA, MAY 1, 1852.

OUR route from Laybach was through Gratz, Schottwein, Glochnitz, &c., all large and pleasant Towns. The Railway is not yet completed over the Sommering Mountain, where Diligences are stationed to supply the broken link. Having crossed this mountain you descend into a broad Valley interspersed for forty miles, which brings you to Vienna, with fertile fields and beautiful groves of undergrowth Pines. This vast plain resembles, except that it is entirely level, the country between Albany and Schenectady. At Neustadt we passed in sight of Hungary and within a few rods of its boundary line.

VIENNA, one of the great Capitals of Europe, is a beautiful City—in some respects the most beautiful I have ever seen. Its population is about equal to that of the City of New York. Its aspects are all decidedly attractive. The Streets are generally wide, well paved and remarkably clean, though you don't see how they are kept so. Its "lungs" (as its Parks, Gardens, Prater, &c., are appropriately called) are more extensively accessible, and quite as beautiful as those of any City in the World. Those who live in the heart of the City can, by a walk of from five to ten minutes, reach the Glacis, a continuous Park handsomely ornamented with Trees and Flowers, which entirely surrounds the City.

In this Park are Cafés, Restaurants, Grottos, and Arbors. Fronting the Glacis are two or three Royal Palaces and the Mansions of the Nobility. Without the Glacis are the suburbs, which constitute, however, a large portion of the City.

The PRATER, or Hyde Park of Vienna, is a delightfully wooded green, over a mile in width and four miles long. It is thronged every afternoon; but on Sundays, and especially on Festadays, the display of Carriages, including all classes, from that of the Emperor to the humblest Citizen, is truly brilliant. The great day for the Prater is Easter Monday. Next to that is May-day, and on this latter occasion we were there, but the weather was unfavorable, and the turnout was not all that was expected.

Upon the Prater are amusements suited to all classes. There is a Circus, Museum, Music, Magicians, Ball-Rooms, Fire-Works, &c., &c. Soldiers are stationed here, as indeed they are everywhere in Vienna, to preserve order. In this respect Vienna is a model City. It is impossible to find 400,000 People moving so actively and yet so tranquilly. The presence of a mighty Military force has something to do with all this, of course. Paris glistened with Bayonets immediately after the *coup d'état*, but that City was less thoroughly Military in all its aspects than this, where almost every second man you meet is in Military costume. Vienna is literally thronged with Austrian Officers, whose snow-white Uniforms are very rich. Indeed, I have never seen a more graceful robe than the white broadcloth Cloak of the Austrian Officers. Just now, when the Emperor of Russia is expected, many Regiments are

marching into the Capital, so that Vienna is more than usually martial in all its appearance.

There are many objects of deep and absorbing interest here, but as our stay is limited, we can only visit the more prominent. The Palace of SCHONBRUNN, two miles from Vienna, and the Summer Residence of the Royal Family, attracted our attention first. Its magnificent Garden is claimed to surpass that at Versailles. Its walls are everywhere ornamented with Family Pictures, the most valuable of which are the numerous Portraits of MARIA THERESA and MARIA ANTOINETTE. Of the latter there are at least a dozen, tracing her from infancy to womanhood.

This Palace was the residence of NAPOLEON in 1809. It was while standing at one of its windows that the German Student fired at him, the ball taking effect a few inches above his head. This person, it is known, BONAPARTE sent for, questioned, and desired to pardon; but when he avowed his determination, if liberated, to renew the attempt to rid his country of a Tyrant, he was ordered to execution. The chamber which BONAPARTE slept in was the same in which his Son, the King of Rome, died. Another Son of MARIA LOUISA, born at Parma, resides in this City.

We saw the EMPEROR yesterday driving through the Graben in a light two-horse wagon, with a single attendant. He is, as you know, scarcely twenty-one years old, and looks even younger than he is. He is slender, fair complexioned and handsome. His Coronation, which has been expected for several months, is still deferred. Various causes for the delay are con-

jectured, among which is the loss of the Crown of Hungary.

The ex-Emperor, who abdicated during the troubles of 1849, '50, resides at Prague. The Empress Mother, who is a woman of superior mind, and almost gigantic frame, resides with her Son in the Royal Palace.

We looked through the Royal Carriage House to day. This is, I infer, about the most gorgeous "turnout" in the world. It at any rate casts the Carriage Establishment of Queen VICTORIA entirely into the shade. The State Carriage, made for MARIA THERESA, and used on Coronation occasions, is truly magnificent. Massive, chased and tessellated gold abounds. Its Panels were painted by RUBENS. Ranged next to this are six very rich and beautiful Royal Coaches, and on the opposite side are half a dozen superb Sleighs, the rich Furs belonging to which are trimmed with heavy gold fringe. And then from an hundred to an hundred and fifty Carriages of various sizes and fashions, any one of which, in America, would be considered decidedly aristocratic. In the Royal Stables are more than 400 Horses.

The IMPERIAL LIBRARY presents so many objects of profound interest, that a visit of an hour, or a day, is but an aggravation. It contains nearly 300,000 Volumes and 16,000 Manuscripts. Among the *curiosities* of this vast literary storehouse, is the Manuscript psalm book of CHARLEMAGNE; Title Deeds of a Convent written on Papyrus in the fifth Century; TASSO's Manuscripts of Jerusalem Delivered; a Latin Bible printed on Parchment by FAUST and SCHAEFFER, at Mayence, in 1459. Connected with the Library is a collection of

Engravings which numbers over 300,000, among which are the most rare and valuable prints ever published.

Then comes the IMPERIAL JEWEL OFFICE, displaying a Regalia so brilliant and costly as to amaze and bewilder simple Americans! Here are the Crowns of CHARLEMAGNE, of RODOLPH II, and of NAPOLEON when made King of LOMBARDY at Milan. Beside these costly Bables are Gems and Diamonds alike precious and priceless.

In the Cabinet of Antiquities there is almost an endless succession of very interesting and valuable curiosities, among which is a magnificent Cameo and an enormous Onyx; and of coins and medals there are 134,000.

Then come the Museum of Natural History, Cabinet of Minerals, &c., but as these would consume time that we cannot spare, we pass to the Church of the Augustines, where CANOVA'S Marble Group at the Tomb of the Archduchess CHRISTINA excites such universal admiration, as it certainly should, for here Marble is made to express deep, absorbing, heartfelt grief, far more touchingly than language. In this group are five figures, all as large as life, and all exquisitely executed. If the Archduchess CHRISTINA was not the personification of Virtue and Benevolence, genius has been wickedly profaned in her monument.

The Cathedral of St. Stephen, after all the great churches we have seen, is a structure of vast interest. It stands in the heart of the City, and has many exterior and interior attractions. It was completed in the 14th Century. The Tower is 465 feet high. The large Bell in this Tower was cast from 180 brass Can-

non taken from the Turks in 1683. From this Tower you overlook BONAPARTE's great battle-fields of WAGRAM, ESSLING, &c.

Of the numerous Galleries of Art I have only visited one, the Belvidere, and that mainly to see some of the best Pictures of RUBENS, whose power to create, on canvas, what seems real, living flesh, surpasses that of all other Painters. In this Gallery, however, among many other valuable Pictures, is the head of an old Woman, by DENNER, of such wonderful excellence, so life-like, so true to simple nature, so much more like an old Woman than like a Portrait, that it draws and fastens the attention of every visitor. It requires no cultivation, no reading, no taste, to appreciate *this* Picture. Prince and Peasant, high and humble, enjoy it alike. No suggestion or promptings are necessary. Its perfections instantly reveal themselves. We had neither heard of the Picture or the Painter, and yet it arrested and fixed our attention, as it does others, for as long a time as we had to spare. This head alone, if the Artist had done nothing else, is glory enough for one man. But they say that the Gallery at Dresden is full of gems by the same Painter.

The Hon. Mr. McCURDY, our Charge d'Affaires here, makes Vienna as pleasant as possible to the Americans who visit it. In this duty he is seconded by his Daughter, an accomplished young Lady. Though things have occurred to disturb the feelings, if not the relations, formerly existing between Austria and America, Mr. McCURDY is treated here with all the courtesy and respect due to his public character. He had a long interview, a few days since, with the Minister of State,

who succeeded the late Prince SCHWARZENBURG, the result of which was quite satisfactory.

Mr. McCURDY is a Connecticut Whig, whose Whig principles will neither wear nor wash out. He is the right sort of a man for the public service, and will be found faithful always. He has acquired much useful information here in regard to the condition and policy of European Governments. He goes with his Daughter, on Friday, to Venice, Florence and Rome.

The Hon. Mr. MORRIS, our Representative at Naples, was to leave that place on an Oriental Excursion, on the 23d of April.

Mr. CASS, when we left Rome, talked of a visit to Paris, with a view to Medical advice in relation to his eyes, from which he has suffered some time. Upon the question of Principle, which divides America and Europe, we need not desire firmer or truer men than Messrs. MORRIS, CASS and McCURDY.

XXXI.

VIENNA, MAY 8, 1852.

OUR visit here has been protracted on account of that of the Emperor of Russia, whom we desired to see Learning from Mr. McCURDY, our Minister, that the Czar was to arrive in a special train from Erlau at 11 o'clock to-day, we repaired to the Railway Station early. The Russian Embassy arrived soon after, and following came, incog., or rather in a close Carriage, the Emperor of Austria. Then came, in Court Carriages, sundry Generals, Marshals, Embassadors, Princes, &c.

As the Emperor of Russia travels now as a Prince only, his reception was to be a simple one. The streets were, however, from the Railway Station to the Palace, lined with people.

The Russian Emperor arrived a few minutes before one o'clock, and was immediately shown into an open two-horse wagon, which, the Emperors of Russia and Austria being seated, was driven off at tip-top speed, preceded by another wagon in which a Royal Chamberlain rode. Numerous Carriages, with highly liveried outriders, with Princes, Diplomats and Generals, followed, while we, with other plebeians, in Hackney Coaches, followed.

The Emperor of Russia was dressed in the uniform of an Hungarian Hussar, while the uniform of the Emperor of Austria was that of a Russian Cavalry

Officer. Each wore tall Caps with Feathers. The Emperor of Russia, though not as handsome in the features of his face as I expected, has an erect, commanding person, and in his high, courtly bearing, reminds you of General SCOTT. He is, it is said, accompanied by his Son and Daughter-in-Law.

The Imperial Visitor remains a week. There is to be a grand Review on Monday, to be succeeded by other demonstrations. We await the Review only.

SUNDAY, May 9.

We went early this morning to the Royal Chapel, in front of which an immense crowd had already assembled. Observing large numbers of Officers entering the Palace, we presented ourselves at the Porch and were unexpectedly admitted. Passing between lines of richly dressed Guards up the stairway and through three magnificent Apartments, we came to that which connects with the Chapel, where hundreds of the Nobility, Marshals, Generals, Diplomats, &c., were awaiting the arrival of the Imperial Household. Here I had leisure to examine, what I had so often read of incredulously, the costly Coats, Cloaks, Stars, &c., with which the high in rank, at these rich courts, adorn themselves. But I am no longer incredulous. The reality transcends the description. In these Rooms were a dozen persons who wore about them what would exceed in value more than as many hundred thousand dollars. There was a Star on the breast of one person whose diamonds could not have been worth less than fifty thousand dollars. There were also as many as an hundred Officers whose uniforms were blazoned with gold, and whose bosoms

sparkled with diamonds. There were also, among the Veteran Marshals and Generals of Austria, some men of giant frames. I saw two who were full six feet and a half high, and others from six feet two to six feet four inches in height.

At half-past eleven, as all eyes looked in one direction, it was evident that their Majesties were approaching. First came four Pages in rich gold lace; then Colonels; then Generals; then Marshals; then the Diplomatic Corps; then the Cardinal, Archbishop, &c.; then the Princes; and finally, four abreast, the Emperors with the Son of the Czar and the brother of the Emperor of Austria between them. They were uncovered and in a Military undress. At the door of the Chapel the Escort opened to the right and left, and the Imperial Family entered their private Gallery, after which the Generals, Marshals, &c., passed into the Chapel by another door.

We were thus accidentally brought within touching distance of two Rulers who hold the destinies of an hundred millions of People in their hands—Rulers who are not only “Monarchs of all they survey,” but whose word is Law and whose will is Supreme—Rulers between whom and their subjects there is no intermediate or co-ordinate Authority. But there is a Ruler over Emperors—a Power above Thrones erected on Earth—a Ruler in the Heavens, before whom these Monarchs were about to bend their knees. This was done with much of “pomp and circumstance,” but this, in my eye, only added to the fitting humility of two proud Monarchs confessing their dependence upon, and asking the forgiveness of an infinitely Superior King.

The Courts and Avenues leading to the Palace, when we came out, were thronged with thousands waiting to catch a glance at the Notables who were departing in their splendid Coaches.

XXXII.

VIENNA, SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1852.

AT three o'clock this afternoon we drove to the PRATER, and as the day was fine, the scene was truly magnificent. The Emperors were expected, and all Vienna was out. I have told you how extensive and beautiful these grounds are. I wish I could describe them as they appeared to-day. On one side of the broad carriage-way is an Avenue for Ladies and Gentlemen on Horseback, while on the other a broader one for Citizens on foot. By four o'clock there were two lines of Carriages, in close order, extending nearly three miles. The Coaches, the Horses, the Harness, the Liveries, &c, were in keeping with the magnificently dressed persons who rode in them. Equestrians of Aristocratic bearing, upon high blooded animals, were dashing through that Avenue; while from an hundred to an hundred and fifty thousand People either lined the Avenues, gathered around the Cafés listening to fine German Bands, or strolled about the grounds.

To-morrow the Emperor of Russia is to Review the Army of his Brother of Austria. There is said to be 30,000 Troops preparing for this Review. We hope to be "there to see."

Returning late from the Prater, we went for our dinners to the Coffee-room of our Hotel (Archduke Charles, and the best in Vienna), where a dozen or fif-

teen Tables were spread, and groups of from three to ten seated, some just taking their Soup, and others going through their Meat courses, and others again at their Dessert. Most of the persons at Table were Officers, with some of whom were Ladies. But the peculiarity which struck me was that the Gentlemen who finished their dinners first invariably lighted a Segar, and without rising, smoked away in the faces of those sitting by them, whether Ladies or Gentlemen, who went on with their dinners quite undisturbed. To me, the worst feature of this vile habit was, that the Segars were infernally bad.

The Viennese have a way of concealing their poverty, if indeed that bitter ingredient be an element here, as elsewhere, in great Cities. You see no Beggars. Nor do you see any apparently very Poor People. There are no idlers about the streets. In all these respects Vienna differs from other Cities.

The Austrians, as a People, are industrious and frugal. There are but few Drones in this great Hive. But those few consume all the honey, while the laboring Bees get only a bare subsistence. The support of a gay Court, with an Army nearly 400,000 strong, brings the sweat from the brows of many toiling millions.

MONDAY, May 10.

Well, we have seen one of the great Military Pageants of the Earth. We have looked upon two live Emperors, NICHOLAS I of Russia, and JOSEPH II of Austria, at the head of an "Army with Banners."

It was understood that the REVIEW was fixed for 10 o'clock. Knowing that the Russian Emperor was

prompt in his movements, we drove out to the "Glacis Josephstadt" at that hour. The Troops "were afield and in line," and at ten minutes past ten the Emperors, with a magnificently dressed Staff of Aids, Archdukes, Princes, Marshals, Generals, &c., &c., dashed, with their high-blooded and proud steeds, upon the ground. A bright Sun gave the fullest effect to all this gorgeous and-glittering Paraphernalia of War. The Emperors were dressed in the Uniform of the Polish Lancers, their Aids in Crimson and Gold, the others of the Staff in the Uniforms of their respective Corps.

There were upwards of 30,000 troops in the field, of which 20,000 were Infantry and Rifle, and 10,000 Cavalry and Artillery. Of the mounted men, 3,000 were Lancers, and streaming from each Lance was a black and yellow flag.

The Emperor of Russia, with one Aid-de-Camp, a few rods in advance of the Emperor of Austria and Staff, rode in front of the line (or rather of the three lines), stopping at the head of each Battalion and addressing a few words to the Officers. This occupied nearly an hour. He then, with his Staff, which consisted of more than 300 splendidly mounted Officers, took a position in front of the centre of the line, which immediately passed him in Review. The different Corps, whether by Battalion, Regiment or Brigade, formed in Sections of three files, fifty deep, giving 150 men to each Section or Company. There was a marching distance of about six rods between each Section. The Band of each Division, as they reached the Emperor, moved out to the left, and playing until their Corps had passed, was succeeded by the next. The line was

two hours in passing. After this there was a Review of a Regiment of Lancers, whose Horses were put to the top of their speed. The effect was thrilling. And this closed the day. The Emperors returned to the Palace, and the Troops to their Quarters. There were a large number of Court Ladies, in Court Carriages, upon the field. Among these was the Mother of the Emperor of Austria, a woman whose influence is supposed to be as potent with the Son as it was with her Husband, the ex-Emperor, who lives very quietly at Prague.

Notwithstanding the difference between our Government and Austria, we have experienced nothing of annoyance or difficulty here, either with Luggage or Passports. The Austrian Officers have been remarkably civil; and the examination of Trunks has been so slight that a Lady suggested that the Custom House really ought to be complained of for neglect of duty. Austria is a pleasant country to travel through; but, for those who pay the Taxes, not so pleasant to reside in.

XXXIII.

PRAGUE, MAY 11, 1852.

THIS ancient City, with its 130,000 inhabitants, figures more largely in history than upon the map, though it is pleasantly situated in a narrow Valley on the River Moldau. Its Domes and Spires are a prominent feature. Its Palace, the former residence of Bohemia's Kings, overlooking the Town, has a most imposing effect. Its Bridge, which was a century and a half in the progress of construction, is 1,790 feet long and is ornamented with 285 Statues of Saints. It is a magnificent structure.

We came here from Vienna by the Brunn Railroad, which passes, for the most part, through a very fertile country that produces immense quantities of Wheat. The plain, for twenty miles after leaving Vienna, but that it is not perfectly level, would resemble a broad Prairie. You see thousands of Acres without a fence, or a tree, or a house, on which Wheat is growing. The land is evidently owned by the Nobles of the Empire and worked by Peasants, who live in Cottages or Cabins clustered together like those of the Slaves in the West Indies.

We passed a few miles out of Vienna, in full view of BONAPARTE'S Battle-field of WAGRAM, which, as well as that of ESSLING, were watched by the Viennese from the Tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral, with what solicitude

you can imagine. We passed also, though not so near, the great field of AUSTERLITZ. We also saw the Battle-field where in 1757 the Allied Armies of Austria and Saxony defeated FREDERICK the Great.

The distance between Vienna and Prague is 250 English miles. The Railroad runs much of the way along the banks of the River Elbe, and passes through parts of Moravia and Bohemia. It is managed with great care, and, if labor costs anything, at great expense, for there is an army of men connected with its Stations and along its track.

Brunn, the capital of Moravia, has a population of 40,000. We looked with interest at the ancient Castle of Spielberg (now a Prison for Political offenders), where SILVIO PELLICO was incarcerated for eight years, and until released by the ex-Emperor. Gen. MACK, who surrendered Ulm to the French, was also confined there.

The inhabitants of Brunn are engaged extensively and prosperously in the manufacture of Woolen Goods.

At Reigern we saw the Convent where Marshal DAVOUST encountered the retreating Army of the Allies, after their defeat the day before at Austerlitz, and made a finish of the War.

Let me, however, improve our brief stay at Prague. There is an old Watch-Tower at the end of the Bridge I spoke of, which is held in great veneration from the circumstance that, when all else was lost in the "Thirty Years War," it enabled the Bohemians to prevent the Swedes from crossing, though their efforts were repeated daily for fourteen weeks.

Near the Bridge is a Seminary, the Library of which contains 100,000 volumes and 3,700 manuscripts, includ-

ing Autographs of JOHN HUSS, LUTHER and WICKLIFFE. The reformer HUSS was a native of Prague.

Here, also, is the great UNIVERSITY that once boasted of its 40,000 Students, coming, as they did, from all parts of Europe. But in consequence of Religious differences in 1409, over 20,000 students left in a week. Soon after this, Universities which have attained such a high rank in Germany, were established. There are several thousand students here now.

By the way, the "Schoolmaster is abroad" in Turkey; or, if he is not, he is to be. In the Cars from Vienna were ten Turkish Boys, each about 12 years old, on their way to Germany to be instructed in the French, German and English Languages, and then to return as Teachers in Turkey.

Prague has been, in other times, the Theatre of many terrible conflicts, most of which are commemorated by monuments or ruins. There are several very old Churches here, in one of which the service is still read in the Bohemian Language. That in which JOHN HUSS Preached, and the House opposite, in which he lived, are pointed out to you.

There is, as usual in European Cities, a "Jews' Quarter," but they are not, as formerly, shut up after a given hour in the Evening. It is said that this colony of Jews established themselves here immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem. They preserve all their customs and peculiarities, and are Jews according to the manner "of the strictest of their sect." They wear long flowing gowns and hats without rims. They have five Synagogues, several Schools, Magistrates and a

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Town Hall of their own. Though living in the midst of others, they are wholly and entirely a distinct People. The Statistics of Prague show that the Jewish inhabitants increase faster and are longer lived than their immediate neighbors.

The Palace of the WALLENSTEIN Family was once the great glory as it is now the prominent ruin of Prague. It was a splendid structure, one of the most so in Europe. Formerly when a Prince WALLENSTEIN traveled he was attended by Barons, Knights, &c., with a regiment of Cavalry and a numerous retinue of Servants; fifty Carriages were required for himself and suite, and fifty wagons for his Furniture, Wines, Provisions, &c. But the glory of most of this class of Rulers has departed.

There is elsewhere the Palace of the Bohemian Kings, very large and imposing. It was occupied for several years by the late CHARLES X, ex-King of France. I believe that the ex-Emperor of Austria, a weak man, who abdicated in 1849, resides here now.

There is a Gallery here containing 1,400 Pictures, hung in sixteen Rooms, most of which, however, are of an inferior class.

We could learn one lesson from Austria with great advantage to our People. This is the Art of making good Bread, which, being as it is here, universal, is really a great national blessing. We were struck first at Trieste with the fine quality of Bread at our Hotel. At all the Eating Houses between Trieste and Vienna we remarked the excellence of the Bread. Here we enjoy the same luxury. Nor is it a luxury for the rich alone. The same light, sweet Bread is in all the

.

Bake-Shops at prices which enables all classes to purchase. England has contrived, humanely, to give "cheap bread" to her People; but Austria affords it still cheaper and of an excellent quality.

I do not know that this secret for making good Bread can be communicated. Perhaps it is owing to some peculiarity in the Flour, or in the Water; but I do know that the Art of making for American People such Bread as is eaten throughout Austria, would be an acquisition of incalculable value. A Vienna Baker who should go to the City of New York and vend such Bread as we get here, would be able to ride in his Coach and reside on the Fifth Avenue in two years. That is, providing the Yankee Bakers did not find out his secret.

XXXIV.

DRESDEN, MAY 12, 1852.

THE Railroad from Prague to Dresden, in construction, equipment, management, &c., is decidedly the best on which I have ever traveled. I have seen no Cars that approach these in richness. The cushions, carpets, paintings, &c., remind you of the luxuries of a Palace rather than a Railroad Car. And the route from Prague to this City is one of exceeding interest. The Road runs most of the way along the River Elbe, which, from the quiet beauty of its scenery, is called the "Saxon Rhine." There is a small commerce employing a few small Sloops between the two Cities, and considerable Lumber is floated down in Rafts. A small Steamer runs on it. Before the Railroad was constructed she carried most of the Passengers.

You see, after crossing the boundary line, evidences of enterprise and indications of prosperity, which belongs not to Austria. Indeed, the atmosphere almost seems changed. At any rate, you breathe it more freely. I liked what I saw of the Austrian People. And *they* are not responsible for a Despotism of which they are themselves the Victims. They threw off the yoke that galled them in 1849, but generous and confiding as a People ever are, they put their "faith in Princes," who have, when reseated upon their Thrones, forgotten their promises. This was shamefully true of the Emperor

of Austria, who is now, the tables having turned, strong enough to rule again with his rod of iron.

The approach to Dresden is through a very beautiful and highly cultivated Country. The season is about as far advanced as it is with us. Saxony, therefore, in vegetation and foliage, looks now, on the 12th of May, as Oneida and Madison counties look.

The approach to Dresden charms a Traveler. Flowers bloom everywhere. The Trees give promise of an abundance of Fruit. The Farm Houses look comfortable and the Peasants cheerful. The suburbs of Dresden are not unlike those of Rochester, and there is much in the City itself, that reminds us of a former Home in the "Queen City."

DRESDEN, as you know, is the capital of Saxony, and the residence, during all time, of its Kings—Kings, too, in earlier ages, in all that relates to wealth and splendor, "as is" Kings. But though Saxony has, like other Monarchies, her Kings, they are comparatively a plain set of People, with simple habits, living and dying like other folks at home and in their beds. It has some 80,000 inhabitants, who are industrious and thrifty. It is, in many respects, more like an American than an European City. If our own Language was spoken it would not be at all difficult to suppose ourselves at Home here, especially if we could but see a few familiar Home faces.

The *great* attraction of Dresden is its Picture Gallery, where the Sovereigns of Saxony have with great liberality been for Centuries gathering the treasures of Art. This Gallery compensates, if there were nothing else here, for a journey to Dresden. First of all among

its gems is the "MADONNA DI SAN SISTO" of RAPHAEL, which is adjudged to be his best Picture, and is, therefore, of course, among the few best in the World. All that is lovely beams out in the face of the Madonna, and all that is Angelic reveals itself in the features of two Cherubs. It is indeed a great triumph of art and genius. This, however, is but one of the hundred of admirable Paintings that adorn this Gallery. Those of CORREGGIO, TITIAN, PAUL VERONESE, GIORGIONE, BENVENUTO, GARAFALO, of the Italian School; of ALBERT DURER, HOLSTEIN, TENIERS, RUBENS, VAN DYCK, &c., of the German, Dutch and Flemish Schools, are each and all works of exceeding interest and merit. There are, also, several large Architectural Landscapes of CAVALETTA, and several Landscape Gems of BRILL and BRUGAL; and several inimitable heads of old men and women by DENNER.

This Gallery has been held sacred by even the Conquerors of Saxony. FREDERICK the Great, while bombarding the City, directed his Bombardiers to spare the Gallery. And NAPOLEON, though he enriched the Louvre by despoiling the Galleries of Italy and Spain, respected that of Dresden. But it did not fare quite so well in the Revolution of 1849. During the conflict the Royal Troops fired from the Gallery upon the People, by whom it was returned with fatal effect upon the Troops, and damaging, to some extent, the Pictures, many of which still show their wounds, while the front of the Building shows where at least a thousand musket balls told.

From the Picture Gallery we went to the "Green Vaults," and hither I wish I could transport all my

friends for an hour, for within these Vaults are Treasures in diamonds, pearls, rubies and other precious stones far richer than anything I had ever imagined. The Regalia of England and of Austria, resplendent as they are, are cast into the shade by that of Saxony.

These "Green Vaults" are a range of Apartments upon the ground floor of the Royal Palace. They are shown to strangers by intelligent men in attendance, from whom you purchase Tickets at \$2 for a party or individual. There are eight Apartments, the contents of any one of which would purchase the Steamboats Hendrick Hudson and Isaac Newton, while those of the last Room, if "sold under the hammer," would purchase the Collins Line of Steamers, lay a double track on the Hudson River Railroad, and complete the Enlargement of the Erie Canal! This looks large, but it is no exaggeration; and I could think of no better mode of conveying an idea of the value of these gems.

I will not weary you with details, but cannot dismiss the "Green Vaults" without alluding briefly to a few of their contents, such, for instance, as a Service of Gold and Silver Plate, which used to be forthcoming on Coronation occasions, that would out-weigh a moderate shipment of Gold from California; Goblets for a Banquet, composed of gems, which cost \$6,000 a piece; Vessels formed of Agates, Rock Crystals and Lapis Lazulis; the first Watch, made in 1500, at Nuremberg, which bears about the same resemblance to a watch of the present day that the old "North River" Steamboat did to Mr. NEWTON's "New World;" "the Court of the Great Mogul," a piece of mechanism which cost eight years' labor and \$58,000, and which, in the Cata-

logue, is denominated "a Trinket;" various Orders, including those of the Garter, the Golden Fleece, Polish Eagle, &c., &c., suspended to chains of gold inlaid with diamonds; Antique Cameos of Onyx; a Sardonyx six and a half inches long and four and a quarter broad, the largest in the world; two Rings of MARTIN LUTHER; and last of all comes a case filled with Sapphires, Emeralds, Rubies and Pearls of almost incalculable value. The largest of a great number of Rubies weighs 59 carats. Of the Diamonds, there are sufficient in value, it is claimed, to pay the National Debt of Saxony. Among these are the decorations for a Gala Dress of the Elector, consisting of Buttons, Collars, Sword Hilt and Scabbard, of the most dazzling brilliancy; and to crown all is a green brilliant weighing 160 carats!

The HISTORICAL MUSEUM and the ARMORY are filled with objects of absorbing interest. The Suits of Ancient Armor are more curious even than those in the Tower of England. Among these are several which cost a modern fortune. The suits of Armor in which AUGUSTUS I, of Saxony, and an Austrian Archduke engaged in single combat, weigh two hundred pounds each. The quarrel was about a Lady's Feather.

The suit of Armor worn by GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS is preserved here, as are also those of Count TILLY and JOHN SOBIESKI. Here, too, is the Armor of AUGUSTUS II, who is spoken of as a "second Samson," as he certainly should have been if he wore that harness, the weight of which would stagger a horse.

Among the Curiosities in another Room are a Scythe used by the Poles under KOSMINSKI in his attempted

Revolution; the Cocked Hat of Peter the Great; a Wooden Bowl made by that Artist; and the Saddle on which BONAPARTE rode and the Boots he wore at the Battle of Dresden.

The Royal Library contains 300,000 Volumes and 2,800 Manuscripts. This Library is open to all, and Citizens enjoy the privilege of taking Books from it to their own Apartments.

There is a handsome Theatre and Opera House here. They open at six o'clock and the Plays are generally over by nine.

The very extensive building which contained the Cabinets of Natural History, Mineralogy, Zoölogy, &c., was burned in the Revolution of 1849, though much of its contents was preserved. The process of reconstruction is now going on.

There are delightful Promenades all around Dresden, the environs of which, particularly on the banks of the Elbe, are dotted with neat, freshly painted Villas, where, about the grounds, in the Gardens and at the Cafés, leisure hours pass most agreeably.

Among the Literary lights of Dresden were SCHILLER, KORNER and SCHLEGEL. They show you here, too, the House in which VON WEBER composed his Operas of "Der Freischutz" and "Oberon." And only a mile out of Dresden, behind a cluster of Cottages, stands, on the spot where he fell, a Monument to Gen. MOREAU, who, as you know, after leaving the French Army, went to America, returned to Europe and received a command in the Allied Army. Both his legs were shot off by a cannon ball. These were buried on the spot, though his body was taken for interment to St. Petersburg.

Learning that the Emperor of Russia was expected this afternoon, we drove down to the Railway station to get another look at him. He was to arrive in a Special Train at 7 o'clock. So said the Telegraph. At 6 the Russian Embassy, the Aid-de-Camp of the King of Saxony, and about one hundred citizens had appeared. I asked our Valet de Place if it was known that the Emperor was coming? "Oh, yes," he replied, "but the People don't mind Emperors and Kings any more." "But," said I, "will not the King of Saxony be here to receive the Emperor?" He said that the Saxon Monarch did not wish to appear too friendly with a Monarch but for whom the most of Europe would be now enjoying Constitutional Freedom; that the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Saxony and Prussia, &c., &c., had, during the Revolution of 1849, promised much, but that their promises had been broken; and that this had changed the whole current of feeling; that formerly, when an Emperor or a King visited Dresden, the streets would be decorated, and the People would welcome them with acclamations; but that all was changed now.

While he was telling me this and other things, a Saxon General rode up to the Station, and fifty or sixty more people came. At 7 the whistle announced the Emperor, who soon came out of the Car House and took a seat in the Carriage of his own Minister at the Saxon Court, and was driven through the streets to the Palace. Not a voice nor a hat was raised. To such as raised their hands in salutation, the Emperor returned the civility. He was driven close by our Carriage. This gave us a full view of his towering, manly form.

But he evidently felt this cold, nay, sullen reception. It was too marked to pass unobserved. This shows me, what has been manifested in other places and in various ways, that Emperors and Kings are to be held to something more of accountability. They will find it necessary to consult the interests of their subjects. They will not, as heretofore, be held in reverence and homage simply because they are Monarchs. But they will be loved or hated as they deserve. If, like the King of Sardinia, their Government is enlightened and paternal, the People will be loyal and affectionate; while, on the other hand, if it be blind and oppressive, the People will, as they did in 1849, show that the many are mightier than the few. And when that day comes again, quaking Monarchs will not be able to save their Thrones by Promises or Oaths, for the People have learned that both are as easily broken as made.

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XXXV.

LEIPSIC, MAY 15, 1852.

WE had a pleasant journey, through a well cultivated country and a succession of old and interesting German towns, from Dresden to Leipsic. The first point of importance is Meissen, where the old Castle in which the Princes of Saxony formerly resided has been converted into a Manufactory for the well known Dresden China or Porcelain. The first China that Europe produced was made here in 1710.

While at this Station we learned that the Mother and Son of KOSSUTH, with other members of the Family of the Hungarian Patriot, were our fellow passengers. They are on their way to America *via* Hamburgh and England. I learned from Mr. MCCURDY, at Vienna, that he remitted funds for this Family (which had been saved from the wreck of their fortune) to Mr. LAWRENCE, in London, and that they were on their way to England; but I did not anticipate the pleasure of meeting them.

We have reached Leipsic at a moment of such deep interest, that I regret to leave it as soon as we are compelled to. This is the week of their greatest FAIR. The City is full of strangers, and literally crammed with rich and beautiful fabrics. These Fairs draw people from all parts of Europe, to the number of thirty, forty,

fifty, and in 1834, of eighty thousand. Then (1834) it is said that the sales amounted to eighty millions of dollars.

Leipsic is the great Book Mart of Europe. Indeed, Books form the most important part of the Trade of Leipsic, amounting to nine or ten millions of Francs annually. There are an hundred Book Publishers and Booksellers here, and five or six hundred more are here now attending the Fair. I went this morning through an entire Street devoted to Printing and Binding. The rattling of Presses and the clucking of Type sounded familiarly. I then called upon Mr. TAUCHNITZ, who is the HARPER of Leipsic, whose establishment reminds me of that great American Publishing House. Mr. TAUCHNITZ republishes, in English, cheap Editions of all the best Works of English and American Authors. In his warerooms, beside tons of English Volumes, were the Works of WASHINGTON IRVING and J. FENNIMORE COOPER, complete. Mr. TAUCHNITZ's Books are sold throughout Europe. The present head of the House is a Young Man of cultivated mind and agreeable manners, who, in his mode of despatching business and receiving strangers, reminds you of FLETCHER HARPER.

The University of Leipsic has a world-wide fame, and, next to Prague, is the oldest in Germany. It has upwards of 60 Professors and over 1,000 Students.

In a cellar near the Market Place Dr. FAUSTUS was supposed to have lived in collusion with him of the Cloven Foot. The Market place itself is queer from a peculiar order, or disorder, of Architecture. Here is the Town House in which the Allied Sovereigns met when,

after a tremendous battle, they had driven NAPOLEON from Leipsic. That battle lasted three days. BONAPARTE contended, during that time, with his 136,000 troops, against an Allied Army of 230,000. The odds were too great, and after performing prodigies of valor, NAPOLEON passed out of Leipsic at one gate while the Allies were entering it at another. It is said that but for the gallantry of MACDONALD and PONIATOWSKI in covering his retreat, the French Emperor would have been taken Prisoner. The gallant Pole lost his life in attempting to swim the River, with two wounds, his horse having been killed from under him. The Regiment which PONIATOWSKI commanded raised a Monument to his memory near the spot where he was drowned.

We saw, too, near Leipsic, the spot which was fertilized for many years by the blood and bones of those who fell in the terrific battle between Marshal NEY and the Crown Prince of Sweden, and where the Saxons went over to the Allies.

FRANKFORT-ON-TH-MAINE, May 16.

We have been passing to-day through a region of Country rich alike in historic and classic associations. Every Town and almost every House, has its history or its legend; and you are constantly passing Castles consecrated either by the gallantry, the wisdom, or the genius of German Warriors, Philosophers or Poets.

LUTZEN, as you know, is memorable as the Theatre in which two great Military Chieftains figured, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS in 1631, and BONAPARTE in 1806 and 1813. Here an immense boulder from the Scandina-

vian Mountains, and an Iron Canopy, marks the spot where the "Lion of the North fell." Here, too, NAPOLEON was triumphant in 1806, and suffered a defeat in 1813. Here Marshal BLUCHER was wounded.

WEISSENFELS is but a few miles from Lutzen. To this place the body of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS was brought and embalmed. His body was seamed with five gun shots, one javelin and two sabre wounds. The splendid Castle of the Dukes of WEISSENFELS is now a Barrack. In passing from Weissenfels to Naumburg, you see the Ruined Castles of Schonburg and Gozech.

NAUMBURG is a town of 10,000 inhabitants, snugly ensconced in a Valley of the River Saale, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills covered with vines. Its Cathedral is imposing and curious, mixing up, as it does, half a dozen styles of Architecture.

Then comes WEIMAR, another town of 10,000 inhabitants, surrounded by a rich Agricultural country broken by splendid Forests, some of which are of beech as large and thrifty as those in America. Weimar is still the residence of the Ducal Family whose name it bears. If, as I believe, the present head of the Family is that Grand Duke of SAXE WEIMAR who was many years ago in America, he is even more distinguished for his talents than his rank.

The Grand Dukes of WEIMAR have ever been liberal patrons of genius. Though neither of them were "to the manor born," yet GOETHE, SCHILLER, WIELAND, HERDER, &c., resided here many years as the guests and friends of the Grand Dukes. GOETHE and HERDER died here. The Palace, Park and Gardens of the Grand Duke stretch along the river Ilm.

JENA, another of BONAPARTE'S sanguinary battle-fields, lies a few miles south of Weimar.

The German Diet talks of purchasing the House of GOETHE, with its contents, for preservation. The Furniture is plain, and the House of but little value, except as the House of the great Poet.

On our arrival at Weimar we learned that the Emperor of Russia was only a few hours behind us in an Extra Train. Some Troops, with the Municipal Authorities, and the carriage and suite of the Grand Duke (for whom the visit is intended) were in waiting. Several hundred Citizens had also collected at the Station. The Emperor finally came amid an outpouring of rain, so that his reception was necessarily hurried and informal.

Next comes ERFURT, where BONAPARTE assembled a Congress of Sovereigns in 1807. It contains upwards of 24,000 inhabitants, but is not interesting except for its associations. Here, in 1525, MARTIN LUTHER entered the Augustine Convent. The Building is now an Orphan Asylum, but his Cell, containing his Portrait and Bible, is preserved as it was.

Near Erfurt is GOTHA, where the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg have a Palace and reside portions of their time. And here, I believe, Prince ALBERT, Husband of Queen VICTORIA, was "bred and born."

FULDA, a town of 9,000 inhabitants, boasts of a Cathedral, in which the remains of St. BONIFACE were deposited.

EISENACH has 12,000 inhabitants. The Castle of Wartburg, where the LANDGRAVES of Thuringia once resided, and which, in 1521, afforded an Asylum for

LUTHER, when, after his bold assertion of truth in the Diet of Worms, his life was endangered. During the year he passed here he completed a large portion of his Translation of the Bible. Eisenach is situated on the edge of the great Thuringerwald Forest, through a part of which we passed, and which, after all the barren Mountains and naked Valleys we had seen, was truly refreshing.

There is now a continuous Railway from Leipsic to Frankfort, the last link having been just supplied by the completion of the Road, a distance of twelve miles, which we performed by Diligence, that being *their* last appearance, as the Train was to go through on the following day.

The Architecture of some of the comparatively Ancient German Houses on the Mohawk River may be distinctly traced to some of the Towns through which we have passed. And I am persuaded that the Germans around Philadelphia must have originally emigrated from Frankfort, for, in the old Farm Houses, Barns, &c., as well as in the Agricultural aspects of both the suburbs of Philadelphia, in America, and Frankfort-on-the-Maine, there are so many common peculiarities and kindred features, as to show that at some period Frankfort sent many of its Citizens to Philadelphia.

FRANKFORT is one of the Free Cities whose Representatives constitute the German Diet. It is situated on the River Maine, which forms a junction with the Rhine twelve miles below. It contains 70,000 inhabitants, who, if every outward sign and all the usual indications be not deceptive, are a prosperous and happy

People; or, if not a happy they must be an ungrateful People, for of all the beautiful Cities I have seen, this is the most lovely. There are many rich People—many more with a competency—still more who are growing rich—and yet more who live well upon their earnings. The Hackmen and Porters are well off. Waiters at the Hotels are intelligent, gentlemanly young men. If there be any Poor here they keep or are kept out of sight. And from all I can see it is no place for Poor People. I don't believe that they can stay Poor if they try. This looks extravagant, and is so, perhaps, but there is such an air of thrift all around you, and everybody looks so independent and cozy, that I am charmed with the place.

There is a Boulevard all around the City, and within five minutes' walk from every point, rejoicing in groves, grottos, arbors, ponds, clover and flowers. And on either side of the Boulevard are splendid Mansions with tasteful Gardens. There are three Railway Stations which may readily be mistaken for Palaces.

We drove yesterday to the "Jews' Quarter," to see the House in which the ROTHSCHILDS were born, and in which their mother died recently. One of the Brothers resides here in a neat but not ostentatious Mansion on the Boulevards. The Jews of Frankfort (some 6,000) are rich. They are not now pent up as formerly. Their "Quarter" is very old, and their buildings are dilapidated. They are not allowed to repair them, the Corporation being anxious to renovate and modernize that portion of the City.

In the Cathedral of Frankfort the Emperors of Germany, after an Election by the Diet, used to be crowned.

This, and the Town House, which also possesses considerable historic interest, are the only buildings that attract particular attention.

In one of the Squares, and opposite the House in which he was born, is a bronze Statue of GOETHE, of whom the Germans are justly proud.

I do not know that the prosperity of Frankfort has anything to do with its form of Government, but the fact that it has been for Centuries a Free, Representative City is significant. Where, as is the case here, the People are intelligent and virtuous, they ought to be invested with the responsibilities of Government. And there are such places scattered, like green spots in a desert, throughout oppressed and benighted Europe.

Though not agreeing with POPE to the extent of his sentiment that that Government which is best administered is best, yet there is a great deal of truth and good sense in the remark. The best possible form of Government can be abused, and the worst can be rendered tolerable. Belgium, for example, under a Monarchy, is among the most prosperous and happy nations upon the Earth.

XXXVI.

BRUSSELS, MAY 20, 1852.

WE were especially fortunate in selecting the only fair day in nearly a month for our descent of the Rhine, a River whose beauties have been so often said and sung that I shall content myself with having seen them. As a River merely, or as a River connected with its Scenery, it is far less interesting than many of our own. But with its Vineyards, its Castles and its Associations, its beauty and sublimity are beyond all comparison. Though a River several hundred miles in length, its principal interest lies between Heidelberg and Cologne, all of which is seen in nine hours, the Steamer down the River being aided by a current of four or five miles to the hour.

We tarried a day at Cologne. Here, you know, is an immense Cathedral, which has been several centuries in the process of erection, and the completion of which will require other centuries, in which are preserved the bones of four thousand Christian Martyrs. Among other things we visited the House in which the Mother of NERO lived, and in which RUBENS was born. We purchased, as everybody who comes here does, "real," "genuine," "unadulterated" Cologne Water, of the successors of the original inventors of the liquid.

The great thoroughfare of Cologne is a Bridge of Boats across the Rhine, with an opening or draw on

either end, through which Vessels are passed without much delay or inconvenience. The Docks and principal streets show that Cologne is an enterprising and thrifty, but most unattractive and dirty City, though we passed the evening pleasantly enough in a Garden, where the People listen to the discourse of an eloquent Prussian Band and drink "May Wine," a beverage compounded of various ingredients, and resembling our "Sherry Cobblers."

The Mother and Sisters of Kossuth, whom we saw at Dresden, rested here a day or two. Our friend DE WITT, who had an agreeable interview with them, says that the old Lady, who is quite infirm, has not yet decided upon going to America, though she is most anxious to do so, and is overwhelmed with gratitude for the welcome given by our People to the Hungarian Exiles. She goes from Ostend to England, where she is to await the arrival of the Governor.

We came from Cologne to Brussels by Railway in twelve hours, stopping just long enough at Aix la Chapelle to glance at the town so distinguished, in different Centuries, for the assemblages of Sovereigns to discuss and shape the destinies of Europe. It is now much more profitably employed in working up the iron with which its mountains abound. And all through Belgium we were delighted with evidences of enterprise and industry, and manifestations of prosperity and happiness which belong not, in any such degree, to the other portions of Europe. In all time, and every vicissitude, and in defiance of every hindrance, the People of ancient Flanders, no matter what wars raged or what despot reigned, were distinguished for their indomitable

industry. For ages Belgium was a sort of middle (but never neutral) ground, upon which the Armies of contending nations were quartered. Though ever exhausting, the almost perpetual wars of Europe never impoverished these People. And now, having some twenty years ago cut the tie which bound them to Holland, after which England gave them a King in the person of LEOPOLD, and guaranteed their National Independence, Belgium has, by rapid approaches, attained to a condition of prosperity and wealth which challenges the world's admiration. Not only is the soil, taxed by science, experience and industry, rendered eminently productive by Agriculturists, but the disemboweled earth is yielding vast mineral treasure, for there seems to be no limit to the deposits of Coals and Iron. Every City and Town has its Railway. The whole Kingdom is bound together by iron ribs. Railways are more numerous here than ordinary Roads in our State. From all the principal stations there are half a dozen or more diverging lines. If appearances do not deceive me, Agriculture and Manufactures are making Belgium one of the richest nations in the world. Nor are these their only advantages. They enjoy the blessings of a well administered Government. They have a good King, and had a good Queen, both of whom the people loved, and the latter of whom they lament. In the upheaving of popular sentiment throughout Europe in 1849, there were discontents in Belgium, the leaders among whom, it is said, were summoned to the Palace, and told by the King in the presence of the Queen, that if the people desired a change he would save them from the cost and consequences of a civil war by voluntary

abdication. This put out the Revolutionary fires. The King acted in accordance with the spirit of the age; and Belgium went peacefully onward without turning her ploughshares into Swords or converting her iron into engines of destruction.

We drove for a few hours about the City and Environs of Brussels, all of which are beautiful. The King's Palace is surrounded and hid by a noble Forest. We stopped at the unostentatious church where the remains of the late Queen of BELGIUM repose, in close proximity to the remains of another Queen (of MELODISTS), the sweetly gifted MALIBRAN.

The Ladies visited the principal Lace Manufactory, where the Brussels article is made and sold for sums of money that would frighten prudent people. What do you think, for example, of trimming a Dress with Lace at \$250 and \$300 a yard? But just now the rage is for *Old* Lace. In Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, &c., traffic in Old Lace is very active. Ladies look for it with more solicitude than for any other article of dress. Neither jewelry or precious stones are so much prized as Lace known to have been worn by a Cardinal or Monk a century or two ago. No Lady thinks of leaving Italy without securing some of their precious spoils. Of course, the supply of *Old* Lace keeps pace with the rapidly increasing demand! How much of it is *genuine* I will not undertake to say. Every Lady is quite sure that she can detect the Antique from the Modern.

We ran down to Antwerp, for there, even after Italy has been explored, there is one Church (St. Jacques) and a Gallery of Paintings, well worth seeing. As elsewhere, the best Pictures of the old Masters are to

be found where they had a hearth and a home, and were surrounded by household influences. RUBENS, though born upon the Rhine, lived and died at Antwerp, where, in a Chapel of the Church of St. Jacques, are splendid Marble tributes to his memory.

In the Museum or Town Hall of Antwerp, is a very valuable collection of Paintings by all the old Flemish Masters. We did not see RUBENS' "Descent from the Cross," which is his greatest and best, it having been taken down for repairs. But his "Crucifixion," in all its painful and harrowing effect, was there. This picture makes the blood chill and the flesh shiver. In the lamb-like meekness of the dying Savior, and in the writhing agonies of the two Thieves, this Painting is frightfully real.

No American should go to Antwerp without making the acquaintance of Mr. VESEY, our Consul there, who, beside being a Model Consul, is in every sense a Gentleman. In all that is to be seen, and all that you want to purchase, Mr. VESEY's attentions and assistance are so cheerfully given that you do not hesitate to accept them. While rendering you essential service, in the purchase of Pictures, Laces, &c., he won't let you feel any sense of obligation. Indeed, unless you watch him closely, he will be giving you his own Pictures, or if you need them, his own Clothes, and he would "divide his last crust" with anybody. But he finds time to discharge his official duties with intelligence and fidelity. As, however, he is a New Yorker, and is quite sure to give away all the proceeds of his office, I take leave to commend him (in case any Administration should be guilty of the injustice of recalling him) to the especial regard of Governor DRAPER and his Alms House Colleagues.

XXXVII.

LONDON, JUNE 15, 1852.

WE spent a fortnight in Paris visiting the Palace of St. Cloud, Versailles, and various other objects of interest that we did not see in the winter. Paris is gay now, more so, it is said, than it has been for several years. And France is tranquil and prosperous. Yes, strange as it may seem, and is, France accepts repose upon any terms. She allows LOUIS NAPOLEON to play the Usurper and Despot. He reorganizes Society, and changes the whole frame-work of Government with impunity. He limits Trial by Jury, prohibits Debate and enslaves the Press, and all with the acquiescence, if not the approbation, of the People of France! His word is Law—his will Supreme. Indeed, there is no such full and entire manifestation of the One Man Power through all Europe as exists in France.

But hard as the terms are, and repugnant as are the principles upon which France is governed, she is profiting by them. Important and various improvements are progressing. Confidence exists. Business is active. Tranquillity pervades the Nation. There is security for property, and if you don't "speak evil of dignities," your person is secure. The Manufacturer, the Merchant and the Mechanic are prospering. The Laborer has employment. The *Canaille*, or such of that class as were most dangerous and desperate, have been

transported; and finally, France is really tranquil and prosperous.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is a man of most decided ability. He had not, as many supposed, lived a life of indolence. He has a well disciplined mind, and is well read in the principles of Government. He works hard and keeps those about him hard at work. In this, as in many other respects, he is like *the* NAPOLEON.

We did not come from Paris to London in a day, though that is the habit of most Travelers. We allowed two Trains to pass that we might have a few hours at Calais and at Dover, Towns which had been *finished* for two or three Centuries, and until Railroads came to stir them up. Now the spirit of the age has reached even Dover and Calais, and forever standing "stock still," looking at each other across the Channel in the same old, dingy, antiquated garb, they present new Docks, new Steamers, new Streets, new blocks of Buildings, and all the other new features that belong to busy, thriving Towns. Of Dover, all this is especially true, so much so, indeed, that if those who left it even ten years ago were to return, they would be as much astounded as was RIP VAN WINKLE when aroused from his long sleep.

The weather, since we came to London, has been decidedly *moist* (this is the English word for it), by which I mean that it has rained almost incessantly for ten consecutive days. Our "sight-seeing," therefore, has been the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." This is, however, the gay season, and the rain, though it descends in torrents, is no hindrance to the festivities of the Metropolis. The Queen, the Court Ladies, along with

Ladies of every degree, go to the "Ascot Races" amid drenching rains. Ladies drive and ride through Hyde and Green Parks in showers that would almost send water-fowl to cover. The India Rubber discovery was a great thing for London. Macintoshes are in request from the Policemen to the Queen. Parliament is to "get up" (Adjourn) in all this month, so that everything in the way of Dinners, Balls, Concerts, &c., is very active. Gentlemen scarcely think of doing less than one dinner and two drawing-rooms daily.

Have you a realizing sense of what London, in population and magnitude, really is? Do you know that in population it is larger than the census of 1840 showed the entire State of New York? The inhabitants of the Cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo combined, would not make, by three or four hundred thousand, another London! It has already swallowed up all the surrounding villages, and is extending its "Lamp Districts" in every direction, as rapidly as Milwaukee or Chicago spread themselves. I have been driven five, six, seven and eight miles in different quarters without getting through the wilderness of dwellings. The Railways run for miles, not through, but over the City. And as for the wealth of London, why that is beyond the power, if not of figures, at least of computation. In the purchase of most of the necessaries, and nearly all the luxuries of life, Guineas go very little farther than dollars go with us. Take a single example. A friend invited us to occupy his Box at the Opera. Before each of the Ladies a beautiful Bouquet was placed. These Bouquets cost six shillings sterling,

or \$1.50 each. Grapes cost from a Guinea to a Guinea and a half a pound. The new Parliament House is one of the great Architectural features of London. Though a magnificent, it is not an effective building, or, in other words, it does not show for what it cost.

The debates of Parliament attract but comparatively few hearers. Perhaps this is owing to the limited capacity of the Galleries and the trouble of obtaining admission. In the House of Lords there are no seats for strangers, and permission to stand up there must be obtained from the Black Rod. In the House of Commons applications for admission must be made to the Speaker a day in advance. The Speaker hands to the Keepers of the different Galleries, every morning, the names of such persons as are to be admitted during the day.

There is a Ladies' Gallery, in which not more than a dozen can find room to sit or stand, and these are invisible to members, though they can look through "a glass darkly."

The House, on the two occasions we visited it, was attended by some sixty or seventy members. Sir FRANCIS BARING and the venerable JOSEPH HUME were the only prominent members whom we heard speak, both with great clearness and effect.

In the House of Lords we saw the Court of Last Resort in session. It consisted of the Lord CHANCELLOR, one Peer (Lord BROUGHAM), two Clerks and an Usher, all in black gowns (except Lord BROUGHAM) and huge white wigs. There were four Barristers and three persons whom I supposed to be suitors, present.

And here, in this calm, quiet way, questions involving millions of pounds, and affecting the rights and interests of millions of People, were being heard and finally decided.

Money is very abundant here. England is redundant with surplus capital. Many who have money, don't know what to do with it. Most of the Railway shares pay fair dividends, but the other securities only give two and three per cent. Bankers who receive money on Deposit pay one-half per cent, charging one-half per cent commission for receiving and disbursing it.

Mr. WINSLOW, having made an advantageous purchase of Iron for our Northern railroad, and passed three months pleasantly on this side the Atlantic (where his agreeable Lady and himself received many attentions), returned in the steamer Atlantic.

Speaking of Iron, by the way, let us extract an expensive moral from the existing state of things. The Tariff of 1846, aided by "cheap Iron" from England, having broken down our own Manufacturers, we are now, with all sorts of enterprises in hand, wholly dependent upon the English Manufacturers. They understand and are taking advantage of this folly. The price of Rails has risen, and will continue to advance. Iron is twenty-five and thirty per cent higher now than it was a year ago. Rails could have been rolled, if our Tariff had not been broken down, at home twenty-five per cent cheaper than their cost here. And then, besides using up our own raw materials, giving employment for American capital and

Labor, and increasing the demand for American Produce, the Steamers would not be taking off specie at the rate of half a million a week.

There is either unpardonable stupidity or wanton wickedness in our Free Trade Policy. Cotton growers and Shippers naturally enough advocate Free Trade, though it is more than probable that their true and permanent interests would be promoted by a Protective Tariff. But that the masses of our People, and above all the Democracy of America, should favor Free Trade, is "passing strange."

England having, by a rigid and unyielding adherence to a High Protective Policy for Centuries, developed all her resources, covered her entire Kingdom with Engines, Forges, Looms and Spindles, and attained perfection in all the departments of Manufactures, with cheap Labor and untold millions of surplus Capital, is in a condition to ask from the Nations whose Manufacturing interests she has broken down, FREE TRADE. Yes, after England has grown great and powerful, overspreading the World with her Manufactures, and spanning the Oceans and Seas with her Commerce; when, by her perfected machinery, long experience, multiplied facilities and unlimited capital, England placed herself beyond the reach of competition, she assumes the championship, and becomes an example of FREE TRADE! This is eminently wise for England. Centuries of *Restrictions* have prepared her for *Freedom* in Trade. Free Trade is as clearly the policy of England now, as PROTECTION is the true Policy of America. The reasons, in both cases, are found in the relative conditions of the two Countries.

Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, the American "Merchant Prince," who makes London so pleasant to his Countrymen, has, by placing his Boxes at the two Operas at our disposal, enabled us to hear CRUVELLI, LA BLACHE and GRISI, the two former in the Opera of ROSINI, and the latter in NORMA. We had seen CRUVELLI in Paris. She sings very sweetly. LA BLACHE, a second DANIEL LAMBERT in person, is inimitable; and GRISI, though she was much "younger once," is a woman of surpassing compass and power of voice and action. I had no conception before hearing her, of those mighty efforts of genius—those bursts of impassioned song which electrify an audience, that I had so often read of. In GRISI's singing and acting you see and hear and feel it all. In sweet, gentle, gushing melody, GRISI is as nothing compared with JENNY LIND; but in passages of deep, burning, indignant passion, she wakes up the strongest emotions of the soul, and carries everything by storm.

We went, also, to the Princess Theatre, on the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN's Benefit. The House was filled with Fashionables. The Stalls we occupied (Mr. HACKETT kindly procured us eligible ones) were surrounded by Lords, Ladies, Earls and Countesses. The Queen and Prince ALBERT, with two Ladies and two Lords in waiting, came in during the second Act, and sat out both Plays.

Here I enjoyed again the real luxury of listening to a "proud representative" of the legitimate Drama; not, as many say, in the person of CHARLES KEAN, but in that of his gifted Wife, so well known to us as ELLEN TREE. All my former impressions of this accomplished

Woman's talent were confirmed. She is truly great; and if things in this respect had not changed—if it were possible to do so—she would restore the Drama to its former dignity and glory. But this is impossible. The Drama has had its day. Its glories have faded out.

In CHARLES KEAN you catch glimpses, and glimpses only, of his illustrious Father. With the Elder KEAN the representative of "SHAKSPEARE's heroes" died. Nor will there, while the World is busy with Railroads, Electric Telegraphs, California and Australian Gold Mines, Cheap Literature, &c., &c., be any lineal heir succeeding.

Mr. HACKETT, who has been here some time engaging Artistes for NIBLO's Garden, and has, I believe, engaged Mademoiselle SONTAG, went home in the Atlantic.

XXXVIII.

LONDON, JUNE 18, 1852.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY, who has earned and is worthy of the reputation he enjoys as one of the "Merchant Princes" of London, gave his friends a sumptuous dinner yesterday at the Brunswick Hotel, Blackwall. The Brunswick fronts the River Thames opposite Greenwich Hospital, so that we had a full view of the vessels and steamers that swarm through the Thames while seated at the table.

Covers were laid for 110 guests, every one of whom appeared! The company assembled at 5 o'clock. An hour was agreeably passed in the Drawing-Room. Three-fourths of those present were Americans. The table was graced by the presence of nearly fifty ladies.

At 6 o'clock Mr. PEABODY, followed by his guests, led the Lady of the American Minister to the table, the floral decorations of which were very beautiful. A fine band of music was stationed in the Hotel.

After Grace and the Soup, came various courses of all the fine fish with which the Rivers and Channels of England abound, served in every form known to the culinary art, succeeded by a distinct course of WHITE BAIT, a fish much esteemed here, and very delicate. Then came the various "joints" and the fine game of which England boasts, followed, in course, by "Sweets," Dessert, Ices, Fruit, &c.

The cloth being finally removed, Mr. PEABODY gave, prefaced by brief and appropriate remarks, first, "The Queen," and then the "President of the United States," which were drank with enthusiasm. "God save the Queen" and "Hail Columbia" were sung by a Glee Club, with fine effect, after each of these sentiments.

The Hon. WILLIAM BROWN, member of Parliament from Liverpool, after paying a high compliment to Mr. PEABODY'S standing as a Merchant, and alluding to that gentleman's efforts to strengthen and brighten the bonds of friendship between Englishmen and Americans, offered a sentiment complimentary to the Hon. ABBOT LAWRENCE, the American Minister at this Court. This brought up Mr. L., who spoke of his happiness in meeting, at the table of their common Host, so many of his Countrymen. Mr. LAWRENCE then alluded to the importance of cultivating friendly and intimate relations between two of the most enlightened Nations of the Earth, and awarded to Mr. PEABODY the credit of doing more to promote that object than any other living man.

Mr. LAWRENCE alluded also to the fact that this was the Anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and that at this very hour that glorious event was being celebrated, as he hoped it ever would be, in Boston and at Charlestown. He rejoiced that the time had come when even Englishmen ceased to remember the American Revolution with bitterness, and were free to admit that our Fathers were right in striking for National Independence. Mr. L. also referred to the fact that tomorrow (the 18th of June) was the Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, another great event in the Annals of the World. The battle of Bunker Hill, on the

17th of June, gave Freedom to the Continent of America. The battle of Waterloo, on the 18th of June, had given, for thirty-seven years, Freedom and repose to the European Continent.

The Hon. Mr. HANKEY, Governor of the Bank of England, followed in the same liberal, cordial spirit, invoking friendship and harmony between the two Countries, and referring to the high pecuniary position, the unsullied mercantile reputation, and the munificent hospitalities of Mr. PEABODY, in the warmest and most flattering terms—terms of commendation which were evidently from the heart, and which, from a source so high, reward a life of toil and integrity.

GEORGE WOOD, Esq., of New York, who was called out by a complimentary sentiment from Mr. LAWRENCE, made an effective and appropriate acknowledgment.

And now as the “small hours” were approaching, the party having passed five hours delightfully at the table, returned to the Drawing-Room for Music and Dancing.

Among the Guests of Mr. PEABODY, on this occasion, were the Hon. ABBOT LAWRENCE, Mrs. and Miss LAWRENCE, T. BIGELOW LAWRENCE and ABBOT LAWRENCE, Jr.; Col. ASPINWALL, Lady and Daughter; Mr. and Mrs. OUSLEY; Mr. LESLIE (the Artist), Lady and Daughter; Major SCHENLEY, Lady and Daughter; Mr. HANKEY (Governor of the Bank of England), and Lady; Miss RUSH and Miss ALEXANDER, of Philadelphia; Hon. WM. BROWN (member of Parliament) and Lady, of Liverpool; Judge THOMAS, of Worcester, Mass.; Mr. WAINWRIGHT, of New York; Mr. FAY, Lady and two Misses FAY, of Salem, Mass.; Rev. Mr.

JOHNS, of Baltimore; Rev. Mr. WESTON, of New York; Mr. McKIM and Lady, of Baltimore; ELLICOTT CRESSON, Philadelphia; Mr. MORRIS and two Misses MORRIS, of Georgia; Mr. STELL and Lady, of Manchester, with two Misses LEMON, of Baltimore; Mrs. HUNTER and Daughter, with Miss WEED, of Albany; Mr. B. A. SEWELL, of Boston; Mr. C. A. HAMILTON and R. BELL, Mr. LISPENARD STEWART and Lady, Mr. C. GRISWOLD, and Miss RHINELANDER, of New York; Mr. CHURCHMAN and Lady, of Philadelphia; Mr. ALEXANDER DUNCAN, of Canandaigua; GEORGE WOOD, Esq., and Daughter, of New York; Col. CHILDS (Engineer), of Albany; Mr. BEALS and Lady, of New York; Mr. HAZELTINE and Lady, of New York; Mr. WARD and two Misses WARD, of Baltimore; Mr. LAMPSON, of London; Mr. SAMSON, of the London Times, and Mr. INSKIPP, of the Morning Post; Mr. W. W. GILBERT and Mr. SEELEY, of New York; Mr. H. STEVENS, of Vermont; Mr. J. C. BROWN, of Providence; Mr. HILTON and Mr. C. S. HORNER, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. BELL, of New York; Mr. CHARLES GOULD, of New York; Col. FREMONT, of California, and others whose names I did not get.

Mr. PEABODY is untiring in his attentions to Americans; and his hospitalities are so kindly and delicately tendered, that you seem to be conferring rather than receiving favors. He is a native of Danvers, Massachusetts, from which place, when a young man, he went to Baltimore, and from thence, sixteen years ago, to London, where he has amassed a large fortune and established an enviable reputation. He belongs to a class of capitalists (more select than numerous) who make money that they may enjoy the luxury of

doing good with it. He has tendered to Lady FRANKLIN \$10,000 in aid of future searches for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and has just given \$20,000 to promote the cause of education and morality in his native town of Danvers.

XXXIX.

LONDON, JUNE 18, 1852.

WE have been waiting here a fortnight for what has not come, and what *seems* as remote as when we arrived — fair weather. But London, rain or shine, is *the* great feature of the World. In many respects the World may be said to revolve around London. It attracts the Commerce and the Capital of the World. This may be true, in a larger sense, of the Island of Great Britain, for the immediate points of attraction are Birmingham, and Manchester, and Liverpool, and Leeds, and Wolverhampton, and Sheffield; but these are merely Reservoirs by which London is fed.

I was struck with the greatly improved appearance in regard to destitution and suffering in London since I was here nine years ago. A friend to whom I made the remark, replied, that though this was true, he feared that the aggregate of poverty in England had not diminished as much as this fact seemed to prove. "Cheap Bread" and a general revival of business has, he said, enabled most who are industrious and provident, in London, to live; but while burthens had been eased they had not been removed. Much that the laboring classes and poor of London had gained, by "Cheap food," the same classes in the Agricultural Districts, had lost.

There is much doing, however, to relieve the Poor

and to reclaim the outcast. There are Engines, other than such as propel Steamers and Railway Trains, in operation. Associations, practical in their means as benevolent in their objects, are exerting salutary influences. Schools are open where Thieves learn better modes of obtaining a living, in which those who became Thieves from necessity, give evidence of their reformation. They are furnished with the means to reach some distant place where they can and do commence the World anew.

"Ragged Schools" are rescuing their hundreds and will rescue their thousands from lives of vice and crime. Graduates from these philanthropic Institutions are now found in many humble but useful occupations, where they earn an honest living. One class of boys from the "Ragged Schools," are seen at the corners of streets with brushes, blacking, &c. They obtain abundant employment, for few persons can walk much about London without requiring their services. They have a uniform dress (dark pants, red flannel shirts, and a cap, on which "Ragged School, No. —" is displayed), and are supplied with liquid blacking by an employee of the Society, who goes round to their stations. They are industrious, respectful, and evidently gratified with the change in their destiny.

In these Schools there is no law but that of kindness. The Doors are open to the ragged, filthy, vicious and desperate, who come and go when they please. Instruction is offered freely. They are told that by living better they can be happier. Those who teach these Schools are more than good Samaritans, for you can conceive of nothing more loathsome than the scenes

they present. These pupils are literally raked, in their filth and pestiferousness, out of the gutters and pools. But when good can be done, the really benevolent allow no obstacle to stand between them and their objects.

And the cause of humanity has been promoted in another way. DICKENS has reformed the Work and Poor House System of England. Yes, by the force of a beautifully wrought story (*Oliver Twist*), CHARLES DICKENS has done what the Clergy, the Magistrates, and even Parliament, were unable to accomplish. The whole, or nearly the whole catalogue of Poor House inhumanities have been reformed. The "Mr. Bumbles" and the "Mistress Cornies" have either changed their natures or disappeared.

LORD WELLINGTON, who is now 84 years old, gave his annual WATERLOO DINNER to-day to the Veterans who were with him on that great day. A large concourse of People assembled in front of Apsley House to cheer the Heroes as they arrived. Among the most distinguished were the Marquis of ANGLESEA (who lost a leg there), but looks hale and rode erect; the Earl of STRATFORD, Colonel of the Cold Stream Regiment; Sir PEREGRINE MAITLAND, Colonel of Infantry; Lt.-Gen. MACDONALD; Lt.-Gen. Lord SEATON, &c., &c., in all over eighty. Prince ALBERT was also there.

COVENTRY, June 19.

We left London last Evening at 9 o'clock in a fast Train, and reached this place (94 miles) at 12. Railroads have brought the most distant places here into very close proximity. By means of Railways we have

done to-day what would have taken more than a week in other times, viz., visited KENILWORTH and WARWICK Castles and STRATFORD-ON-AVON. These places are situated in the midst of a quiet, rural and highly cultivated Agricultural District. The Railway takes you to the small village of KENILWORTH, from which it is but a mile to the Ruined Castle—a noble Ruin now, and once a proudly noble Castle. The approach to Kenilworth is through an Avenue lined with English Cottages, called “Tressilian,” “Robsart,” “Raleigh,” and other names associated with the recollections of this Castle. The lofty Towers and fragments of Wall only remain. These are inhabited by rooks, ravens, wrens and swallows and bats. We wandered for an hour around and within these ruins, upon a soft, velvety green, recalling those Revels which BUCKINGHAM contrived for the entertainment of ELIZABETH—Revels to which Sir WALTER SCOTT, without impairing the force of History, has imparted all the charms of Romance. We looked for the magnificent gateway, where the Giant WARDEN kept watch, with Flibertigibbet upon his brawny shoulders; the Apartment in which AMY ROBSART was concealed; the Chamber in which ALASQUEZ consulted the Stars; the spot where the proud LEICESTER knelt before his enraged Queen.

Returning to the Railway station, a train took us, in twenty minutes, to the Warwick station, from which it is but a mile and a half to WARWICK CASTLE, with which the History and Destiny of England, in former times, were so intimately associated. The old Town of Warwick has a peaceful and calm aspect. The Old Castle is one of the noblest in the World. KENIL-

WORTH is a Ruin whose deserted walls and crumbling towers only tell of its past glories. WARWICK is in a state of high and perfect preservation, and speaks of the wealth and munificence of the present as plainly as of the greatness and glory of the past.

We were an hour too early for admission to the castle. To beguile this time, after looking at the enormous "Porridge Pot" and Armor of GUY of Warwick, we walked about the beautiful garden and wood grounds of the Castle. GUY of Warwick, as you know, stood eight feet in his shoes, for "there were Giants in those days." His armor weighs 160 pounds. His "Porridge Pot" is the Punch Bowl of the more modern Earls of WARWICK. It was last used on the occasion of the marriage of the present Earl, who is 74 years old. The ingredients of which the Punch was compounded were 18 gallons of Rum, 12 gallons of Brandy, 100 lbs. of Sugar, and 100 gallons of Water.

The River Avon glides smoothly through the grounds and along the walls of the Castle. In the garden green house stands the memorable vase found in ADRIAN'S Villa, ten miles from Rome and presented by PIUS VII to GEORGE IV, and by that Monarch to the Earl of WARWICK.

We were one hour in being shown the Castle, all the magnificent Apartments of which are habitable. It belongs, in its furniture and its ornaments, to the present and the past. The strength and warlike precautions of barbarian ages are everywhere manifest, but they are softened and polished by the plastic hand of peace. Each room is hung with Family Portraits and Paintings

of the Old Masters, among which are works of VAN DYKE, RUBENS, TENIERS, REMBRANDT, and one by MURILLO.

The present Earl of WARWICK, now infirm, is at the Castle. His Son, Lord BROOK, is with his Family in London.

From Warwick we took a "Fly" to Stratford, a distance of nine and a half miles, through a charming Country. STRATFORD, instead of being an old, dingy, cobweb, tumble-down Town, as I had expected to find it, is a neat, bright, cheerful Village, with a River stealing placidly through Landscapes which might inspire a HALLECK or a LONGFELLOW, though no Bard of Avon can be created, for the mould in which SHAKSPEARE was cast is broken. The House in which the immortal Dramatist was born is a small two-story building, with nothing to distinguish it from plain dwellings of that age. This house has been more visited than the birth-place of any other mere man. About the Apartments, in every spot where it was possible to cut or write a name or an initial, Visitors have left their Autographs. Sir WALTER SCOTT cut his name into a pane of glass. On the wall, you find the names of BYRON, SCHILLER, SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, &c., along with those of Lords, Earls, Princes, to say nothing of an innumerable host of Generals, Admirals, Colonels, Clergymen, Gentlemen, &c. On these walls I saw the Autograph of many American acquaintances.

We returned to Coventry in time to look round at a FAIR now holding here. Though it has called together a numerous class of the Peasantry and Operatives, they are of little advantage to anybody but those who are

licensed to sell Ale, Beer, Porter and Stout, and the Showmen and Mountebanks, whose bass drums, bells, gongs, &c., keep up a most hideous noise.

To give you an idea of the length of the days here, just now, it is only necessary to say that I am writing at half-past nine o'clock by daylight.

LETTERS
FROM EUROPE.

1861-2.

LETTERS.

I.

HAVRE, NOVEMBER 24, 1861.

OUR voyage terminated at 2 P. M. to-day, having laid off and on, outside, eighteen hours for a tide. The Passage was a disagreeable one on account of the weather, but in all other respects, most pleasant. We encountered a Gale the second day out, which lasted three days, and had cold rains all the way, clearing only as we approached Cowes on the morning of the thirteenth day. Though running all the way by dead reckonings, so accurate was the Captain's Log that it brought us to the English coast within two miles of his destination.

The Voyage, until we reached Cowes, was distinguished for nothing but foul weather and patient endurance. Eating, with those who had appetites, seemed the beginning and ending of each day. How cooks found time to prepare so many meals, and how stomachs were found to digest them,

passed my comprehension. The meals were all excellent and the attendance prompt and cheerful. I now no longer wonder that Capt. LINES is so universally popular, and the ARAGO such a favorite Steamer, for the veteran is a model Commander, and his ship, though not the fastest, is very sure. She does her work in such a steady way, and is in all respects so obedient, as to inspire confidence.

My evenings were beguiled, when the Sea permitted, by rubbers of Whist with Gen. SCOTT, Col. WINTHROP, of New Orleans, and Mr. GREEN, a New York merchant.

The last Dinner on Board was, as usual, a Banquet. The Captain's health was drank with heartiest cheers, preceded by some effective remarks from the Rev. Mr. SANDERS. Capt. LINES tendered his thanks and gave "the Ladies." "The Emperor of France," "Queen Victoria," and "the President of the United States," were received with enthusiasm. But *the* Toast, I need hardly say, was, "Lt.-Gen. SCOTT," which was most enthusiastically received, and feelingly responded to by the General, who expressed the hope and the belief that those of us who should be permitted to return to a Country now forced to encounter a causeless and wicked Rebellion, would find a reunited and prosperous Republic. Then a Glee Club, formed by the Pas-

sengers, and led by Mr. WELCH, a New York merchant, sang the following Ode, written for the occasion by Mr. SANDERS :

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Hail to the Chief of our land's martial glory,
Honor'd and blest in his evergreen fame,
Forever be joined in our nation's proud story
Deeds that are lustrous and our great hero's name.
 God bless his waning years!
 Fill them with brightest cheers,
Let every patriot heart the chorus now swell;
 —that flag for the tribute calls
 Waved o'er Montezuma's halls—
Scott, in Columbia's heart shrined ever dwell!

Proudly that form, like the march of a giant,
Gifted in stature to measure his soul,
Oft led our hosts, free, bold and defiant,
Sweeping foes from his path like the torrent's fierce roll.
 Savage and white man's arm
 Withered before the charm
Spread from his conquering ranks like a spell,
 Chippewa and Lundy's Lane—
 Ring them forth and back again,
Scott, in Columbia's heart shrined ever dwell!

Sing, brothers, sing for the pride of our nation;
Give to the ocean and send to the shore,
The praise of his deeds; and let their inspiration
Give some young hero the mantle he wore.
 Oh! let some seedling name
 Rise to his glorious fame,
And with fresh deeds of prowess all foes to repel
 Of that flag he so proudly bore
 From ocean to ocean's shore:
Scott, in Columbia's heart shrined ever dwell!

At Cowes we heard that the Confederate Steamer
Nashville had captured and burned an American

Ship, and was then at Southampton. The Passengers began to inquire whether she would not follow and attack the Arago? This was not improbable, nor, until it was ascertained that the Nashville was repairing damages, was anxiety relieved.

It is regretted here, that the "James Adger," sent out to intercept the "Nashville," should have returned home so soon. Her presence now would be immensely important. As it is, no one can foresee the extent of depredations to be committed on our Commerce. There are more than fifty American Vessels in this Harbor. Among the Masters, the burning of the "Harvey Birch" creates intense excitement.

There were several Secessionists among the Passengers in the Arago. One of them (a Son of Mr. MURRAY SMITH, a Mobile Merchant, whose Loyalty is vouched for in New York) entered his name next to that of Gen. SCOTT, on the Hotel Register, as an Officer of the Confederate Army. MURRAY SMITH was here awaiting the arrival of his Family.

The Steamer Bermuda, of Liverpool, that ran the Blockade with Arms, &c., for the Confederates, came into Havre directly astern of us to-day, from Savannah with Cotton. When first seen, ten miles

astern, this morning, she was supposed to be the "Nashville." The supposition was not at all distasteful to our Secession Passengers.

Mr. PUTNAM, our Consul, was on the Docks to welcome us. It was feared, for two days, that the "Arago" had "fallen among thieves," On account of bad weather, she was two days over due.

We go to Paris in the morning.

II.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 27, 1861.

WE reached Paris last evening. The day was bright, and the country through which we travelled, perfectly enchanting. In picturesque beauty and Agricultural richness, the Valley of the River Seine surpasses even that of the Genesee. For twenty miles either side of Rouen, the numerous Manufacturing Villages indicate enterprise and prosperity.

Mr. SANFORD, our Minister to Belgium, and Mr. BIGELOW, our Consul to Paris, greeted us cordially at the Depot, and, anxious to hear all that I could say, of public affairs, took us immediately to Dinner at a Café in the Palais Royale. At 10 o'clock we went to the Hotel Louvre, the like of which, in magnitude and magnificence, has yet to be! Among its Army of Guests is CHARLES DICKENS, living quietly, at work.

The following morning I called upon Archbishop HUGHES at Maurice's, on Mr. DAYTON at the Legation, on Gen. SCOTT at the Westminster, and on Mr. BIGELOW at the Consulate.

To-day we occupy Apartments at the Hotel Empire, adjoining those taken at the same Hotel for the Archbishop. It is eligibly situated, nearly equi-distant from the Boulevard, Place de la Concord, the Tuilleries Garden and the Champs d' Elysie.

This is not the Paris I visited ten years ago, though in 1851 it was comparatively unchanged during the ten years that had elapsed since my first visit, in 1842. The Paris of 1861 resembles St. Louis, or Chicago, or Milwaukie, whose magic like growth, in buildings, bewilders even their own inhabitants. Here entire Blocks, Streets and Quarters have been renewed. Acres of old Rookeries have disappeared, and in their places stand immense and beautiful structures.

Some of the readers of the Journal may remember that, being here in December, when the present Emperor seized the Government, differing with other Americans, I predicted that he would establish a strong and stable Government, give repose and prosperity to France, and become popular in Paris. In these respects history vindicates prophecy. I was led to these convictions from seeing order succeed chaos, so rapidly, and from evidence I then had that the Emperor was his own Architect — that his own genius originated and his own wis-

dom perfected the civil reforms and reorganizations which every day revealed.

Nov. 28.—We were startled this morning with the information that the Arch-Traitors, Mason and Slidell, were taken by the steamer San Jacinto. This was joyous news. It added another reason for Thanksgiving on a day set apart for that purpose. At half past 11 o'clock we went to the English Episcopal Church, where the Rev. Mr. LASMON Preached an appropriate Thanksgiving Discourse.

At 2 o'clock, in accordance with a previous understanding, the Americans in Paris waited upon Gen. SCOTT, at his Hotel, before the Door of which was a fine display of Carriages. Our Minister, Mr. DAYTON, in behalf of his Countrymen, addressed the General in the happiest manner and spirit, in reply to which the General was equally happy. Then many old Friends greeted the General, who were subsequently presented, by Mr. BIGELOW, to other Ladies and Gentlemen. Prominent among those who greeted the General, was the *American* Bonaparte—a tall, fine, graceful specimen of manhood. Among old acquaintances of my own were Mr. CARTER ("Jerry"), Mr. SIDNEY BROOKS, Mr. GEORGE SCHUYLER, Mr. DUDLEY SELDEN, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. VANDEWATER, &c., &c.

III.

PARIS, Nov. 29, 1861.

HERETOFORE, when in Europe, my thoughts and attention were absorbed by objects which surrounded me. Home, except in its domestic remembrances, was forgotten. All business cares and political responsibilities were dismissed. Not so now. The condition of our beloved Country presses constantly and heavily upon my mind. For the first time in my life my pillow fails to bring repose. On shipboard, and here, the nights pass wearily. And reflection is aggravated by the evidence which meets you everywhere, that the public mind of Europe has been abused and perverted; that the causes of the War are either wholly misunderstood or totally ignored. I have not yet met a Foreigner who does not, in his conversation, present the question wrong end first—who does not twist and travestie everything. They generally regard the South as oppressed—the North as the aggressor; and of course their sympathies are with the weaker section.

These tares were sown while we slept. And the enemy has been most diligent. Long before we

could realize the possibility of a civil War, Treason was doing its work here. More than a year ago prominent Southern men were in Paris representing the wrongs of the South as so grievous that they could not be endured; that the Election of an "Abolition President" was to be followed by violent Emancipation.

The Secession influences most active and potent here come from that portion of our Country ceded to us in 1801 by France. They represent to the French People, and probably to the Government, a willingness to be reannexed to France, if in that way only they can be exempted from Northern oppression; and so ill-informed are People on this side of the Atlantic, that this monstrous delusion pervades and darkens the public mind! Louisiana wronged and oppressed by the Federal Government! Oh how wicked and perverse! That State has, in an eminent degree, enjoyed favor and Protection. Her rights and her interests have been ever cherished. She has grown rich by means of Government Protection—a Protection without which the Sugars of the West Indies and the Brazils would have rendered her soil comparatively valueless. Louisiana loses no Slaves, nor are her rights or interests in any way injuriously affected by the North. On the contrary, she is

indebted to the North for Protection against the South — Virginia and South Carolina having for many years been as hostile, in their Policy, to Louisiana, as to Massachusetts.

In France, and to some extent in England, the Manufacturers believe that the South not only furnishes Cotton, but is also their best Market for Silks, &c., &c. This, and other delusions, must be dispelled. We must find some mode of reaching and converting opinion.

In one most essential element of War we shall soon be relieved. The fact that the South intended War long before we supposed it possible, and not only rifled Northern Arsenals, but procured large supplies of Arms from Europe, left us to open the Campaign at great disadvantage. This disadvantage has both delayed action, and exposed our Troops to murderous fire before their inferior Arms became effective. But this inequality will soon cease. Mr. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, the Government Agent, has completed his mission. He has obtained from the Government Arsenals in Austria and Saxony over one hundred thousand Rifles equal to any in the World. These Arms are now on their way to America.

Mr. SCHUYLER, though for a long time embarrassed and thwarted, and all the while encountering

rivalries and complications, finally overcome them all, and goes Home rewarded for his efficiency and fidelity, by complete success.

The knowledge that our Government needed Arms has sharpened the cupidity and wits of all who deal in them. The Armorers of Europe are at work now, night and day, in patching up old Muskets and in counterfeiting new ones, in the hope of palming them upon our Government. Europe abounds with inferior, discarded Muskets, while new and reliable Arms, in hand, are only obtained from Government Arsenals, and that, of course, with great difficulty.

IV.

PARIS, DECEMBER 3, 1861.

WHILE Americans are rejoicing, as they have heartfelt reason to rejoice, at the capture of two deliberate, designing Traitors, Englishmen are roaring "like mad" about the insult to their Flag. And here, even among our early allies and England's hereditary enemies, the public feeling is against us! This, while I am informed of some of the causes, is nevertheless unaccountable. The loyal Americans have set themselves earnestly at work to correct this perverse sentiment.

In England the storm is not only violent but pervading. All classes "flare up." In the indignation about the "insult" to his "Flag," John Bull forgets that we have only done what he not only claims the right to do, but has been doing forever. But reason must succeed to passion, and England will open her eyes bye and bye, to the pages which record both her precepts and her examples.

All unprepared as we are, for War with England, and greatly as such a calamity is to be

deprecatd, I cannot, even with the wrathful denunciations of London and Paris ringing in my ears, but bless God that such atrocious criminals as MASON and SLIDELL—men who plunged our Country into a Civil War, arraying, in deadly strife, brother against brother—have been arrested in their infernal career. GWIN, too, is caged!

You will probably have received, ere this reaches you, a Letter from Gen. SCOTT, on this subject, published here and in London, firm in principle, but conciliatory in spirit. The Veteran's whole heart is in the Cause.

The complete success of the Naval Expedition is cheering. Com. DUPONT has justified the confidence reposed in him. How nobly the conduct of Lt. DRAYTON, of the Navy, contrasts with the recreants who desert their Flag! I knew him well, in the Mediterranean, ten years ago, and have ever since the War commenced, been confidently looking for evidences of his Patriotism.

Gen. DIX has struck a telling blow, at the right moment and in the right place! The banner of the Union is planted upon the "sacred soil" of ACCOMAC! The hair of WISE must "stand on end" more fiercely than ever.

Several Secessionists came over in the Arago. They were quiet during the passage, but are

avowed and active here. Prominent among them is my personal acquaintance and once Friend, Col. WINTHROP, of New Orleans, whose Massachusetts origin and Whig ancestry give effect to his plausible but vindictive hostility. Of this Gentleman, with whom my relations have been pleasant, I should not feel at liberty to speak, if his course here was not one of avowed enmity to our Government, and I were not satisfied that he first visited Canada, and is now in Europe, as an Emissary of the Confederate States.

We go over to London this evening.

V.

PARIS, FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1861.

It is reported in Paris that Wednesday's steamer carried out a fresh despatch from Earl RUSSELL to Lord LYONS, in which the British Foreign Minister confines himself principally to an examination of the legal issues in the Trent affair. According to Earl RUSSELL, Capt. WILKES could do no more than carry the Trent into a port of the United States, when the search might have taken place, by authority of Lord LYONS, and in presence of the British Consul. As these formalities were neglected, Earl RUSSELL considers the arrest of MASON and SLIDELL as null, orders Lord LYONS to protest against an outrage to the British flag, to demand excuses, and the release of the arrested Envoys. This is the story current at the Bourse. On the other hand, I learn, from a far more authentic source, that the demands of the British Government are moderate, no war is apprehended, and the bluster of the Liberals in England is only designed to checkmate the Tories, who hoped to ride into power on this war cloud.

A council of Ministers, presided over by the

Emperor, was held yesterday at the Tuilleries, and I learn that the whole sitting was devoted to American affairs. The Emperor NAPOLEON, should the difficulty not otherwise be settled, would gladly act as Mediator between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain. From him we will certainly receive friendly treatment; and, in any event, I am enabled to state, positively, that France will not follow the example of England, if that power determines to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Prince NAPOLEON, who is the only man that has any influence with his Imperial cousin, is known to have urged upon the Emperor the maintenance of strict neutrality—at least until a fair chance occurs to take part in the struggle, when France will not be found on the side of the nation whose attitude cut short the late Italian war, who opposed the annexation of Savoy, and who bars the Rhenish frontier.

The Emperor and Court return to Paris, from Compiègne, on Sunday and fix their residence at the Tuilleries, for the winter. The usual receptions will soon commence, and, at the first of them, Lieut.-Gen. SCOTT will be presented to their Majesties. The veteran chief, accompanied by Mr. DARTON, to-day called upon Prince NAPOLEON, at the Palais Royale. Soon after the General's arrival

in Paris, the Prince sent one of his aides-de-camp to present his compliments and congratulations.

A case arising out of the civil war in America came up yesterday, before the Paris Tribunal of Commerce. Messrs. RIMALHO & NEYREY, merchants at New Orleans, accepted a bill for four hundred and eighty-three dollars, payable, on the 15th of last October, to Messrs. OTTENHEIMER & Co., of New York. Before the bill fell due, the "Confederate" Congress (the U. S. Congress!) adopted the law prohibiting commercial relations between the North and South, and, consequently, no money was transmitted by RIMALHO & NEYREY to pay the bill, which was dishonored. But OTTENHEIMER & Co., having learned that a member of the firm of R. & N. had come to Paris, indorsed the bill to BAILLON & Co., of this city, who sued the New Orleans merchant, before the Tribunal of Commerce. The Tribunal decided that, as BAILLON & Co. were not *bona fide* holders of the bill, inasmuch as they had given no value for it, and as the drawers and acceptors were foreigners, it had no jurisdiction. The case was therefore dismissed and the plaintiffs condemned to pay costs.

Mrs. EUSTIS, wife of SLIDELL'S Secretary, and daughter of Mr. CORCORAN, of Washington, has arrived in Paris.

VI.

LONDON, Dec. 7, 1861.

NOTHING but "War, and rumors of War," are heard here. All expect, and all accept it, and generally with less reluctance than I anticipated. It is, unfortunately, assumed that we are unfriendly to England, and are seeking a quarrel. The causes of our own War are wholly misunderstood. While we were attending to our own business, Confederate emissaries were in Europe perverting the judgments and poisoning the minds of Governments and People.

The preparations for War, here, are on a gigantic scale. For *other* reasons, England is fully prepared. Everything is upon a War footing. But that the Ice in the St. Lawrence presents a barrier, there would be British War Steamers upon the Western Lakes in a month.

I am, you see, writing on the supposition that a peremptory demand for the surrender of SLIDELL and MASON has been made and refused; and that Lord LYONS is on his way Home.

If this assumption proves unfounded, I should venture, even while I know how greatly the burn-

ing of the Harvey Birch must have exasperated our People, to ask the Government and the People to take counsel of their judgments rather than their feelings. I cannot but hope that you have all realized the fact that both Governments are in a false position; that on this question of Maritime Law and usage, we have changed sides, and are, consequently, both wrong or both right. But perhaps the real solution is, that the times and circumstances, rather, have changed; that the world is older and wiser than it was; and that neither Government would now do, or permit the other to do, what all Nations practised a century ago.

But even if we feel that we are right, may we not, for the sake of Peace, make a Concession or do even a magnanimous act to preserve amicable relations with a Friendly Power?

It will be said that England manifested unfriendliness in too ready a recognition of the Rebels as Belligerents. Granted; but do let us not forget that we have ever encouraged Rebellions in Ireland and Canada; and that our sympathies were with Russia in the War of the Crimea; and that we quite promptly sent Home a British Minister because attempts were made to recruit Soldiers for the Crimea in America.

Again. If there must be War with England,

should we not choose our own time? Are we prepared now? Such a War is just what Traitors desire. It opens *their* Ports and Blockades *ours*, thus reversing our relative positions. And in the event of a sudden War with England, what becomes of California? But I will not pursue the subject, having only intended to set you all to thinking.

I Dined yesterday, with a large and distinguished Party, at Sir EMERSON TENNANTS—all friends of our cause—but all intensely apprehensive of War. You cannot find an Englishman who is not pragmatically tenacious of the honor of the British Flag. These Gentlemen (among whom were Admirals, Generals, Members of Parliament, and Manchester Millionaires) all expressed the hope that our Government would avert War by its wise moderation; that if both Governments insisted that they were right, then, as a question of International Law, it became a proper question, not for a hasty War, but for Arbitration.

Sir JOHN WILSON, a Veteran General, to whom I was introduced, said that he received seven wounds (then Capt. WILSON) on the Niagara Frontier in 1814, and was brought, wounded, with Gen. SCOTT, to Albany, where he remained several weeks, and was then taken to Pittsfield. He spoke warmly

of Gen. SCOTT'S gallantry and generosity. He also remembers, gratefully, the kind attentions of his American Surgeon (Dr. THOMAS, of Poughkeepsie), who entered the Army about the time Gen. SCOTT was appointed a Captain.

Sir JOHN related several incidents that occurred on his way to Albany. A few miles West of Canandaigua, at a Tavern, he was annoyed by a Yankee who came into his Room, sat down and asked all sorts of questions, many of them in bad taste if not impertinent. Before leaving, Capt. WILSON asked for Porter, but it could not be obtained. Some hours afterwards, as the wounded Officer was journeying Eastward, he was overtaken by the Yankee, who said, "Well, Capting, I 'spose you did not expect to see me agin." The Officer replied "that he neither expected nor desired to see him again." "Well," responded the Yankee, "never mind that. I heard you say you wanted Porter, and I have brought you some," then producing a Bottle and Tumbler, poured it out and handed to the Captain, who drank it, was refreshed, and offered, with his thanks, payment! "I don't want no pay for that, nor these six Bottles. What we Americans want is to whip the British, and then treat 'em well arterwards, 'specially if they are wounded."

This incident, said Sir JOHN, with the extreme kindness of all classes to him, led him to cherish pleasant recollections of America, and to pray devoutly that the horrors of another war between kindred, who ought to be Friends, may be averted.

VII.

LONDON, DEC. 8, 1861.

MR. PEABODY called late last evening to give us copies of the New York Times of the 21st, 22d and 23d of November, just received, and I greedily possessed myself of their contents. With the progress and aspects of the War, at Home, I find much of encouragement. But long ere this, you will have been startled, as all are here, with new complications. The vandalism of the "Nashville," in burning the "Harvey Birch," will find our countrymen illy prepared for a calm consideration of the SLIDELL and MASON affair. Perhaps the fairest solution of that question may be reached by assuming that Mr. EVERETT and Bishop McILVAINE, as Passengers in the Trent, had been taken out by the Officer in command of the "Sumter," and sent to Charleston as Prisoners. Should we, in that event, have found fault with England, in defence of the "honor of her Flag," for demanding the release of those Gentlemen?

I state the proposition thus, because self-examination, upon grave questions, is always wise; and

further, because in this instance, the question of Peace or War with England hangs upon it. I assume, however strongly our impulses lead in that direction, that we do not now want a war with England; that neither our interests or welfare will be promoted by such a war; and because, finally, when, for any adequate reason, a war with England becomes a necessity, we had better choose our own time for entering upon it, than to have it chosen to suit the convenience and circumstances of our adversary.

Strong, active and subtle influences have been at work here, to render our Secretary of State obnoxious to this Government, its Press and People. And these influences have been so successful that he is every where regarded, not only as an enemy of England, but as one who, from personal hostility, or political consideration, really desires a collision between the two nations. In support of these opinions the Duke of Newcastle is quoted. I cannot gather, from the numerous versions afloat, the precise language used by the Duke, but I am sure that either the language, or the import of what Gov. SEWARD said, was misapprehended, for it is an impeachment of the commonest sense to suppose that he seriously apprised the Duke of an intention to provoke a war with England; and that at a

moment when our whole country was manifesting, in unmistakeable enthusiasm, its admiration for the Queen and its regard for England, in ovations to *her* Son and *its* Heir Apparent.

I perceive, in the London Correspondence of the New York Times, allusion to another "malign influence," potent in certain quarters here, against Gov. SEWARD. That influence, largely responsible for the war already upon our hands, might, one would suppose, be content to wait till that war is over, before seeking to embarrass the country abroad.

In at least one vital particular, Secessionists are working out their own destruction. Their War is emancipating Europe from its dependence upon the Slave States for Cotton. This usurping King will be Dethroned. They were warned of this, but that blindness which precedes Destruction, sealed their eyes and their understanding. India will furnish, next year, a million and a half of bales. The Manchester Spinners say, that with a small proportion of American Cotton, they can work up the India material advantageously. There is no limit to the capacity of India for Cotton growing. The rapid construction of Rail Ways will soon remove the only obstacle.

The tone of the English Press, I am happy

to perceive, begins to moderate. "Second sober thoughts" give encouragement. Metropolitan Journals begin to reason, while Provincial Newspapers are counting the cost of War. I enclose extracts :—

From the London Spectator.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION AND THE PRESS. — On the whole, then, we cannot doubt that a war would do much to annihilate the remnant of that British trade with the Northern States which civic strife and the Morrill tariff has left, and to impede the large supplies of grain which we have drawn thence of late years; that it would seriously embarrass Canada and the West Indies; to some considerable extent endanger our colonial trade in those parts of the world, and increase greatly the cost of all the Australian and Indian trade which has to cross the Atlantic. On the other hand, it would annihilate the Northern foreign commerce, render its shipping, which is exceedingly deficient in steam power, almost useless, and restore the cotton prospects of the South.

From the South London Chronicle.

Some of our cotemporaries have suggested our demanding an indemnity for the outrage, and our exacting such amends as would surely be refused by a nation as high spirited as "Young America" has always been; and thus would plunge us headlong into the untold horrors of war, of the very worst description, such as it would assuredly be if England and America met as foes; but we should never let passion take the place of reason, or blind ourselves to the claims of justice and mercy, neither should we forget the years of bitter feelings and secret hate that follow directly upon the trail of that devastating curse.

From the Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

We confess that if it had been wanted to bully the Americans into a war, the tone of our leading journals could not have been better adapted to accomplish the object. The strength and efficiency of our navy have been dwelt upon with great complacency, and we have estimated to a fraction the facility with which we could destroy the Federal fleet, blockade the American ports, and devastate the Union. It would almost seem as if we desired nothing more heartily than a war; and that having multiplied our war vessels, clothed them with iron plates, and supplied them with matchless artillery; having fortified our coasts, and infused a military enthusiasm amongst the citizens, in the expectation that France was going to invade our shores—we should have no objection to try our power upon the American coast when that expectation has been proved to be fallacious.

From the Leeds Mercury.

But after all, is it well to judge so great a question on merely technical issues? Supposing the statesmen and lawyers of America really believe the Southern Commissioners to have been contraband of war, may we not look with somewhat lenient eyes on their unwillingness to give them up again on account of a mere informality—however dangerous that informality may be as a precedent—as to the mode in which the capture was effected?

From the Western Morning News.

Still we say, with Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, "wait." We have not heard all the facts; we do not know whether the San Jacinto acted under order or not; and even supposing she did, we must, as Mr. Cobden says, hear what the American lawyers say. Our own Crown officers have given their opinion unhesitatingly, but a correspondence

may induce them to modify their views. At all events, let us beware of stirring up strife.

From the Northampton Mercury.

The scales hang trembling in the balance, and the sword of England will be thrown into the scale of the South and slavery. It is no use denying the fact; a great slave-holding nation will be created by the arms of England. For the last half century we, as a nation, have preached and prayed against slavery. We count it one of our chief glories that we put down slavery in our own colonies; we have spent millions in suppressing the slave-trade; we have gone on for years telling every slave-holding nation to follow our example, and destroy the accursed system of slavery, no matter at what cost or what sacrifice—and now we are about to fight side by side with a nation the principle of whose national existence is slavery, the object of whose secession is the extension of slavery, and the result of whose victory will be, in all likelihood, the re-establishment of the slave-trade. Are we—we, the England of Clarkson and Stephen, of Brougham and Wilberforce, prepared for this also?

A pleasant incident occurred yesterday. Bishop McILVAINE, who attended Church, was identified and invited into the Pulpit, after which Prayers were read for, not only the Queen, but for the President, Congress and People of the United States.

In Mr. RUSSELL's last Letter, published in the "Times," this morning, speaking of the great Review, he says "*that the New York 44th Regiment, in soldierly bearing could not be exceeded by any Regiment in any Army in Europe.*"

VIII.

LETTER TO THE LONDON TIMES.

THE intimation in yesterday's Times of "a yearning in this country after" American views upon the new complication of our relations with England, followed this morning by relaxing and even kindlier strictures, tempts me to submit briefly some thoughts which an occurrence profoundly embarrassing suggests; not, however, upon "international law," for, as an humble journalist, I have been accustomed only to the common sense interpretations of public questions, and, were I at all qualified to enter into the legal argument I should be inclined to accept your own view of the question — viz. : that time and circumstances have so far changed the practice and reformed the principles of international maritime law as to render the earlier precedents and authorities largely inapplicable to existing cases; and further, while the concession, in proving my candor may impeach my patriotism, I am constrained to admit that in the ventilation of the Laurens seizure, as cited by Mr.

George Sumner, the bottom has fallen out of our strongest precedent.

Dismissing, therefore, the legal considerations of the Trent and San Jacinto question, I confess to a very strong "yearning" that the English Government, its press and its people may be disabused of an impression which has so generally obtained, that our Government seeks occasion for disagreement, or cherishes other than such feelings as belong to the relations of interest and amity that blend and bind us together. I am even less surprised at the belligerent sensibility which the Trent affair has awakened here, than with the pervading antecedent impression that our Government entertains hostile purposes towards England, and that our Secretary of State has actually designed the disruption of relations which I had supposed, and still believe, almost universally regarded as essential to the welfare of our country and the happiness of our people.

An alleged conversation of Secretary SEWARD with the Duke of NEWCASTLE, referred to in the Times, conflicts with these assurances. Without precise information as to the language used by Mr. SEWARD, I cannot be mistaken in assuming that its spirit was misapprehended. The conversation occurred, I believe, *at a dinner given by Governor*

Morgan to the Prince of Wales. The avowal of a prominent Senator, who had reason to suppose that he might be called to a more responsible position in the Government, of a deliberate intention to "insult your (the Duke's) Government," *could not but have been highly offensive.* But while I can readily excuse an English nobleman for interpreting idle or "loose talk" in an American statesman, to all Americans the badinage of Mr. SEWARD would have been readily understood. Perhaps it would have been wiser not to attempt to "*play with edged tools.*" Indeed, from the mischief an attempted pleasantry has occasioned, any departure from the gravities of conversation is certainly to be regretted. After disclaiming, as I feel quite authorized in doing for Mr. SEWARD, unfriendly intentions and feelings towards England, I beg to refer to such English gentlemen as have acquaintance with, or opportunities for consulting, Mr. ADAMS, our resident minister, for a true reflex of American sentiment and sympathies. That distinguished statesman, whose eminent father and grandfather at different epochs represented our country — first at the Court of St. James, and subsequently as President of the United States — enjoys, in the best and broadest sense of the term, the confidence of his Government; and, resigning his seat in Con-

gress to assume diplomatic responsibilities, he is also familiar with the views and feelings of our public men.

Until I saw the accusation against Secretary SEWARD standing out prominently in the London press, the idea had not entered my mind, nor can I now persuade myself that it has any real foundation to stand upon. After the settlement of the Maine and Vancouver boundary question, in their final action upon both of which the course of the English Government was characterized by enlightened justice and wisdom, I had supposed that no cause of misunderstanding remained, and that we might look forward to a long period of exemption from conflict or dissension. Subsequently incidental occasions for interchanges of national courtesies occurred calculated and tending to confirm and strengthen feelings of good will. These were succeeded by the memorable visit of the Prince of Wales, whose advent among us afforded to the American people an opportunity to mark, in heartfelt ovations, both their regard for the future monarch of Great Britain and their high estimate of, and their personal admiration for, a Queen whose eventful and illustrious reign, in advancing civilization, in promoting public and private virtue, and in hallowing household shrines, will enrich the

archives and brighten the pages of England's history. I often thought, while witnessing, as I did, in several of our cities, the spontaneous demonstrations of unmistakeable regard from hundreds of thousands of hearts warmed by remembrances of Saxon descent, that if all England, could be "there to see," we should thenceforth, as nations, dwell together in peace and friendship. In that triumphal journey, extending many thousand miles, through cities, towns, villages, hamlets, and wilderness, nothing occurred to mar its enjoyment. The American people, though enthusiastic, were considerate and respectful. The Prince, either from intuitive or inherited good sense and taste, while observing all the proprieties of his position, was so naturally gracious as to win nothing but "golden opinions," and to leave everywhere agreeable and enduring impressions; and even now, so universal is the homage of our people for the QUEEN, that were her Majesty to deign us a visit, Earl RUSSELL and Secretary SEWARD, were either or both of these eminent statesmen disposed to perpetrate a great national wrong, would find the bonds of affection stronger than ambition or strategy.

Upon the course which our Government shall deem wise or expedient in this abrupt emergency, it is scarcely necessary to speculate. We shall not

remain long in suspense. Nor could I add to the calm, well considered views contained in the letter of Lieutenant-General SCOTT, than whom America has no more devoted patriot, nor England a more sincere friend. That distinguished and veteran General led our army creditably through one war with England. I, in humble positions, shared in that conflict; and I speak for both — *enjoying the confidence and friendship of our great chieftain—in saying that he neither cares to survive another struggle so revolting to all who rejoice in a common ancestry and commingled blood, with kindred memorials and associations.*

Of the exact nature of the despatch from the English Government I am ignorant; but I am constrained to express the opinion that if that despatch has taken the form of a peremptory demand it will be met by as peremptory a refusal; for in temper and pride we are as unreasoning as the bad examples of our mother country, absurdly intensified, can make us. But I devoutly hope that the mastiff mode of diplomacy will not, on either side, be resorted to. There are no real interests of either country to be promoted or protected by a contest for the championship. Nor is it necessary to determine questions of relative prowess or courage. The battle at Lundy's Lane, in Canada, fought

upon a fair field, with forces nearly equal, which consigned the remains of seven hundred British and seven hundred American soldiers to "dead men's beds," should be accepted as a satisfactory solution by both nations. The SLIDELL and MASON *imbroglio, which has been sprung upon us, places both Governments in false position.* England is running upon all fours across the track of her lifelong practices and precepts, while America is forced, in maintaining the act of Commodore WILKES, *to ignore a policy earnestly insisted upon* — a policy which, at the conclusion of the war of 1812, was left to be determined by the future good sense and forbearance of both Governments. In this "muddle," should either nation be too tenacious? I do not say or think that in this matter we have done quite right, or that we are wholly wrong. The temptations in this case were far greater than can be understood abroad. Messrs. SLIDELL and MASON were responsible leaders in the unnatural and causeless rebellion which set brother against brother in fierce and brutish civil war. As Senators in the Congress of the United States, while unanimous millions supposed them incapable of such perfidy, they committed acts of treason far more flagrant than the offences which have consigned the heads of British noblemen, through the

Tower, to the block. It will require, therefore, calm deliberation and a large measure of forbearance in our Government and people to bring them to an acquiescence of the views taken of this question here — views which, I am compelled to admit, have obtained across the Channel.

But if events are not precipitated; if time is given for reflection, so that the cost and consequences of war may be calculated, my apprehensions would be greatly relieved. I quite concur with the New York Tribune in the opinion that these Rebel emissaries are not worth a war, and, individually, would not hesitate to make large concessions, in feeling, for peace. With England, whose canvas whitens every ocean and sea, "catching the dawning rays of the rising, and mellowed by the departing beams of the setting sun," the honor of her flag is everything. In defence of this flag England, with her blood heated, will not sacrifice the "avoids of a hair." Surely, then, if appealed to in a neighborly spirit, we can afford to do for England what we should, touched in the same tender point, expect England to do for America.

Respectfully, your obedient Servant,

T. W.

LONDON, Dec. 12, 1861.

IX.

LONDON, Dec. 13, 1861.

WE are all waiting with breathless anxiety for the response of our Government to the Demand of England, for the release of the Rebel Emissaries; for on that response, it is believed, the question of War or Peace hangs! Solicitude occasioned by this new question, added to the anxiety which the civil war occasions, leave me with little inclination, even if I had leisure—which I have not—to enjoy London, presented, as it now is, under favorable auspices. Though really nobody, distinguished people receive me with a consideration not a little embarrassing.

Our Minister, Mr. ADAMS, with his amiable Family, are exceedingly cordial in their attentions and hospitalities. Mr. ADAMS took me on Wednesday to Lord LYNTHURST, the Nestor of English Jurisprudence, now mid-way between his ninetieth and hundredth year, with sight and hearing slightly impaired, but with his intellectual faculties in all their vigor and brightness. He is a native of Boston, though born before the Revolution, and

deplores the possibility of war, though he is quite sure that it was wrong to take SLIDELL and MASON from under the British Flag.

Sir HENRY HOLLAND, of world-wide medical fame, drops into our Hotel (George street, Hanover Square) familiarly, and is off to Windsor to see Prince ALBERT, who is seriously ill. Sir HENRY, who has been much in America, is greatly distressed at the idea of War.

Sir JOHN WILSON, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, who received five wounds in the Battle of Chippewa, called upon us to-day. This veteran, who has been over sixty years in the service, contemplates a War with America with shuddering. He told me that he had acted as "Second" in six Duels, all of which were settled, while three, in which he was unfortunately, "Principal," were fought. He said that differences between Nations, as between Officers, could generally be adjusted by the exercise of good sense and reasonable concessions on the part of those entrusted with the management of them; that the party least to blame can best afford to make conciliatory advances, and that when amicable results are reached, advances generally come from that quarter.

I went to-day, by permission, to Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, the country residence of

Earl RUSSELL, long so well known in America as Lord JOHN RUSSELL, with whom I had an interview of an hour, relating, of course, to our difficulties with this Country. And though I am not at liberty to give to the readers of the Journal what was said on a question as delicate as that now pending, I may say that the visit in other respects was an interesting one, giving me, as it did, some knowledge of an ennobled and distinguished Family.

At the conclusion of my interview with the Earl, Lunch was announced, when we met Lady and Miss RUSSELL, with two Sons (boys) and a Daughter of eight years. Lunch (which, as Lord BYRON said of one of Mr. ROGERS's Breakfasts, "might have been a Dinner") over, I took leave of the Earl, but was asked by Lady RUSSELL to look through the grounds, and after waiting a few minutes in the Dining-Room, her Ladyship came, in walking apparel, and gave me half an hour's ramble through grounds richer even in horticultural interest than in embellishments or in views. Though a moist day, with an atmosphere to fit, yet in the openings her Ladyship directed my attention to Hampton Court, Kew, Kingston, Windsor, &c., &c., and to those localities made classic by the residence of POPE, HORACE WALPOLE and other literary celebrities. Passing a mound which

attracted my attention, her Ladyship drew me to the point from which Henry the Eighth stood watching, through an avenue in the woods of the Park, for a Signal Rocket to be fired from the Dome of St. Paul's Church, announcing to his wife-murdering Majesty, that ANNE BOLEYN was beheaded.

To-day, in the city, I found time to indulge, for an hour, Antiquarian tastes, visiting the Stone which Jack Cade struck with his Pike when he imagined himself "monarch of all he surveyed;" then a fragment of a half-burned Church at a point where the Great Fire in London was arrested, which stands as it then stood; then the former residences of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and of HOGARTH, all in a circuit, and within a stone's throw of each other; and finally, the old, and old-fashioned House, in Bishopsgate street, occupied by King Richard the Third, now come to "base uses"—much baser than those of its early and Kingly occupant, I cannot say.

There are, however, but brief intervals of relief from the anxiety which our public troubles occasion.

I was at the Banking-Houses of BARING Brothers, and GEORGE PEABODY & Co., where news from America is hourly expected and tremulously looked for.

I have made acquaintance, pleasantly, with several gentlemen of the London Press, whose columns are kindly open to me, and for some of which I have written. I even ventured a Letter yesterday to the "Times" which was courteously accepted, Mr. DELANE, the Editor, doing me the favor of sending a Proof slip to my Lodgings.

I go to Paris this evening.

X.

PARIS, DECEMBER 16, 1861.

I CAME over from London last night, leaving the station near London Bridge at 8½ P. M., and reaching Paris at 7½ this morning. In crossing the Channel, the weather being clear, I remained on the deck of the Steamer, all the way from Dover to Calais, watching the lessening lights of the Cliffs of Dover, as we progressed, until, long before we were half across, the Calais lights appeared.

After Breakfasting with Archbishop HUGHES, I went with Mr. SANFORD, who came up from Belgium in the night, to the residence of the Consul, Mr. BIGELOW, for consultation. What struck us all, in comparing notes, with surprise, was the fact that nobody at Home seems to regard the new trouble with England as serious; or else, if you do understand its bearing in regard to War with England, you are willing to encounter it! I am willing to say that I shrink from the thought of War, just now, with any European Power, and especially with one so fully prepared for War as England. I

hope that you are all right in the complacent view taken of the Trent affair. I should be willing to turn out an alarmist, and be laughed at, if there be no danger.

If it were not too late, I should make further efforts to satisfy our People that it is neither wise nor right to let this affair involve us in War. I have not seen, in anything yet cited, evidence that, under International Laws, we have the *right* to go arbitrarily on board the Merchant Ship of a Friendly Nation and take out alleged "Contrabands," without subsequently taking the decision of a competent Tribunal, upon the evidence, whether the articles or persons, were in fact contraband. We *say* that they are; but we have done nothing to *prove* it, nor did Capt. WILKES possess himself, or attempt to obtain, Despatches which would have made out our case.

It is not pleasant to argue the enemy's side of this question; but it is important that we, in view of consequences, should find the right side and take it.

Gen. SCOTT, who went home so unexpectedly, regarding War as imminent, had an interview of more than two hours with Prince NAPOLEON the night before he left.

I was in a measure prepared for the Death of

Prince ALBERT, though the English People were not. Sir HENRY HOLLAND told me on Friday that the case had assumed dangerous aspects.

Fears for the effect this bereavement may have on the QUEEN, are entertained. Her affections are one of the prominent features in VICTORIA'S character. She continued to love the man with whom she had lived, happily, and who, in embarrassing circumstances, had borne himself discreetly.

This Death will, to some extent, withdraw the public mind, for a few days, from the American *imbroglio*, and leave it, I hope, a little softened.

We have nothing to hope, in the event of a War, from this side of the Channel ! The Morrill Tariff is believed to be impoverishing French manufacturers and starving French operatives.

XI.

LONDON, Dec. 23, 1861.

WE have no news here to-day up to the 12th inst. by the steamer, from Boston. All was yet quiet, at home, in relation to the Trent affair. The intelligence by the Europa, then nearly due, will wake you all up, furnishing some idea of what Americans on this side of the Atlantic have endured for a whole month.

We are, however, breathing with more freedom just now. A Despatch from Mr. SEWARD, received by Mr. ADAMS, to Earl RUSSELL, which, though not in relation to the Trent affair — being written subsequent to the seizure of SLIDELL and MASON — is supposed to have that question in view, has calmed down the War feeling. This view of the matter is strengthened further by the knowledge that France has informed our Government that it regards the capture of the Rebels on board a Neutral Vessel, as indefensible. In view of these circumstances, an influential personage, with whom I Breakfasted yesterday, said, "*You will escape this time, but your Government is quarrelsome, and will soon give us fresh cause of complaint*"

Nobody here has the slightest intimation of what our Government will do or say, in reply to the demand Lord LYONS is instructed to make, but now that War is not to follow upon the departing footsteps of the British Minister, I assume that our Government will navigate through the breakers.

London is shrouded in sable to-day. All is impressively silent. Though all business is suspended, nobody goes to Windsor, where the Funeral obsequies are observed.

Now that he is gone, every one confesses that the QUEEN had in Prince ALBERT, a discreet adviser, whose good sense and assiduity lightened and lessened her burdens and cares.

I stated in a former letter that the QUEEN is our Friend. I am enabled to say, on reliable authority, that the last use the Prince Consort made of his Pen, was, at the QUEEN's request, to soften the Despatch sent to Lord LYONS.

We arose early on Friday morning and went down to St. James Park Barracks to see a Regiment of Guards take up their line of march for Canada. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since I had seen "British Red Coats" whose Muskets and Bayonets were to be turned towards us. Something of the old feeling — a feeling which had died out

—began to rise, and after a few minutes of painful thought, I turned away.

I continue to meet, in society, the highest classes of English People, and encounter opinions and prejudices most erroneously, but honestly entertained. I meet, also, in the same circles, a few Englishmen who have either been with us, or obtained accurate information, who assist in dispelling these misapprehensions. The London Press, during the present month, has rolled up a mountain of bitter prejudices against us; the full force of which will be felt when Parliament meets, in January.

The Despatch of M. THOUVENEL, to the French Minister, appears in the Evening Papers of to-day. The instinct which prompted me, before hearing any opinions upon the subject, to set down and write Letters home urging the surrender of SLIDELL and MASON — hard as such fortune was — shows the value of first impressions. Instinct and reason, unaided by much knowledge of International Law, taught me that it was not right to take these men from a neutral ship.

I have met no class of Englishmen with so little relish for War with us as the officers of their Army.

XII.

LONDON, DEC. 25, 1861.

CHRISTMAS in London! I do not by any means suppose that every Family in London rejoices, to-day, in its Turkey, yet from the gorged markets every table *might* smoke with one. But Turkeys here are dear luxuries, and thousands of Families lack the needful. The rich, however, are liberal to the poor on these occasions. Charity Boxes, in the various Institutions and Courts, demonstrate an active and practical benevolence.

CHRISTMAS in England is a Religious, Domestic and Social Festival. To-day it is somewhat saddened by the freshness of a recent bereavement, for the late PRINCE CONSORT is sincerely lamented. On the day of his Funeral (Monday) all London was draped; and to-day mourning dresses are universal.

We drove, last Evening, to London Hall and Covent Garden Markets, through both of which, as Dr. JOHNSON once said of Fleet street, "a stream of life flows." The immensity of live Men, Women and Children, and of dead Beeves, Sheep

and Turkeys, defies enumeration. Fulton and Washington Markets, the night before New-Year, represent London Hall Market in miniature.

In the Streets all is even more quiet than on Sunday. All the Stores, Shops, &c., &c., are closed. The day is bright, and I crossed over to Hyde Park, finding even that almost deserted.

11½ P. M. — We are just back from a sumptuous CHRISTMAS DINNER at Mr. MORGAN's, an American Banker (Partner of Mr. PEABODY), where we met Col. THOMAS, U. S. A., and Lady, Mr. JOHN O. SARGEANT and Lady, with other Americans. To Mr. MORGAN's refined hospitalities, zeal and fidelity to the Union, add a grateful relish. Nor were Canvas Back Ducks and Rhode-Island Turkey either out of season or unacceptable.

The London Papers had each a Christmas Leader. That from the "Daily Telegraph," which I enclose, is, I think, worthy of re-publication even though Christmas will have passed :—

LONDON, Wednesday, Dec. 25.

It is now some eighteen hundred and sixty years since the world began to count its Christmas tides. If chronology had not blundered, we might call the present by its actual numeral; but it is out by some three or four years in the annal of our Christian era. However, we are certainly verging fast towards the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Christ. Far back in time but near by

familiarity, seems that epoch—that point which divides the past into ancient and modern. As long ago as stretched the ages of Assyrian and Egyptian dynasties—twice as long as the rule of Rome—and still the story is as “household” to us as the thing which happened yesterday. Who cannot conjure up, at a word, its scenes? Jerusalem; Nazareth; the long file of camels striding over the dark desert by night, towards that solitary star glittering so suddenly and with such mystery, to beckon their swarthy lords from the Orient hills! Who has not made from all the old and new masters his own picture of the wayside inn at Bethlehem? The crowding pilgrims, the patient cattle, the traffic, the dust, the tumult; and in the midst of all the Christ and his Hebrew mother! And how quietly we receive, on the strength of a story made for all times and peoples, “the Adoration of the Wise Men.” We never wonder to find those three grave and reverend seniors clad in early Italian or mediæval costume, presenting, on bended knee—a salutation unknown to the East—jewels and confections of the manufacture of the “Street of the Jewellers” at Florence, or the Dom Platz of Cologne. What if, under porticoes which the Romans only built, horses are waiting, which the Magi would not ride; and the Madonna smiles upon the wistful travellers in a Greek “peplus,” her features and the features of her Divine child profoundly European? What of all this? We are no more disconcerted than to know that the three wise men died and were buried at Aix-la-Chapelle. We listen to the tale like children, who hear an undermeaning in every word of their narrator’s story. Beyond and behind it all is that eternal revelation that ineffable message of love, which is the heart and soul of the religion which sprang from the manger and blossomed on the cross. World’s wisdom falters in presence of that truth which the best of us can only half comprehend. Tell it as ye will,

Signori the painters! tell it as ye list, Monsignori the preachers! At this season of Christmas we shall listen, as to our children who say that on the Christmas Eve the dark-eyed oxen talk together in the stall, and the bird who stained his breast red with chirping on the cross sings all the night long in the fir thicket. What might not be, indeed, in picture or reality, on the anniversary of the night when the shepherds tended their flocks by Jordan — when they heard, or seemed to hear, out of heaven that voice which frightened Pan from his Greek forests and Apollo from his oracles? "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*" Divine ambassage! — august and awful utterance! — sounding down to all times and languages the diapason of the harmony of heaven and earth!

Two thousand years or so ago, too! and war as much in fashion now as when Titus sowed salt on the foundation of the Temple. Some Christmas seasons are noted for this occurrence, and some for that. There are old men, rheumatically given, who can recall winter after winter for its varying degrees of frost. In such a year, spring weather and premature apple-blossoms; in such another year all fetters on land and water, and oxen roasting whole upon the silent rivers. But 1861 will be most easily remembered. A great grief and a great doubt is to be always associated with its numerals. When the hale among us are grey, and the grey are in their peaceful graves, it will be said; "At that Christmas the people buried the noble Consort of the Queen, and waited over their festal cheer to know if America would be at war with them or at peace." On the very season when goodwill descended upon earth the two great peoples of the Christian name prepare for war; and war between them will be no play of children, but the struggle of enemies whose nerves and sinews are of iron — whose blood must flow like water

before it makes them weak enough to yield. Two thousand years ago those shepherds heard that song, known for Divine to them and to us, as soon as uttered and transmitted. And since then ever so many wars! History, indeed, is overpowered with them, and shuffles Minerva altogether out of her page, to make room for Mars. Only in our own time some half-dozen good imperial *duella* have been begun and ended; and one is now pending, which may eclipse them all in horror and in evil consequences. "Better war than peace," sings, indeed the Laureate, and sometimes a body corporate, overfed with luxury and self-conceit, has needed the regimen of blood-letting. It needs it now, perhaps; palpably, we should say, in the case of our random and right-defying kinsman. But meanwhile two thousand years have passed, with all its sowing of good seed, partly talked of, and partly got under ground — and out of all this spiritual cultivation no blossom so frequent as that "blood-red blossom of war!"

What if we tried our own hand at a homily this Christmas tide? A semi-laic contemporary, we observe, is preparing to furnish the clergy of 1862 with sketches of sermons — hebdomadal skeletons — whereupon they may pile the muscular argument and the integumental trope. We, too, have a skeleton sermon which we should like to bring to notice. It is a little too practical for the age — a thought perhaps too just and charitable — and it denounces some fashionable peccadilloes in a rather downright way. But, in spite of some passages which have got to be miswritten in it, its matter is Divine, and its manner is commanding. It contains, besides, a prayer that all can pray — a litany not longer than the patience of a sleepy child; it has a word for the Pharisees, who judge hurried judgments; for the Sadducees, who deny the resurrection of hope to the hopeless; for a widowed Queen, also, and a wistful country. It will supply a rebuke to the wild avarice of the age, which

stumbles over justice and honor in the race to be rich, and does not note how God can clothe the lilly and take thought of the falling sparrow. Beyond and above all, it is the absolute mission of Him whom the angels proclaimed to the herdsmen. It is the authentic proclamation which was only then and there announced. It is Christianity; not ours, nor Dr. Cumming's nor Bishop Wilberforce's, nor the Pope's, nor Father Passaglia's but simply Christ's. Rightly preached, it would cut at the tap-root of war, for in the heart of it is the expansion of the chorus of the angelic host, the corollary of peace on earth set down in Saxon words, "I say unto you, forgive your enemies." Such is the sublime maxim which it inculcates. We have never come yet within real ear-shot of this doctrine; we are not, perhaps, in the road to it at all. What if, meditating on this and abandoning dry doctrine, our teachers were to try this morality pure and simple? — what if polemics were a little disused, and ethics a little more adopted, during 1862? At this particular Yule-tide, if any reverend preacher will take a text from his secular brothers, we commend to him, for bran-new and edifying study, that sermon known as the "Sermon on the Mount."

XIII.

LONDON, December 31, 1861.

THE last Steamer brought us rumblings of the thunder storm which the Europa's intelligence doubtless occasioned. For this I had endeavored to prepare the London world. I knew that the demand of this Government, for the release of SLIDELL and MASON, accompanied by the active preparations for War, and the denunciations of the English Press, would awaken the indignation of the American People.

But I trust that in America as in England, the storm may have cleared the atmosphere. Here, at first, nothing but War would satisfy the popular indignation. Now, however, what is just and reasonable would be accepted. From the beginning, my instincts set me on the right track. Greatly as the Traitors deserved punishment, I felt afraid that they were not rightfully in our possession; that, after they landed in Havana, leaving a Piratical Steamer, they were beyond our jurisdiction. And this seems to be the judgment of "the rest of mankind." In our days of Peace and Prosperity, favored as no other Nation on Earth

has been favored, we grew complacent if not conceited, and used to think, and too often boast of our ability to "whip the World." But experience is teaching the difference between the *poetry* and the realities of War. We do not want War with England, and above all, we do not want it until our "cause be just." We may well pause and distrust the justice of the present cause when other and friendly Governments are against us.

There were several causes contributing to the outburst which the Trent affair occasioned here. The Morrill Tariff, the Blockade, &c., &c., had been worked skillfully by Confederate Commissioners, who have made the best use of their time and tact for six or eight months. The idea that Secretary SEWARD intended to have War with England, was industriously disseminated. This game commenced, in Letters from Washington, as early as last February or March.

If our People knew how good and true a Friend to America the QUEEN is, they would feel that we are not likely to be wronged in her day. Her Majesty is in deep affliction now. In PRINCE ALBERT, she had both a devoted Husband and a discreet Counsellor. But though fully realizing the magnitude of her bereavement, she bears up under it with Queenly fortitude. Sir HENRY HOLLAND, who

taking a kind interest in the health of my Daughter calls in frequently, says that, in her deep sorrow, the QUEEN proves herself equal to her great trust.

I should like to gossip with the readers of the JOURNAL, about London, as I did in 1842, and again in 1852; but solicitude about our own Country, in her day of trial, unfits me for any kind of relaxation. I have visited neither Gallery of Art, Theatre nor Opera, in Paris or London. And yet, socially, I see more of London than ever I expected, for almost every day brings its Breakfast or Dinner in the highest circles. Yesterday, dining with Mr. EVANS, at the Reform Club, I met Mr. THACKERAY, who told me he had recently received a Barrel of Beer from our mutual Friend, ARCHY DUNLOP, of Watervliet.

One peculiarity, in the "good society" of London, strikes me as worthy of remark. It is the comparatively small quantity of wine imbibed at Dinners, and the entire avoidance of "small talk" about the age, vintage, quality, &c., &c., of wines. Here, the various wines are served and drank, moderately without remark. A glass of Pale Sherry, after soup, one or two glasses of Champagne with the meat courses, a glass of Claret or Hock with the dessert, and a glass of Madeira or Port after the removal of the cloth, is the extent of wine drink-

ing, and many gentlemen sip rather than "take off" the contents of their glasses. The only remark about wines I have heard, at Table, was at Sir J. EMERSON TENNANT'S, who, observing that at a previous Dinner I drank Madeira, had placed a decanter of "*the old*" (vide Capt. Cuttle) at my right hand, with the remark, "You prefer Madeira." I spoke of the abstinence of English gentlemen, where I was breakfasting this morning, to which a friend replied, "We have reformed our habits in this respect, partly from improved taste, preferring the light to the heavy wines; but mainly on account of the tender toes and rheumatic fingers you see among us."

But what surprises and perplexes the most, in the City, is the fact, that, while the great Omnibus thoroughfares, Oxford street, Piccadilly, the Strand, Fleet street, Ludgate and Cornhill, Paved like Broadway, are generally wet and always slippery, the Horses never, or very seldom, fall! Two Horses, smooth shod, pull an Omnibus up Holborn and Ludgate Hills, with twelve inside and twelve outside Passengers, without *getting down*! Even if they slip, they almost always recover without falling. High Holborn is a much sharper ascent than State street in Albany or Fulton street in Brooklyn.

T. W.

XIV.

LONDON, JAN. 9, 1862.

LONDON was jubilant yesterday. I was in the city, among the Bankers, at 8½ o'clock, when a Telegram from Queenstown announced as a "rumor" that the "Trent Affair is settled." This gave instant life to the drooping Stock Market. In a few minutes information came that a Despatch in cyphers from Lord LYONS was going over the wires to the Foreign Office. Up went the Stocks again! Then came a report that the Rebel Commissioners were on their way to England in the steamer America, and another jump in Consols.

With this very satisfactory intelligence I took a "Hansom" and came to the West End, stopping by the way to exchange congratulations with some Friends warmly with us for the Union. Soon after I reached my Lodgings, came Sir HENRY HOLLAND, Sir J. EMERSON TENNANT, Sir JOHN WILSON, &c., &c., to exchange congratulations. And while at Dinner (my Friend TERRENCE McCULLOCH dining with us) came Commissioner PARKES, to say that Earl RUSSELL's despatch from Lord LYONS informed him that the Confederate Commissioners had been unconditionally surrendered, whereupon we re-

paired to the Legation to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. ADAMS. Here Mr. ADAMS added to the gratification which the Peace news gave by informing us that the United States steamer Tuscarora, Capt. CRAVEN, had arrived at Southampton.

Viewing the Trent affair, as I have viewed it from the beginning, the surrender of MASON and SLIDELL, is an act alike just and honorable to our Government. An Officer of our Navy, devoted and zealous, acting upon his own convictions, may err; and if so, it is no reflection upon him, if his Government upon due consideration, corrects his error. The maritime Governments of the World are deeply interested—and none more so than America—in defining, maintaining and protecting NEUTRAL RIGHTS. This noble example of deference to International Law, is worth vastly more to us in principle than it costs in feeling.

The Peace news was announced at the Theatres and was received with hearty cheers. In the London Press, this morning, it is variously treated, though by a large majority in a spirit creditable to both Governments. The "Daily News," the "Star and Dial," and the "Morning Telegraph," each, have admirable leaders. The "Daily News" says;—

"We receive the fruition of our hopes. The American Government, without waiting for the expiration of the

term fixed by Lord LYONS, has notified him that it is ready to surrender Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL whenever and wherever he pleased. This is not the moment for long dissertations on the advantages of Peace and the horrors of War. We are too profoundly penetrated with the greatness of the calamity which has been averted from the two Nations and from the cause of civilization, to listen to calculations of its magnitude."

The "Star and Dial" says : —

"The good news so anxiously desired has come upon us with a joyful suddenness. There is no longer any cause of quarrel between the two great peoples who have the best reasons of any two nations on earth for remaining friends.

"President LINCOLN, acting on the best interests, and with the evident approval, of the people whom he rules by the sacred right of election, has disappointed the hopes and calculations of traitors, enemies and false friends.

"There may be some, indeed, even in the Senate of the United States, thoroughly loyal to the Republic and habitually friendly to England, who, moved rather by their strong sensibility than by their usual strength of understanding, counseled refusal, resistance, and all its terrible consequences. But these, with all who shared in their wounded pride of nationality and mistaken conception of England's real attitude, will more than acquiesce in the President's decision when they look at the motives by which it has been actuated. They will appreciate the calm superiority to pride, passion, or wounded feeling which has governed the deliberations of the Cabinet — the true dignity, the moral majesty, the almost sublime self-denial evinced in their decision. They will feel with us, that the President could have given no more sterling proof of fidelity to his Constitutional oath, — no more convincing assurance that his policy shall henceforth be governed

by the sole determination to subdue rebellion and reestablish the sovereignty of the people—then by an act which deprives the Confederacy of an alliance cheaply purchased by the captivity of a couple of envoys and their secretaries.

"The Ministerial organ, so late as yesterday evening, quoted from the Times special correspondent an assurance that Mr. SEWARD would not consent to the surrender of the Commissioners. Yet Mr. SEWARD is, we will venture to say, the real author of their liberation. The accusers of that eminently able statesman and the defamers of the nation whose affairs he so wisely directs, will for sometime be at a loss for materials of slander. The Republic has gained a great victory,—for it has disappointed the prophets who prophesied falsely against it, and defeated the men who cunningly conspired for its overthrow. Henceforth, it will be seated more firmly than ever in the esteem, the gratitude, and the affections of mankind."

The Daily Telegraph says:—

"We announce to our readers, with a satisfaction which they will not fail to share, that the surrender of the Southern Commissioners has been accorded by the Cabinet of Washington.

"On the page where a bloody war must have been written, history will now inscribe the fair characters of peace. We have henceforward no quarrel with the Americans; we stand once more aloof from the unhappy war which desolates their country, glad to be spared the pain of drawing the sword of England on an enemy already engaged in a struggle for existence. If it is well for her that she did not tempt us to the exercise of our power, it is not the less grateful to us. We accept her hand ten times more willingly than we should have taken up her glove, though that indeed would not have daunted us. Her own dignity

is advanced by the concession, and by the manner in which it appears to have been made. She has not waited till the last hour of the allotted time to snatch a desperate chance from the departing minutes. The language and the date of the telegram, on the contrary, lead us to believe that this great act of self-command, once determined upon, has been generously and frankly carried into effect."

There are two classes here to whom the action of our Government is distasteful, viz.:—The English who, from hatred or envy (and this is not a numerous class) wanted War; and the Secessionists. Out of the Trent affair they hoped everything for the cause of Rebellion. But the seasonable and happy adjustment of the difficulty will create a healthful reaction of feeling. It will now be seen that while England—Government, Press and People—takes fire when the honor of its Flag is concerned, that question honorably settled, the popular current will set back strongly. While the Trent affair remained open and an impression prevailed that America intended to provoke a War, there was a united feeling against us here. That feeling will now give place to manifestations of regard and friendship.

I have met distinguished personages, Members of the Ministry, the Government and of Parliament, at Dinners and Breakfasts, with whom I have conversed fully upon American questions,

and while I am not at liberty to use names, or publish conversations, I may say that the UNION has many and strong Friends here. And I am sorry to add that, although the Trent trouble is out of the way, we shall need all that those friends can do for us. The moment Parliament meets agitation of American questions will commence. The Blockade will be attacked from one quarter, while another section will demand a recognition of the Independence of the Confederate States. Nor is it from England alone that this kind of pressure will come. France is even more restive than England under the Blockade.

At Breakfast, a few days since, a distinguished Member of Parliament who has been much in America, remarked with emphasis that he had formerly entertained a high opinion of "Judge LYNCH," looking with much favor upon that species of impromptu Jurisprudence, known as "Lynch Law," but since it failed to hang FLOYD, COBB and THOMPSON, of BUCHANAN'S Cabinet, he had ignored, and was disgusted with the system.

Mr. SANFORD, our Minister to Brussels, who is indefatigable in efforts to aid our Government, has purchased a cargo of Arms, Saltpetre, Clothes, &c., &c., and chartered the "Meleta," an Iron steamer, which he dispatches from Antwerp on Sunday

under the command of Capt. EASTMAN, of Maine, a thorough sailor and devoted Union man, of whose experience and daring the Government will do well to avail itself.

Our Minister to this Court, Mr. ADAMS, is "the right man for the right place." Beside his knowledge of the duties, and his ability to discharge them, both Mr. ADAMS and his Family possess, in an eminent degree, the personal and social qualities which commend them to the high and refined circles and associations which surround them, and in which they are moving. Nor did the change, in this regard, occur any too early, for I learn from unquestionable authority, that the interests of the Government, here, as in France, were but indifferently represented.

XV.

SOUTHAMPTON, JAN. 11, 1862.

MR. ADAMS received a Despatch late last evening from EARL RUSSELL, stating that as the United States ship "Tuscarora" had entered Southampton with evident intention of engaging the Confederate steamer "Nashville," an order from the Admiralty Office would be sent immediately to the Naval Officer in charge at Southampton to detain the United States vessel in Port twenty-four hours after the departure of the Confederate steamer.

I came down from London this morning to confer with Capt. BRITTAN, our Consul, and Capt. CRAVEN, of the Tuscarora.

This new phase to matters will necessarily change Capt. CRAVEN's switch. Instead of waiting for the Nashville, Capt. C. will leave first, governing his course, outside, by the best observations and calculations he is enabled to make.

It seems that something adverse turns up against us at almost every turning. *Neutrality* questions arise constantly and are pretty sure to tell against us.

It is blowing a Gale to-day, and neither Vessel will probably get to Sea. The Nashville, in Dock,

shows no sign; and the Tuscarora looms up outside about a mile off.

The Government has, I believe, refused to allow the Nashville to do any more than would have been extended to a Merchant Ship. No Arms, Munitions, or War fixings have been permitted.

Capt. BRITTAN, the Consul, gave me a copy of an authenticated Account which shows everything provided, with its cost, making in all an aggregate of £666 6s. 8½d.

I greatly fear that Capt. CRAVEN, entangled in this neutrality net, may lose the opportunity, which he so much wants, of punishing this Pirate.

It is rumored that the Sumter is coming here. The Officers of the Tuscarora hope she will, and say that they can manage both.

So far as Capt. BRITTAN observed the Captain of the "James Adger," the injurious reports, affecting his character for sobriety, are untrue.

I am satisfied that if Capt. CRAVEN gets along side the NASHVILLE or the SUMTER, or both, he will leave little for the Government to do.

Our Consul at this Port is an efficient and fearless Officer, qualities much needed just now, when and where a community that has profited largely and long from American commerce, is now bitterly hostile.

LONDON, January 12

After Breakfasting this morning with Mr. ELLICE, where, as usual, there was much talk about American affairs, I went to the great American Banker, GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., who retires from business before long, and is endeavoring to do good with his large Fortune. While, of course, I am not at liberty to speak of what is to remain sealed, I may say that he is just now maturing a plan for disposing of \$500,000, in a way that, should the opportunity be afforded, will prove permanently precious to the unfortunate and destitute of London, and beneficial in other and important respects.

·XVI.

PARIS, JANUARY 16, 1862.

WE came over here last evening, and I am gratified to find here that the giving up of the Trent Emissaries has effected here, what is also very apparent in England, a favorable change in the public sentiment. And in the correspondence on that subject all agree that our Government has a decided advantage.

For an opportunity of doing the right thing in a proper spirit, we are largely indebted to the friendship of the Queen, who urged mildness and conciliation upon the Ministers who went to Windsor to obtain Her Majesty's approval of their Despatch.

But our enemies are at work endeavoring and hoping to create fresh difficulties. Upon the meeting of Parliament a strenuous effort will be made to violate the Blockade. England, it is said, will be urged to this course by France. The cause, in part, for this is the want of Cotton. But will they get it? We shall see. It would be far better for these Governments to turn their attention elsewhere for Cotton. With enterprise and

promptitude they could get it from Central America, thus emancipating themselves from dependence upon Slave Labor, for this article.

The reported sale of the Nashville is not unlikely to be true. The American Consul at Southampton told me on Saturday that negotiations were on foot. The intention is to put her Crew on another Steamer, and thus dodge the "Tuscarora."

Capt. CRAVEN keeps up a vigilant watch. He has not left his Ship for a moment.

XVII.

LETTER TO THE LONDON GLOBE.

SIR:

THE letter of Lieut. M. F. MAURY, formerly of the United States Navy, to Admiral FitzRoy, which appeared in the Globe, induces a desire that your readers may have the opportunity of seeing a relief view of that highly colored picture of the American civil war; and for this purpose I beg to tax your courtesy and their patience with a brief reply to that extraordinary letter.

Lieut. MAURY, long in charge of our National Observatory, and the author of that valuable work, the "Physical Geography of the Sea," enjoys a world-wide scientific reputation, of which all his countrymen were justly proud.

It is fortunate that this distinguished officer, in seeking submarine "knowledge under difficulties," completed his nautical discoveries before his mind became so deeply affected with political prejudices — else their accuracy and value might be questioned and impaired.

In America, where Lieut. MAURY is universally known, this letter will awaken painful surprise — painful, that a gentleman who belonged to the

Union, is found laboring for its destruction; surprise, that he should, with all his nautical experience, look at the war from a stand-point which either obscures his vision or clouds his judgment.

Perhaps no portion of Lieut. MAURY'S letter is more pregnant or suggestive, than its opening paragraphs:—

“MY DEAR ADMIRAL:

“Since this nefarious war was forced upon us, my hands have been busy in preparing for it; and I have not had either the time or the opportunity to let my friends and former fellow laborers on your side of the water know what is become of me. My country was torn; the Union was gone; a number of States had renounced it. In this breaking up of our once happy and great Republic it became me to take sides. The path of right and duty was clear; and here I am.”

A very few words will suffice to show that the bold but naked assumption, that “this nefarious war was forced upon” the Southern States, has neither leg nor crutch to stand on. The election of Mr. LINCOLN, for President, was the “forced” cause of “this nefarious war.” That *cause* was deliberately created by the Southern States — created *intentionally*, as the provocation or pretext for war. The Southern, or Confederate States, had the votes to elect a Pro-Slavery President instead of Mr. LINCOLN. The Democratic National Convention, which

met first at Charleston and then at Baltimore, by the nomination of Mr. Guthrie, former Secretary of the Treasury, or Justice Nelson, of the United States Supreme Court, would have beaten the Republican nominee. But this would have thwarted the long-cherished purposes of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi. Senators Chesnut, Slidell, Toombs, and Mason, impatient for a Southern Confederacy, would brook no further delay. Hence, by their influence, the Democratic National Convention, rent in twain, ran two candidates (BRECKINRIDGE and DOUGLAS) that LINCOLN might be elected, and "this nefarious war forced upon us." These facts are of record. Again:—

"On the 20th of April, finding that this my native State, in the exercise of her high prerogative had withdrawn from the Federal Union and appealed to her sons to rally around her, I would not, I could not, and did not hesitate to obey the call and hasten to her relief."

The Virginia Convention, after a protracted struggle, with the convictions of a majority of its members adverse to secession, was finally, in secret session, by the influence of leading politicians, dragooned into a vote of secession; without, however, submitting the question to the people, to whom the edict was so distasteful that Western

Virginia revolted. Its inhabitants reorganized their State Government, and are now, as the sovereign State of Virginia, loyal to the Union. So that Lieut. MAURY, in his hot haste for rebellion, responded only to a *section* of the "Ancient Dominion." Again : —

"I left the Observatory at Washington once more a free citizen of Virginia. Its associations, the treasures there, which, with your help and that of thousands of other friendly hands, had been collected from the sea, were precious to me, and as I turned my back upon the place a tear furrowed my cheek, for I could not but recollect that such things were."

It is easier to understand why these sacrifices "found" the "cheek" of Lieut. MAURY with a "tear," than that an officer who had been petted all his life was capable of "turning his back" upon his country and its flag !

"The Yankees, as only those who are making war upon us are now called, have shown themselves vindictive to a degree ; they have vilified me ; they have set a price upon my head."

I am mortified to find a gentleman, in whose veracity I had ever placed implicit confidence, "drawing upon his imagination for his facts." No "price" has been "set upon" Lieutenant MAURY'S "head." Highly as it was once appreciated, he errs in supposing that it would command a premium now.

Lieutenant MAURY, through several paragraphs, enumerates imaginary grievances, to which I would reply with alacrity if it would not transcend the limits to which I propose to restrict this letter:—

“Finally, in 1812, to protect Northern interest and to vindicate the commercial rights of New England—for the South had neither ships to be searched nor seamen to be impressed—we went to war with old England. The New England States ignobly backed out of that war, and left the others to bear the brunt of it.”

The war of 1812 was declared while Mr. MADISON, a Virginian, was President. Congress acted upon a strong warlike Message from the President. The bill declaratory of war was introduced by Mr. CALHOUN, of South Carolina, Father of the existing Rebellion, as he was of “Nullification” (Rebellion in another form) in 1832. The War Bill, which passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 78 to 45, was carried by the representatives from the Slave States. Nearly two-thirds of the votes against the bill came from New England and New York; while full two-thirds of the affirmative votes came from the Slave States, including all their leading statesmen, with one exception, JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke. Mr. WILLIAMS, of North Carolina, it may be even yet remembered, invoked the “thunder and lightning of Heaven to descend upon and sink the island of Great Britain.”

"With this temper in the Northern heart and mind the Federal government found itself seized with a vast extent of unpeopled lands, the common property alike of all the States. Much of it had been given to the Federal government by the Southern States for the benefit of the Commonwealth; some of it had been acquired from the Indians by treaty and purchase—and some had been bought from France, Spain and Mexico—but all was paid for out of the common treasury. Into these Territories the North now insisted that the Southerners should not go unless they left their slaves behind."

Of the Territory thus acquired, *seven* Slave States, viz., Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Florida and Texas (more than half of the number of original States, which constituted the old Confederation) were formed and admitted into the Union. The wilderness portion of that Territory, lying west and north of this belt of Slave States, had, by the Missouri compact, been reserved for free men; but when, after entering upon and enjoying the more fertile and "lion's share" of a common inheritance for thirty years, the wilderness began to bud, Slavery demanded admission into Kansas.

"Upon this the Northern or 'Free States,' as they are called, combined. Exceeding us in number of States and polls of people, they drew a geographical line, and formally divided the country into sections—North and South. This act, lawfully determined, placed, according to the forms of the Constitution, the whole Federal machinery—

executive, legislative and judicial—in the hands of a faction formed of fanatics, and banded together for the purpose of making war upon our rights, our property, and our liberties.”

This wild departure from indisputable facts shows Lieut. MAURY's mind in a state of hallucination. After the election of Mr. LINCOLN the political complexion of the House of Representatives was undecided, with the chances in favor of a pro-Slavery majority; in the Senate there was a decided pro-Slavery majority; while the Supreme Court, always pro-Slavery, had just decided that a negro, in its judgment, not possessing any attribute of the human species, had no civil rights. The Executive department of the Government alone, therefore, was in hands opposed to the extension of Slavery. The States of South Carolina, Missouri, Georgia, &c., &c., had seceded from the Union, without provocation or excuse, before Mr. LINCOLN had been inaugurated. There was, as will be seen, no power, if the disposition existed, to “make war” upon the “rights, property, and liberties” of the South.

“The contrast is frequently drawn by our old men between the conduct of the English in the war of 1812, and the conduct of the hordes of Lincoln now. The English invaded us, but respected the property and regarded the rights of unarmed citizens. The same countries have been

invaded by Lincoln. He has devastated and laid them waste.

"He has set aside the civil authorities and declared martial law to rule in their stead, and, under the tyrant's plea he is proceeding to do a great many acts and things which would more become the savage and the brute. He has sent against us an army, and provided them with manacles to bind us in his prisons. His Zouaves who fell at Manassas were equipped with halters already adjusted for our necks and the lamp post."

That individual cases of excess and rapacity, incident to raw troops of every nation, have occurred, I do not deny. But that our Government has authorized or tolerated them is not true. Our treatment of prisoners, and our respect for non-combatants, is a distinguishing feature in our favor. Indeed, it has been hard for our Northern troops to engage in this war "with a will." While our enemies lie in ambush to shoot sentinels, and in battle aim systematically at officers, we have failed to retaliate in either respect. The "halter" and "manacle" are unworthy of the Lieutenant MAURY I once knew and respected.

Nor is Lieut. MAURY more fortunate in the "contrasts" he challenges. The Federal army, wherever it goes, spares towns and respects household property. Not so with the Rebel army. In retreating from Gosport, Harper's Ferry, and

Hampton, they kindled incendiary fires, leaving the old, infirm, and poor, homeless and destitute.

Lieutenant MAURY seeks favor from England by impugning history. England did in the war of 1812 invade, capture, and burn Buffalo, Frenchtown, Havré de Grace, and Alexandria. We have taken Alexandria, Beaufort, Accomac, &c., without burning either.

With much that follows, designed to excite prejudices in England against the North, I forbear to deal, because, general and speculative as it is, it can only be answered by rebutting generalities. But I dwell a moment upon a tangible averment made by an intelligent naval officer : —

"New Englanders are proverbially sharp, keen, and 'cute;' so having once tasted of the treasury pap, through cunningly devised tariff bills, they soon discovered that heavy expenditures from the Federal Treasury would necessitate high tariffs; then they went for an extravagant government, and engineered with Congress for large appropriations. To create demands upon the national purse, they established navy yards where they were not required; built forts where they were not wanted, erected lighthouses where they were not needed; and actually studded the Northern seaboard with establishments of this sort, while the whole Southern coast, from the Capes of Virginia all the way round to the mouth of the Rio Grande in Texas, was but badly lighted, though the navigation along the Southern bays is most difficult and dangerous."

This statement when read in America will create

very general astonishment, and, if I mistake not, will crimson the face of Lieut. MAURY himself. In the Northern States there are four Navy Yards, viz.: at Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston and Portsmouth; and while materials and labor are much more expensive, and other facilities inferior, an equal number of Navy Yards were established in the Southern States, viz.:—at Washington, Norfolk, Pensacola, and Memphis. And in reference to fortifications, vastly more money has been expended upon Southern than upon Northern fortifications. This fact is patent to every eye that contrasts the formidable and massive fortresses at the Rip Raps, Old Point Comfort, Charleston, and Pensacola, with the inferior structures designed for the defence of New York and Boston. Nor do I doubt, though I cannot speak with knowledge, that the Southern Coast is as well lighted as the Northern.

Lieut. MAURY quotes from an Act of the Virginian Legislature of 1788 in which he affects to find the right of Secession but which does not exist, although the Act itself is emasculated to enable him to reach an unauthorized conclusion. Virginia entered, unconditionally, into the Union; and her early and ablest statesmen, whose wisdom and patriotism confound the fallacies and rebuke the

treason of their degenerate descendants, lived and died in the faith of Washington, whose farewell address admonished his countrymen to "*frown indignantly upon the first dawning of an attempt*" to separate the States, or dissolve the Union.

Although Lieutenant MAURY's letter invites it, I will not presume further upon a journal whose columns have been so liberally devoted to American topics; and conclude by reversing Lieutenant MAURY's assertion, that "this nefarious war" (and history points to none so wanton and causeless) was "forced" not upon the South but upon the North.

Very respectfully,

T. W.

George street, Hanover square, London.

XVIII.

PARIS, JANUARY 22, 1862.

THERE is too much reason to apprehend trouble from this Government. It is said, indeed, that the Emperor will avail himself of the meeting of his Chambers, on the 27th inst., to object to our Blockade, and to the obstruction of the Harbor of Charleston. This latter idea has been ventilated through the Press of Paris and London. It is a refinement, or sublimation, in War, difficult to comprehend, coming, as it does, from Nations whose examples we have followed. It is not long since it was proposed in England to exterminate the Inhabitants of a City in India, sprinkling its unburied dead with salt. I will not recall the alleged barbarities of France in the prosecution of her Wars. The accusations of both Governments, against us, if made, will be miserable pretences to conceal selfish purposes. The Rebellion of the South subjects Europe to inconvenience. They want Cotton. But will they get it in the unjust ways they seek it? Let time furnish the answer. The Confederate States have stronger reasons for objecting to the intervention of Foreign Governments, than we have. If forced to change the

character of the War, the responsibility will be upon others. But for the premature and gratuitous recognition of Traitors as Belligerents, by France and England, these Governments would have now been receiving the Cotton they so much covet.

And, besides, England and France want customers quite as much as they want Cotton. If, taking advantage of our Civil War, they force us into War with themselves, or with either, they will pay dearly for their injustice.

Our War with Rebellion has been one of forbearance. In all that was possible, we have acted mercifully. Had it been otherwise, the sentimentality of Europe would not have been left to the indulgence of artificial sympathy because a Harbor has been temporarily obstructed

JANUARY 24.

We are yet in suspense and anxiety about the forthcoming Speech of the Emperor. It is feared that, by some understanding with England, he will take ground against us. Our Minister, Mr. DAYTON, is to have an interview with M. TROUVENEL, on the subject to-day.

We were presented to the Emperor and Empress, by our Minister, on Wednesday Evening, and passed from the Imperial Audience Chamber into the Ball Room of the Tuilleries. Among other

Americans Presented, on this occasion, were Mrs. PHILIP VAN RENSSELAER (Daughter of the late Gen. JAMES TALLMADGE) and her Son; Mr. LESLIE and Lady, late Chief Clerk in the War Department; and ROBERT I. VANDEWATER and Lady, of California, and Mr. TREE, of Chicago.

The Ball was, of course, very magnificent, graced, as it was, by the presence of all the rank, fashion and beauty of Paris, numbering over three thousand. The Emperor and Empress, with the Princess Clotilde, were seated in the centre of the Ball Room, where they remained until 12 o'clock; and then, preceded by the Duke of RASSANO, Grand Chamberlain, and followed by the Diplomatic Corps, moved into the Supper Room—a marked feature of the Evening, for the Supper was gorgeously prepared and served. It was, in fact, a Dinner, with regular courses, from Soup to Dessert. At the other end of the Ball Room was every variety of Ices, Creams, Fruits and Comfits, for three hours before the Supper. Among the most distinguished Guests were the Duke of MALAKOFF and Marshal NEILL.

The Empress, in gracefulness and beauty, is all that she has been so often described.

Behind the Tuilleries, in the Court, over two thousand Carriages, in waiting, were arranged in

order, and with their lights added to the Gas Lights, caused a brilliant illumination.

The Emperor is but slightly changed in the ten years that have elapsed since he seized the Imperial Reins. We saw him, as now, in 1852, at a Ball at the Hotel Dieu.

FOUR O'CLOCK, P. M. — I have been, in accordance with an appointment made yesterday, two hours with the Prince NAPOLEON, who is earnest in our cause, and encourages me to hope that the Emperor will deal justly with America in his Speech. The interview was pleasant and satisfactory. The Prince told me that the Emperor regretted that he did not see Gen. SCOTT, for whom he has great respect, and upon whose judgment and opinions he should have placed entire confidence.

PARIS, January 25, 1862.

At Havre, upon our arrival, and in Paris, our fellow-passengers informed me that Col. WINTHROP, of New Orleans, was, on this side of the Atlantic, an open Secessionist, and that he was to remain here avowedly as such. I therefore took occasion to say so in one of my first letters.

I learn from a mutual Friend, since I returned to Paris, that this is not so; that Col. WINTHROP, though with strong Southern associations, sympa-

thies and interests, does not avow himself a Secessionist, or an enemy of the Union ; that he deploras the existence of the War, and left America to get away from scenes that were so painful as to destroy and poison all his former sources of enjoyment.

It gave me pain to state what I was forced to believe, because, as I then said, my relations with Colonel W. had formerly been very pleasant, and continued to be so during the voyage. It is not only just, but a pleasure, to correct this misapprehension.

Though I am sure, even now, that Colonel WINTHROP's leanings are all with the South, while he indulges them without taking an active part against the Government, we have no right to arraign, and I certainly have no disposition to reproach him. I have not seen Colonel W. since the day we reached Paris, but make this explanation as a simple act of justice.

XIX.

PARIS, January 27, 1862.

THE EMPEROR is delivered of his Speech to the Chambers, and our friends breathe more freely! Our enemies here, and in England, expected the EMPEROR to lead off in condemnation of our Blockade and of the Charleston Harbor obstruction. So general was the expectation, that the paragraph declaring that our Government had done nothing to which Europe can rightfully object, was received with marked satisfaction throughout the Chambers.

Our Minister, Mr. DAYTON, had a satisfactory interview with M. THOUVENAL on Friday. I had audiences with distinguished personages on Friday and Saturday. I may say, with propriety, and in justice to eminent Statesmen, that M. THOUVENAL, Count DE MORNAY, and the Prince NAPOLEON, entertain just and enlightened views, and right feelings toward our Government. The Prince NAPOLEON, who was so recently with us, and saw and heard with his own eyes and ears, looks upon the Rebellion as causeless and wicked. And the EMPEROR, though really pressed by the sufferings of the Manufacturing and Laboring classes, and urged

by less legitimate influences to declare against the Blockade, has been alike true to the Laws of Nations, and to our Government.

We return immediately to London, where, when Parliament meets, on the 6th February, fresh troubles are apprehended.

I was fortunate in having a Letter of introduction to M. LOUBAT, of Paris, a Gentleman who resided many years in New York, where he has large interests (the St. Nicholas Hotel) and numerous friends. To M. LOUBAT I am indebted for useful attentions. He is an ardent and devoted friend of the Union.

Archbishop HUGHES, I regret to say, has been quite ill for a fortnight, confined most of the time to his bed. Though much wasted, nothing serious is apprehended.

The EMPEROR expresses disappointment and regret in not seeing Gen. SCOTT, for whose character and services he has great respect, and from whom he expected useful information.

XX.

LONDON, January 30, 1862.

A VERY extraordinary Trial, and one which has occupied one or two columns of all the London Journals daily for the last five weeks, and excited general and equal interest and disgust, has just "dragged its slow length" to a conclusion. As it is not likely that American Journals have published the Testimony, I will give a brief synopsis of it.

WILLIAM WINDHAM, a descendant of the great Mr. WINDHAM, came to his majority and Fortune a few months since. He was the only son of a deceased Father, and Heir to a large estate. Before he was of age he married AGNES WILLOUGHBY, a "pretty horse breaker," as appeared in the testimony, though the designation was not explained. But that she was a pretty, fast, dashing Girl, of more than equivocal reputation, was proven.

Young WINDHAM's relations—Titled and Distinguished, including Gen. WINDHAM, of Crimean reputation—sued for a commission of Lunacy, and SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., author of "Ten Thousand a Year," and the "Diary of a Physician," was appointed to Preside at the Trial.

The first and principal Witnesses against WINDHAM were Mr. and Mrs. LEWELLYN, with whom he Lodged, in St. Innis street. They testified that he was unclean in his person and habits; that when taking a bath he would come out in the passage naked; that he ate ravenously and slobberingly; that he would devour eight or nine poached eggs for Breakfast; that he would raise his voice at night and imitate cats; that he was rude to chamber-maids; that he drank immoderately at Lunch; that he staid out frequently all night, returning in the morning in a filthy condition; that he kept no accounts and did not know the value of money, &c.

Policemen were called to prove that Mr. WINDHAM frequented the Haymarket, where he was the butt of Street Walkers and the victim of Sharpers.

It was proved that Mr. WINDHAM had a passion for low company and menial occupations; that when a Boy he procured the costume of a Waiter and served as such at Table; that when a young man he dressed himself in the uniform of a Railway employee, and officiated about the Stations, driving Engines when allowed to do so, and traveling as Conductor or Guard; that he came to his Lodgings looking like a Stoker, and saying that he had been all night on a Locomotive.

Mrs. WILLIAMS, a Widow Lady, said she found

Mr. WINDHAM at a watering place, and endeavored to humanize him, but that she found him almost idiotic, and incapable of conducting himself decently in Society.

A Tutor testified to his imbecility.

A Traveling Guide or Teacher, testified that he was incapable of taking care of himself or managing his affairs.

Medical men who, at different times, had attended him professionally, pronounced him of weak mind.

It was proved that he was ungovernable in temper and cruel to Animals, having shot one of his horses.

One of his first acts, on becoming of age, was to sell Timber Land of great value, to a Sharper, for less than half its value.

When it was reported that he was to marry AGNES WILLOUGHBY, some friends asked him if he knew her character. He said Yes, that she had told him that she lived with a Gentleman, but that she was the Daughter of a Clergyman and was otherwise respectably connected; that distinguished men had married "kept women," who reformed and made good wives. On the morning of the day he was to be married, a Friend, remonstrating, said, "Do you know that she was with

Mr. ROGERS last night?" WINDHAM replied that he knew they slept in the same House, "but nothing more."

The "Happy Pair" went from the Church to Paris, where they soon quarrelled, the Lady insisting that he should take her to the "Mabile," and he insisting that it was not a proper place for a Lady. Whereupon she writes Letters to her "Dear" Paramour, which he intercepts, and not long afterwards she left him, going to Dublin, where it is supposed she had a re-union with the Gentleman whom she had given up for Mr. WINDHAM.

On Mr. WINDHAM's return from Paris, Jewellers' Bills amounting to £17,000 were presented. Some friends inquired how he came to be so largely indebted to the Jewellers! He replied that the Jewels were a Present to his Wife; that he should not have purchased such valuable Jewels if he had not desired to make her reparation for a wrong; that as he had wronged her, he wanted to do the handsome thing. What that wrong was will be conjectured, though the nature of it was found out in the Testimony. He said that it was all the fault of the Medical men.

This, with a huge mass of similar Testimony occupied the Court for four weeks. And then

came the Testimony for the defence. First the Testimony of Mr. and Mrs. LEWELLYN was riddled. It was found that they were employed by Gen. WINDHAM to make out a case of Lunacy against his Nephew, by their own and other witnesses; that an attempt was made to suborn a Sister and an outcast Brother of Mrs. L. Inmates of their House testified that the gormandizing, bath, unclean and slobbering Testimony, were exaggerations. Witnesses were produced who explained many of Mr. WINDHAM's eccentricities. Tutors and Professors from Schools and Colleges testified that though not a bright boy, or of strong intellect, young WINDHAM learnt his lessons and kept up with his class-mates. It was proved that he behaved himself properly in society, and that, for a short time, as an officer in the Militia, he conducted himself like a Gentleman and an Officer.

Many witnesses connected professionally with Asylums, or who had large experience in cases of Lunacy, were called, the balance of whose testimony told in favor of Mr. WINDHAM, though all agreed that he is a person of feeble intellect.

The propensities for railway driving and table waiting were virtually admitted, as was the bad character of the girl he married.

A number of Letters written to his Mother from

school, when a boy, and from college as a young man, were read. These Letters showed sense and affection, and told in his favor. His Mother refused to be a party in this suit against her son, though his discreditable marriage alienated her from him temporarily.

The summing up of Counsel, with the charge of Mr. WARREN, to the Jury, occupied nearly a week, only concluding yesterday. But the Jury made short work of the case, for after a consultation of three-quarters of an hour, they returned with a verdict which informed the Court that "*they found Mr. WINDHAM of sound mind, and capable of taking care of himself and his affairs.*"

The verdict elicited loud cheering. The following extracts from this morning's papers will show how the transaction is viewed :

From the Times.

The Jury have at last found that Mr. WINDHAM is of sound mind, and capable of taking care of himself and his affairs. They must have been as insane as Mr. WINDHAM himself was asserted to be if they had come to any other conclusion. Yet in a few years this Mr. WINDHAM will, in all probability, be a pauper.

This verdict will be received in many similar quarters with an equal joy. The sharks of society, the borrowers and the usurers, the toadies and the swaggerers, the procuresses and courtesans, the keepers of dens of infamy, and all the parasites which feed upon the corrupt parts of the social body, have their prey marked out to them. The

law itself has been their pilot fish. If this man be not changed throughout by his recent peril, he will probably run for a short time a career of folly, prodigality and vice, will decline through a stage of brutal dissipation and unpitied beggary, and will die neglected and forgotten.

And yet this verdict was emphatically right. Society cannot undertake to protect men against the consequences of their own vices. Crimes and offences are repressed by punishment in society's own defence; but mere vice in adult men and women must be left to the NEMESIS which itself invokes.

From the Telegraph.

At last the WINDHAM case is happily terminated. It has drawn its slow length along, month by month, and day by day, till public opinion grew absolutely exasperated by its nauseating details, and wearied by its eternal continuance. We have already delivered ourselves pretty plainly upon the character of the proceedings, but the disgust which we should have had to express, if they had culminated in a verdict against justice and common sense, is happily averted. Thanks to the intelligent jury, whose patient attention deserved all the compliments of the Judge, the matter is well decided.

Mr. WINDHAM goes free, then, pronounced a sane man. But let him not misinterpret the cheers that greeted his liberation in the hall, and pursued him as he quitted it. There are no two meanings in those felicitations.

We owe no indulgence to the relatives of Mr. WINDHAM, and we shall show them none. They are those who have not scrupled to drag the sickly particulars of their kinsman's life into the light of day—to ravage slum and stable for repulsive evidence—to weary and shame the English public in their desperate yearning for the oaks and broad acres of Felbrigge Hall. Thank Heaven the miserable business is ended, and ended to the discomfiture of these unnatural accusers.

From the Star and Dial.

Mr. WINDHAM may fairly be congratulated on the vindication of his civil rights, even if he should have to pay for it by the sacrifice of a large portion of his property. Upon the follies and vices of his past career we look with the repugnance which they must arouse in every well-regulated mind.

He has evinced low tastes and indulged in deplorable debauchery, but it should be borne in mind that he was but a youth, yielding all the more readily to the allurements of the profligacy which flaunts itself abroad through the defectiveness of his early training. Let us hope that he will lead for the future the life of a reputable man.

Even if this young couple should see fit to squander their patrimony, Mrs. WINDHAM may still lead a virtuous life; and, spite of Mr. MONTAGU CHAMBERS's glowing picture of the luxurious ease of asylums for the insane, we apprehend that Mr. WINDHAM will find hard work in a second floor preferable to laziness in a lunatic's cell. But we hope for better things, and trust that in both this sharp lesson will bear wholesome fruit.

XXI.

LONDON, February 7, 1862.

THE much dreaded sixth of February has come and gone, and nobody is hurt. Though much of evil was apprehended, from the meeting of Parliament, a month ago, ever since we escaped injury from the French Emperor, things have been improving. The "Times," even up to the last day, continued to "Thunder," but it has been known for several days that the *Government* did not intend to interfere with America. Indeed, since the settlement of the Trent affair, a kindlier feeling, both with the Government and People of England, has been very manifest. On the Trent affair, they were all for War; but the reaction is as marked as it is gratifying.

In all that occurred, in Parliament, last night, I find encouragement. EARL RUSSELL, LORD PALMERSTON, MR. D'ISRAELI, EARL SHELBURNE, EARL GRANVILLE, &c., &c., indicated, quite as much by their *manner* of speaking of America, as in what they said, the right feeling. The only cheer in the House of Commons was elicited by a kind allusion to America by LORD PALMERSTON.

The escape of the Nashville is very vexatious and mortifying. I do not know that Capt. CRAVEN could have done better, though his returning to Cowes, where, the moment his Anchor was down, he was fast for twenty-four hours, unexplained, caused surprise here.

Mr. MASON has lodgings at Fenton's Hotel, where he is as little the subject of attention as any private gentleman could desire. He was visited by Secessionists — and by no one else. This marked neglect of the Chivalry of Virginia, in the person of a Confederate Commissioner, is not without its significance. The idea prevalent here is, that the four Confederates taken from the Trent, cost England £1,000,000 each, and that it is more than they are worth.

Among the Documents submitted to Parliament is a long one from Messrs. YANCEY & Co., asking for a recognition of the Independence of the Insurgent States, with a brief reply from Earl RUSSELL, declining the request.

The following Letter from Lord LYONS will be read with interest in America :

LORD LYONS'S OPINION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Lord Lyons, under date of December 18th, thus expresses his opinion of the Southern Confederacy :

"This overweening notion of their own importance may lead to very serious inconvenience, if they should succeed

in establishing their independence. Our need of their cotton is quite great enough to render it extremely desirable that we should be on good terms with them, and encourage any disposition which they may show to place their commercial relations with us on a mutually advantageous footing. We might be willing to consider that a quarrel with them would give us no means of ameliorating the condition of their slaves, while it would bring a great deal of hardship and suffering upon vast numbers of our own working people. But still it must ever be repugnant to our feelings to be in intimate relations with a Confederation formed on the avowed principle of perpetuating, if not of extending, Slavery.

“Unless the seceding States can be induced to act with moderation upon the question of Slavery, they may rouse a feeling of indignation and horror in Great Britain which will overpower all consideration of material interest. Of this many of their leading men in the present movement do not seem to be aware. Some of them even talk openly of reviving the African slave trade. An attempt actually to do this would, it may be supposed, be at once put down by the united force of the Northern States, of Great Britain, and of civilized Europe. But, on the other hand, it might be extremely difficult to bring any of the slaveholding States to renounce, in principle, the right of trading in negroes, or to induce them to enter into any treaty engagement on the subject. Any such engagement would be regarded by them as an admission that they were in the wrong on the question on which their contest with the North has so inflamed their passions that they have lost sight of all reason. How could they bind themselves not to extend to larger numbers of Africans the blessings of the institution of American Slavery, which they hold to be ordained of God for the happiness and improvement of the negro race? It is to be apprehended that we shall have very considerable difficulty in placing our relations,

commercial or political, on a satisfactory footing with a people imbued with such sentiments, immense as is the importance to us of procuring a cheap and abundant supply of their staple commodity."

The French Government is in the London Money Market for a large Loan, on which interest equal to that paid by our Government is offered.

The question asked here, now, most frequently, is, whether the American People will bear Taxation? To Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament who thus interrogate me, I answer, unhesitatingly, "Yes."

The Secessionists in Paris and London are much annoyed by the refusal of the French and English Governments to give "aid and comfort" to Rebellion.

Bishop McILVAINE was invited to Buckingham Palace on Thursday evening, to take leave of the Prince of Wales (who is going to the East), to whom the Bishop, after the Death of Prince ALBERT, had written a touching Letter of condolence and advice.

XXII.

ON THE IMPRISONMENTS IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON DAILY NEWS.

SIR :

IN your report of the debate in the House of Lords, last evening, Earl Russell, in reply to Earl of Carnarvon, who complained that subjects of Her Majesty had been imprisoned in America, said :

"There was one gentleman who happened to be a partner in a firm, and the other partners had great connections with the South. It was true that the firm had strong Southern sympathies, but the gentleman himself was a firm supporter of the Government of the Union. It was the mere circumstance of letters being sent to his partner which induced his arrest. I thought that a most arbitrary and unjust proceeding. Mr. Seward said he thought the circumstances were enough to induce suspicion, but that as soon as it was ascertained that there was no ground for that suspicion that gentleman was released."

The friends of the gentleman referred to by Earl Russell applied to me to assist in presenting his case favorably to the Government. Of his loyalty they furnished satisfactory evidence. His arrest was occasioned by the seizure of the treasonable correspondence of his "partner." I under-

stood from the friends of that gentleman, who was immediately released, that he did not himself, under the circumstances, regard his arrest as unreasonable. But after his release the same friends undertook to persuade, and did, by their earnest appeals and strong assurances, persuade me that one of that gentleman's "partners" (then in Europe) was loyal. The object of their efforts was to rescue the reputation of that "partner" from reproach, and his property (in New York) from confiscation. Thus persuaded, I not only represented his case favorably to the Secretary of State, but gave to the public an expression in his favor. Directly afterward I found the family of this "partner" on board the steamer that brought me to Europe, manifesting during the passage strong disunion sentiments — so strong, that on the occasion of the usual "Captain's dinner," when the health of "Queen Victoria" and the "Emperor Napoleon" had been drunk with the honors, and that of the "President of the United States" proposed, it was hissed by the son of that "partner." Upon reaching Havre, the same young man insisted upon entering his name upon the Hotel register, next to that of Major-Gen. Scott, as "Lieutenant in the Confederate Army," while the "partner" who awaited the arrival of his family,

made no concealment of his Rebel proclivities. I had, therefore, the mortification to find a person whose name and property I had protected, an enemy of my country, with a son who ought to have been arrested in New York, making a record of his treason in France.

We do not complain that Englishmen, who cannot be expected to care much for either side of the American war question, should be tempted, by large profits, into enterprises which furnish "aid and comfort" to the South; but when three or four, or even five, of as many hundreds thus engaged, are arrested upon erroneous informations, we do ask for reasonable forbearance. That forbearance, I am gratified to say, has been experienced. Lord Lyons, in the investigation of such cases, has been patient, unbiased, and just. And Earl Russell, in Parliament, meets the same questions with arguments evincing his knowledge of their intrinsic difficulty, and in a spirit worthy of a nation whose large experience of, and large interests in, all the embarrassments incident to a condition of war, enable its statesmen to act upon them understandingly.

I am, &c.,

THURLOW WEED.

BRIGHTON, *Feb. 11.*

XXIII.

BRIGHTON, Feb. 12, 1862.

WE accepted Mr. PEABODY'S invitation to pass two days with him at Brighton, at once the Saratoga and Newport of England. It is a City of 80,000 inhabitants, without commerce or manufactures. It is fifty miles from London, the nearest point of contact with the Ocean. Along the Beach are hundreds of Bathing-Houses on wheels, to be backed into the surf—all idle, however, now, for the *season* does not fairly commence till October, and closes in December. Brighton is the residence of some thousands of Persons of leisure, who live on their income.

The Promenade, or as it is called, the "Parade," extends along the Beach nearly three miles, and this afternoon a hundred or more vehicles, from the Chair in which Mrs. "Skewton" and "Major Bagstock" were wheeled, the Goat and Donkey Carriages, to the Barouche, were in requisition, along with hundreds of Ladies and Gentlemen on horseback.

Brighton owes its celebrity to George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, who erected a beautiful Pavilion. The queen came here soon after her marriage, but she was so much stared at and followed that she went to Osborne House.

LONDON, Feb. 14, 1862.

All is quiet in Parliament, and although our opponents are preparing for an attack upon the Blockade, I do not apprehend any bad result. There is a marked change of public sentiment here in our favor.

The Tuscarora has arrived at Gibraltar, where the Pirate Steamer Sumter is without coal.

Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD is here endeavoring to revive the Atlantic Cable, in which I hope he may be successful.

America is largely indebted to Manchester influences for the steadiness of this Government in respecting the Blockade. Though the greatest consumers of Cotton, her leading Manufacturers have constantly said to the Government and to the public, we can, by half labor and economy, hold out for several months, giving the Federal Government time to vindicate its authority. The Representatives of the Manufacturing Districts, in Parliament, generally, act in the same liberal spirit. I met leading Gentlemen from Manchester in December, and then expressed the belief, to our Government, and I believe in the Journal, that we should encounter no opposition from that quarter. That expectation has been fully realized.

XXIV.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 16, 1862.

THIS *was* a "Treat," not only for the "Shoe Blacks," but for several hundred Ladies and Gentlemen, including your Correspondent, who, smoking his after-dinner Segar, in Hanover Square, loafed into a Concert Room, where he found three hundred Street Boys (Shoe Blacks) in Uniform, regaling themselves with Tea, Coffee and Rolls. The "Treat" over, they ascended to the Concert Room, where the intellectual exercises, for two hours, were full of interest.

The Earl of SHAFRESBURY, a Philanthropic Nobleman, who devotes himself to half divine missions of this character, and who presided, invited me to a seat by his side, and at intervals, gave me an account of this organization. The "Shoe Blacks" are Graduates of "Ragged Schools." Boys who conduct themselves properly in these Schools are promoted to the "Society of Shoe Blacks," and have fixed Stations, devote certain hours to their Profession, and then repair to their Schools, where they are taught reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic and geography. The Society

furnishes their Box, Brushes and Blacking. Their Earnings are paid over, daily, to the Treasurer. The Boys receive sixpence (twelve cents) a day, first; then one-third of their daily earnings is paid down to them; one-third is invested for their benefit; while the other third is reserved to defray the expense of the Society.

There are seven Societies in London, all, however, having a Federal head. The price for Blacking Boots and Brushing Pants, is one penny.

The total number of Boys employed, since their Organization in 1851, is 1094. The aggregate Earnings, from that date, was £13,585 18s. 1d. In 1860, the amount of Earnings paid to Boys was £1,785.

The Boys are bright, cheerful, intelligent, and almost universally of good habits, using their money for the support of Mothers, Brothers and Sisters. One Boy fitted out and paid the expenses of his Mother and Brother to Australia.

These three hundred Boys, instead of growing up for the Penitentiaries, are now fully reclaimed, and will become useful citizens. Many of their associates have already obtained advantageous situations.

One of the most devoted Friends of the "Shoe Blacks" is Mr. MCGREGOR, who, when an Infant,

was rescued from a burning East India Ship, the Kent, in which there was such a fearful loss of life.

February 16.

There have been, for several weeks, Sunday Evening Services at St. Paul's Cathedral, attended by several thousands. We went there this Evening to hear Bishop McILVAINE, of Ohio. He Preached from the 119th Psalm, 116th Verse. His Discourse was practical, earnest and able. His clear voice and distinct utterance resounded through the immense nave under the Dome to an attentive audience of between four and five thousand, after which the 238th Hymn,

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God,"

was sung most impressively. You can judge of the effect produced by the mingling of more than two thousand Voices with the tones of a powerful Organ. The Blessing was pronounced by the Bishop of London.

It has been intimated, for several days, that Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL were prepared to make large concessions to obtain either Recognition or Intervention, from England and France. For instance: to Prohibit the African Slave Trade; to authorize Manumission; *and to guarantee the Freedom of Slaves to be born, when twenty-one years old.* I have not credited these rumors, but they

come now from an English Gentleman of high position. Of course the last of these propositions cannot be made in good faith, for it is the last thing Slavery would consent to. But in their desperation it is possible they may promise it, though I doubt even this.

XXV.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 21, 1862.

THE paragraph which appeared some weeks since, in the Evening Journal, representing the Earl of SHAFTESBURY as saying that he desired the disruption of the American Union, &c., &c., was a fabrication. Several copies of the paragraph have been sent from America to the Earl, who yesterday sent me one of them, with a Letter from Mr. ATWOOD, of Philadelphia. That the correction of this unjust imputation may be direct and explicit, I send the Earl's own denial :

"FEBRUARY 20, 1862.

"DEAR MR. WEED — * * * * Be so good as to read the enclosed Letter to me from Philadelphia, and then return it to me. It is one, and a sample, of many that I receive on the same subject. My reply is uniform ; I have made no such speeches, attended no meeting, and have neither said nor thought anything so foolish and mischievous, as the contents of that paragraph.

"Your faithful servant,

"SHAFTESBURY."

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY devotes his time, talents, and fortune to the amelioration and improvement of the condition and character of the

oppressed and fallen classes of humanity. He is active and efficient in all really useful and beneficent objects and associations. The poor of London find in this true Philanthropist a practical friend. In a former Letter I told you how I found him among the "Shoe Blacks," inspiring, reforming, nay, actually regenerating them. And as a Statesman, in the House of Peers, he is not less enlightened and liberal. His views and feelings towards America are precisely the reverse of those so falsely attributed to him. He is inflexibly hostile to Slavery, and while his sympathies are with the North, he would be better pleased to see our War one for open and avowed Emancipation, provided that it were possible to connect with it some practical mode of disposing and providing for four millions of ransomed Slaves.

XXVI.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 23, 1862.

WE have just returned from the Rev. Mr. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle, where this remarkable Preacher dispensed and divided the word of his Master amongst SEVEN THOUSAND hearers! I give this figure as the number of the auditors because there are SIX THOUSAND rented seats in the Tabernacle, and these were all occupied, while a thousand more, at least, edged into the Aisles and Lobbies.

The Tabernacle is an immense structure, with two Galleries. The Pulpit is even with the floor of the first Gallery, circular in form, with a railing over which the Preacher inclines, and in the Pulpit, behind him, his Deacons sit. The Choir (very numerous) are disposed in front of the Pulpit, on the basement, and behind the Pulpit, in the first gallery. The congregation unite with the Choir, the Preacher "lining" the Hymn, as Parsons in the country did in the olden time.

It is idle to go there without first securing a seat. Mr. LAYARD, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had kindly obtained from Mr. SPURGEON a direction which conducted us to his own Pew, where, though

but ten minutes late, our two seats were the only unoccupied ones to be seen. As we were by the Pulpit, within ten feet of the Preacher, we looked into the eyes and faces of this vast multitude of People.

The Text was from the eighteenth chapter of the first Book of Samuel, and the three first verses, recording the affection and love of JONATHAN for DAVID. The Sermon was earnest, glowing and evangelical—the manner fervid and impressive; and less exciting than the many Preachers whose enthusiasm creates no particular remark. There were no eccentricities of language—no straining for effect—no effort to startle. In short, it was a sensible, well-reasoned Discourse, delivered with animation, calculated to edify and improve well-informed listeners, of whom his congregation seemed to be composed. The Christian Doxology, with which the services closed, was sung with exalted and sublime effect.

Mrs. SPURGEON, with whom we sat, invited us into a retiring Room to see her Husband, with whom we had ten minutes' conversation. He has been eight years in this work, Preaching, Lecturing, organizing, &c., constantly; he is still fresh and vigorous. His burdens are lightened, he said, by the zeal and devotion of his Deacons, who take

good care of him and his flock. His Church consists of 2,000 communicants and his congregation of 6,000.

The Tabernacle cost £30,000. It is on the Surrey side of the Thames, about a mile from Westminster Bridge.

XXVII.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 25, 1862.

I go when I get time to the Parliament House, and this evening in some expectation of a Debate on American Affairs ; but it did not come on.

I begin to like the way business is done in Parliament. The manner is business-like. There is no "Buncombe"—no "spread eagle" declamation. Men who have sense talk sensibly, and to the purpose. The Ministers, who are members also, sit on the right of the Speaker, to explain the views of the Government and to answer questions.

Although the Body is composed of some 600 members, the Chamber is not half as large as our Hall of Representatives. The House is only full when it "divides" on important questions, and then many stand up.

I like, too, their mode of stopping the personalities of Debate, and especially their process for stopping Duels. An example has just occurred. Sir ROBERT PEEL offended the O'DONOGHUE, who immediately sent a hostile note. Lord PALMERSTON committed the facts to the House. The SPEAKER called upon the O'DONOGHUE to withdraw his

challenge and apologize to the House for an abuse of its Privilege. This was done, and the matter ended. This is a sensible way of reforming a popular nuisance.

In reading, as we do, in English papers, reports of Debates, the frequent recurrence of "Hear," "Hear," seems senseless. But in listening to these Debates, you soon discover a reason for, and a fitness in, these interjections. They occasion no interruption, and rather aid than embarrass the Speaker.

Members of Parliament, on the Permission of the Speaker, admit me upon the Floor of the House; so that my visits there enable me to hear better and to converse with Members.

XXVIII.

LONDON, MARCH 8, 1862.

THE Debate on Mr. GREGORY's motion, in relation to the American Blockade, came off in the House of Commons last Evening. It being a Special Order, on an important question, the House was quite full at an early hour, half-past four.

Mr. GREGORY, of Galway, who endeavored so repeatedly to get this question before the House at its last Session, opened the Debate, making a carefully prepared Speech, in which he avowed strong Southern sympathies, and evinced equally strong prejudices against the Union. He touched, also, all the *raw* spots calculated to awaken National irritation, and in this way did move the Tory side of the House. The Speech was an appeal to the sympathies and prejudices, rather than to the judgment of the House.

Mr. BENTWICK, in seconding the motion, made a Speech, showing that *his* sympathies were with Secession, because it promised to destroy the Union.

Mr. FORSTER, a Representative from Bradford, a Manufacturing District, followed, confining him-

self, mainly, to a reply to Mr. GREGORY, and an analysis of the Blockade Papers and the Letters of Messrs. YANCEY, MANN, &c., alleging that several hundred Vessels had ran the Blockade. Mr. FORSTER's Speech was clear, forcible and irresistible. He proved by the Papers submitted, by the Letters of British Consuls and Naval Officers, that the Blockade is efficient, and finally closed his most effective effort amid the acclamations of the House.

Mr. FORSTER is the Son of a prominent Quaker gentleman, who died, in 1854, in Tennessee, near the recently captured Fort Donelson.

Mr. MONCTON MILNES followed in a calm, earnest appeal to the House in favor of preserving the Laws and Usages of Nations, and of evincing, as far as was admissible, sentiments and sympathies in favor of a Government which Slavery seeks to overthrow.

Mr. LINDSAY, a wealthy Shipper, spoke strongly against the North, insisting that the Slave States have the same right to Secede, and the same injustice and oppression to justify Rebellion, that the American Colonies had to excuse their Rebellion in 1776.

The Solicitor-General, Sir RONNDELL PALMER, then took the floor, and with a smooth, even,

flowing volume of eloquence, held the House enchanted for an hour. In the days when Statesmanship was conceded to a favored few—when learning and eloquence were monopolized—such a Speech would have been hailed and held as marvelous. And yet, in manner, it seemed only the gentleman's way of talking. The sentences, pregnant with matter and meaning, dropped without effort from his melodious lips. Indeed, he was eloquent in prose as JENNY LIND was in music—because he could not help it. In all that Sir RONNDELL PALMER said upon the different questions reviewed by the opposition Speakers, the House evidently sympathized. And this is the more important, inasmuch as the Solicitor-General spoke for the Government. His Speech will of course be extensively published and read in America. It will, I trust, remove many unpleasant impressions, impressions occasioned by the Trent affair. It is neither just nor wise to cherish those impressions. England was right in her demand for the surrender of SLIDELL and MASON. We should have had no doubt on this point if two of our own Citizens had been taken from the Trent by the Nashville or Sumter. That matter, however, is happily settled, and the feeling here is right now. The English rejoice with us heartily in our recent Victories

The Government, too, is right, as will be inferred from the Speech of Sir RONNDELL PALMER, who reflects the sentiments of the Ministry.

Lord R. CECIL followed on the other side, and when he concluded, it being evident that the Motion against the Blockade had no strength, the Debate closed, and the motion *collapsed*.

Several Friends—earnest Friends—including Mr. STANSFIELD, Mr. KINNAIRD, Mr. BAZLEY, Mr. BAXTER, Mr. POTTER, Mr. WHITE, Mr. SMITH, &c., were ready and anxious to speak for the Union, but as Messrs. FORSTER, MILNES, and PALMER had said all that was needful, they reserved themselves for another occasion.

I stated, in December, that I had met several Gentlemen from Manchester, who assured me that, while they wanted Cotton they would not seek it at the expense of our Blockade, until our Government had been given a reasonable time to put down the Rebellion. This proves true. In none of the hostile movements have the Capitalists or the Operatives of the Manufacturing Districts participated. They have said, and continue to say, that though they suffer, they will hold out as long as we really endeavor to put down Slavery. And the Representatives from those Districts reflect, in Parliament, the sentiments of their constituents.

Mr. COBDEN will probably speak on Tuesday, discussing the general question of Blockades, and urging an amelioration, or rather the emancipation, of all private property, by Sea, in time of War. Mr. COBDEN, like that bold champion on the North, Mr. BRIGHT, takes a lively interest in our success.

The result of this Debate, brought on by our enemies, was a marked triumph for the North. It is so understood generally—and so felt Mr. MASON, who was present, and evidently passed six irksome hours. I could not help contrasting his condition, “solitary and alone” in the House of Commons—with his arrogant, supercilious bearing and his threatening, defiant language, for so many years, in our Senate.



XXIX.

LONDON, MARCH 14, 1862.

AMONG the remarkable men of this vast Metropolis, is Mr. JOHN CASSELL, whose Publishing House in Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate-Hill, is the largest in England. His name is impressed upon more title pages and imprints than that of any other man living. He publishes either a Magazine or Journal devoted to almost every department of practical science, economy, improvement and industry, with weekly and monthly editions varying from 60,000 to 150,000. He is also publishing an immense edition of an Illustrated Family Bible. All his publications and all his efforts are addressed to the middle and laboring classes. Last year he offered Prizes for the best Essays on a dozen designated Questions concerning the improvement and welfare of the laboring classes, to be written by themselves. A large number were submitted, from which that selected by a Committee (of which I believe Lord BROUGHAM was Chairman) constitute an exceedingly interesting Volume. Upon all questions of Domestic Economy and Moral Improvement (including Temperance), Mr.

CASSELL Writes and Lectures. He Lectures, also, in favor of the American Union, of which he is a staunch Friend. He did so boldly at Liverpool, Bristol, &c., at the moment the English mind was excited by the Trent affair. Mr. C. has traveled in America, and understands our Country thoroughly.

Mr. CASSELL's Establishment is a massive block erected for the purpose, and like that of the HARPERS, is admirably adapted to the purpose. The Printing Presses, Engine, &c., are in a basement. The Ware-rooms for Paper, Books, &c., are on the first floor. On the Second, are Bindery, Folding and Drying Room and Offices. Upon the third, entirely roofed with glass, is the Composing Room.

Mr. CASSELL has two Partners (young men who grew up in the business), who execute what the Chief designs. They meet at half-past one, daily, for lunch and consultation. On these occasions, when it is convenient, I "drop in."

One side of sixty Country newspapers is made up and Printed at this Establishment.

On Saturday morning, the Publication day for most of Mr. CASSELL's Journals, Belle Sauvage Yard resembles the "Isaac Newton" or "New World" discharging freight.

Americans in London pass pleasant evenings at

the hospitable mansion of Mr. CASSELL, on Avenue Road, Hyde Park, adorned with numerous works of Art and Taste by his Lady and Daughter. Among other celebrities whom we met there was Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, a quiet gentleman, apparently about fifty, but really seventy-two. He attributes his good health to a life of abstinence from strong drink.

Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD has been here three weeks, laboring to revive the Atlantic Cable enterprise; and not, I am glad to say, without hope of ultimate success.

The Letter of Gov. SEWARD, upon Court Presentations, is greatly commended. It will relieve our Ministers in London and Paris from the most disagreeable part of their duties.

XXX.

PARIS, APRIL, 1862

THE bright sun and spring-like weather render Paris very beautiful. The Champs de Elysees and Wood of Bologne attract crowds of every rank and class, from the Emperor to the Peasant. I should fail in any attempt to describe the beauties of the Wood of Bologne, a Forest, four or five miles in circumference, laid out and adorned at great expense and exquisite taste.

The First NAPOLEON's tastes were more mental. He adorned Paris with Trophies of Victory, such as the Column of Vandome, the arch of Triumph, the Obelisk of Luxor, &c., &c. NAPOLEON III. is more practical, seeking to IMPROVE as well as to adorn Paris. His reign will be distinguished by Reforms and Progress. France, under his auspices, has been rising and improving in its Agricultural, Manufacturing and Commercial pursuits and resources; while Paris is becoming the most beautiful city in the world. The opening and improvement of streets is progressing upon a scale of magnitude perfectly bewildering. For example, the Boulevard Sebastopol, cut through the heart

of the city, extends from the Port St. Dennis to Rue Rivoli, and is already built up with palatial grandeur. This broad avenue is connected with the Boulevard Strasbourg, equally magnificent, ending at the Strasbourg Railway Station.

On the Boulevard Italian, a new Hotel, covering more than an acre and a half, and casting the Hotel Louvre into the shade, has risen almost as by magic. Perhaps the best idea may be given of this Hotel by saying that it is larger than the "Astor," the "St. Nicholas," and the "Metropolitan," together, would be! Adjoining this Hotel, three acres of Buildings have been demolished, preparatory to the erection of an Opera House.

Around the Hotel de Ville, more than two acres of Buildings are being demolished, the ground on which they stood to be thrown into a Park. This will include the site of the "Morgue," a place of so many unwritten histories of misery and death. I looked into this receptacle of the unknown Dead yesterday. The bodies of two wretched beings who had "shuffled off this mortal coil" lay there, waiting to be identified and claimed by some of the hundreds who were constantly looking into this Dead House.

Nearly opposite the "Morgue," on the other side of the Seine, and facing it, stands the House

long occupied by VOLTAIRE, and near it, that in the fifth story of which the First BONAPARTE resided when he was a Captain of Artillery, 1785. The present Emperor has placed a marble Tablet in the wall, recording this incident in the life of his Uncle.

We went this morning to pay a tribute of affection and gratitude, to the Tomb of LA FAYETTE, who reposes in the Cemetery of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart of Mary." This Cemetery is but a short distance from the site of one of the Guillotines, in the days of blood; and the spot consecrated by the remains of the good LA FAYETTE, contains the headless bodies of thirteen hundred and sixty victims of the Revolution, that were thrown into a pit dug for the occasion. It is now the abode of Penitence, Piety and Peace. Some of the Nuns were at their devotions in the Chapel, and others were walking through the beautiful Gardens.

XXXI.

PARIS, APRIL 8, 1862.

THE continued and gratifying successes which reward the indomitable energy of our Army and Navy, and that distinguishes the unflinching courage of our Soldiers and Sailors, is exalting our country in the estimation of Europe. Veteran officers in England and France express their admiration of the steadiness and persistence of regiments which they had looked upon as militia. The gallantry of the troops under BURNSIDE, and in Kentucky, Missouri, and Arkansas, is equal to that of the best troops of NAPOLEON or WELLINGTON. The war, therefore, which commenced so disastrously, promises to establish for us, abroad, a military renown as enviable as that which our Navy achieved in the War of 1812.

But, as the war seems drawing to a close, I hope that wisdom and patriotism, equal to the devotion and courage of the country, will be shown in accomplishing an honorable Peace. This great duty will claim and engross the best faculties of our Statesmen, and the highest degree of good sense from the people.

For the leaders of this most wicked Rebellion, I ask neither forbearance nor sympathy; nor, when the Southern People awake from their dream, will *they* forgive those leaders. A fearful, a terrible punishment will have fallen upon those misguided People. By-and-by, the inhabitants of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, North Carolina, &c., will inquire, wonderingly, what tempted them to a Rebellion so causeless and wanton? why they, without provocation or reason, consented to the destruction of a Government under which they were prospering, and ought to have been contented and happy? The intercepted letter of the Louisiana Rebel Major, to his Sister, shows that the work of self-examination has commenced. Ere long, such inquiries will prevail throughout the South; and *then* the Leaders of Rebellion will be called to account—then, TOOMBS, DAVIS, SLIDELL, HUNTER, &c., &c., will be held to answer for the treasure and lives sacrificed, by agonized and ruined survivors. Then these Traitor Chiefs will have more to dread from a desolated South than from a betrayed North. Then the work of reconstruction will commence; and then those who have been either silenced, or constrained to avow sentiments which they never entertained, will be found available. The reaction,

in sentiment, when it commences, will be active and earnest.

The Policy of England and France, in their over-prompt acknowledgment of the Rebels as Belligerents, has prolonged and aggravated the war. The credits and sympathy extended to Traitors, from these two nations, costs us millions of treasure and thousands of lives; and in the end, disappoints the Traitors and deepens the desolation of the Southern People. This was occasioned by the unfortunate circumstance that when the war broke out we were represented abroad by Secession Ministers, who were seconded by numerous Secession agents.

All this, however, is changed. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Dissolution avowal, in Parliament, met no response, in or out of the House; nor did he speak the sentiments of his own colleagues.

XXXII.

HARLAEM, APRIL 20, 1862.

NINETY-TWO years ago a rich Miser named TYLAER lived and died in this city. His passion for hoarding grew with his years, and became finally intensified. His only sustenance, for two or three years before he died, was a pint of milk, with a piece of dry bread, daily. By a law of the city, milk purchased for Servants, and taken in from the back door, was in a larger measure than that used for the rich. TYLAER, therefore, purchased half a pint at the front, and the same quantity at the back door. He had been twice married, but had lost his wives, and never had Children. He lived alone.

But the great day of settlement finally came to him, as it comes to all. In his Will the Estate was tied for an hundred years. In amount, computed by weight, it was equal to NINETY-SEVEN (97) TONS IN GOLD! His Executors were instructed to expend the interest in erecting suitable buildings for the aged and indigent Females of good repute; and in the establishment and maintenance of a Philosophical and Scientific Institution for

the instruction of youth and the benefit of all classes.

The Homes of the old Women are most comfortable ones, and their inmates are as cozy and happy, as neat and cheerful as they could be if they were as rich as the Miser who endowed them.

Several attempts have been made by the heirs to break the Will, but without success, and as in eight years more the century will expire, all are now waiting with proverbial Dutch patience. The Heirs number some 120, for each of whom, when the distribution is made, there will be between thirty and forty thousand dollars.

We drove out this morning to the Palace occupied, half a century ago, by the then King of Holland, Father of the present Emperor of France. It was a present to Napoleon the first from Mr. HOPE, the Banker.

Another great feature of Harlaem is its reclaimed Lands—lands first Dyked round and then Pumped out. Over 70,000 Acres were thus rescued from the Sea, and are now productive and valuable.

Wind Mills, too, are one of the Institutions of Holland. You see them, in almost countless numbers, wherever the eye wanders or rests. They are employed in raising water, sawing timber, grinding grain, &c., &c., &c.

XXXIII.

AMSTERDAM, APRIL 27, 1862.

WE left Brussels yesterday morning, and reached this ancient, wealthy City of Amsterdam, at 8 o'clock last evening, by Rail through Belgium, by Steamer from Moerdyke to Rotterdam, and from thence again by Rail to this City. The general aspect of Holland is well known. Everywhere it is as level as a Prairie. But unlike the Prairie, quite one-quarter, if not a third, of the entire surface is water. The whole Country abounds with Cattle, equal in blood and condition to our Kentucky Stock. And I need hardly say that here, as in Belgium, every rod of ground is cultivated. There is, about the Farm Houses and Cottages, not only the characteristic neatness of the Dutch, but evidences of domestic thrift and comfort which are not seen in France.

AMSTERDAM is, almost as much as VENICE, a City of the Sea. I was unprepared for such a feature Fifty-six Canals, from six to ten rods in width, and from seven to nine feet deep, run through the City. These Canals are crossed by over three hundred Bridges.

The Vessels, Steamers and Signs, present Home names, some of them, however, spelled differently. TEN EYCK, for example, is spelt "Von Eyk." Among the names I see about Amsterdam, those of "De Witt," "Vanderzee," "Van Loon," "Herman," "Bleeker," "Visscher," "Valkenberg," "Slingerlandt," "Hilten," "Vonhighstein," &c., &c., &c.

Of the 260,000 inhabitants of Amsterdam, 30,000 are Jews. We went through their "Quarter" last evening, and while other portions of the City were as quiet as Sunday at Albany, the Jews were at their usual occupations.

The Architecture of the City, like that of our own Dutch Cities, is being reformed and modernized. In the back, narrow streets, however, the primitive style, of which we have a few spared monuments in Albany, but more in Schenectady, you see the Dutch gable ends, the Dutch "stoop," the Dutch double-front door—or front door cut into two—with the Dutch gossip in short-gown and petticoat leaning over the half-shut door. In some of the faces I seem to recognize faces familiar forty-five years ago. And so upon the stoops where Dutchmen with long pipes sit, it requires only a slight effort of memory and imagination to bring back ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN, Gen. WENDELL, and other well known Albanians.

We went to Church—the “Reformed Dutch Church”—this morning. It is an immense structure—the “Oude Kirk,” I believe—originally built by Catholics. The congregation numbered more than 2,000—the services very impressive. The first musical notes that struck our ear were those of “Old Hundred,” pealed from a stentorian organ, and accompanied by the whole congregation. We were shown to a pew which seats seven persons, before each of whom lays a large quarto Bible, printed more than a hundred years ago. During the service two collections were taken up, in black bags at the end of poles as long as fishing rods. Prayers and Scripture were read by a Clerk. Then the Dominie, a graceful and eloquent preacher, whom, of course, we could understand but imperfectly, spoke for more than half an hour. A Hymn was then sung, and an impressive exhortation of fifteen minutes followed. At the close of the service, pew openers stood to receive a small gratuity from those who occupied them.

We walked out after church to the Docks, crowded with shipping, most of which is employed in the East Indies. From this harbor you look out on the Zider Zee.

There are no Hack stands in Amsterdam. If

you want a carriage it has to be ordered from the Livery stable.

Although the field work here, as in Belgium, is done largely by women, I do not yet see the cows or dogs harnessed to ploughs, carts, &c., &c.

We leave this afternoon for Harlaem and the Hague.

XXXIV.

AMSTERDAM, APRIL 28, 1862.

WE took an open carriage this morning, and "did" Amsterdam thoroughly, visiting first the Palace, no longer used as such, and the Picture Gallery, where, to say nothing of many others, "Paul Potter's Bull," is a work of such excellence that it rewards a journey to Holland. There are others from the pencil of Van Dyke, of well known merit.

We rode again to the Harbor and out upon the Dyke, which shuts off the sea and prevents an inundation of the city. At a bridge connecting the Harbor with the Grand Canal, stands an ancient monument, known as the "Crying Tower," on which "Sweethearts and Wives" stood and wept at the departure of ships for the East Indies, Japan, &c., &c. In the wall is a marble Tablet, placed there two centuries ago, with a ship in the offing and women with aprons to their eyes.

Our next visit was to the Zoological Garden, which, in beauty and taste, surpasses any other in Europe. Its collections of Animals and Birds, especially from the East, are extensive and rare.

In the evening we went to a concert, at which the social habits of Amsterdam may be learned. The audience, ladies and gentlemen, were seated (from seven to eight hundred) at small tables, all partaking of refreshments, and nearly all the gentlemen smoking segars. At intervals of ten or fifteen minutes between each performance, by the Band, all engaged in conversation, in Dutch, and of course not particularly edifying to our party, and, as I judged, the only foreigners present. The frequent use of the word "Yaw," from beautiful young ladies, fell unmusically upon our ears. The room, intensely filled with smoke, did not seem to disturb the most delicate organizations. But after an hour it became too much for our nerves, and we retired.

Amsterdam is preparing for a "World's Fair." Its Crystal Palace is being erected, and a most imposing and beautiful structure it will be. And this is the only new building now going up in the whole city of Amsterdam!

From the top story of dwellings here there is a tackle and fall by which furniture, &c., &c., is drawn up. But its principal occupation is discharging and receiving baskets of linen, going to and returning from the wash. Washing is all done in the country, once in three months, by the

moderately well off citizens, and once in six months by the wealthy. Of course the quantity of bed, table and other linen in such families is immense.

XXXV.

THE HAGUE, APRIL 30, 1862.

WE reached this quiet, neat, quaint old City, one of the Capitals—*the* Capital, indeed—of Holland, by Rail, in an hour and a half from Harlaem, where we lodged last night. The Country exhibited the same general features of Land, interspersed with Canals, the rich pastures being stocked with very fine Cattle. The only considerable City passed was Leyden, distinguished for its University. Like all the other Cities of Holland, it is upon a dead level.

The Hague is evidently the Diplomatic, Political and Social centre of Holland, as it is essentially the Court centre, although the Royal Family reside much of the time in other parts of their Realm, as at present, the King being at Utrecht, and the Queen in Paris.

Our first visit was to the Museum, which, beside some good Pictures (first among which is Paul Potter's Bull) exhibits the finest collection of Japanese curiosities in the World. Potter's Bull, among other great Pictures, went to Paris along with the rich spoils of Art, in the time of the first

Napoleon; but Holland, after the Peace, offered so large a ransom, that it was sold to the City in which the Painter was born.

From the Museum we drove through a magnificent Beech Forest to the King's Palace. The exterior was anything but impressive, and as I was smoking a good Havana, I remained in the Carriage, asking Mr. DARTON and H——t, to do the honors of the Palace. But a message soon summoned me from my repose, and the result proved that, left to myself, indolence would have punished itself. The PALACE, though small, is a gem. Nothing I had seen—and this, remember, includes Windsor, Buckingham, Versailles, the Tuileries, and the Palaces of Austria, Saxony, Prussia, Naples, &c., &c., &c.—equals, in richness, beauty and taste, this Palace of the King of Holland—or, perhaps, I should say the Queen, for I understand that the King generally occupies another Palace. The Queen is now in Paris, on a visit to the Empress, and we were shown entirely through the Apartments. The first is the “Chinese Room,” entirely furnished and embellished with articles from China. The next is the “Japanese Room,” furnished and embellished by the productions of that country. Then came the “Orange Room,” a large circular apartment extending to

the roof of the Palace and lighted by a Dome, covered from floor to dome with the Frescoes of REUBENS and his Pupils. The Queen's Sitting Room is furnished with exquisite taste, and contains four beautiful Pictures, including a MURILLO.

We drove back to Dinner at 5 o'clock. At the Table d'Hote, Holland's Dignitaries and Literati talked Dutch in its purity and with much animation.

The Hague, like other Dutch Cities, was long since *finished*. This is so literally. There is no employment here for the Architect, the Carpenter or the Mason. Their work was done, as the Iron numerals on the Buildings show, a century, a century and a half, or two centuries ago. And the City is as still and noiseless as the-smallest hamlet. Here, as elsewhere, in Holland, everything "is as neat as a pin."

XXXVI.

LONDON, MAY 12, 1862.

I BREAKFASTED yesterday with a distinguished and influential English gentleman who has heretofore insisted that the North must break down under the enormous and exhausting expenses of the War. He is constrained, however, to admit that the resources and devotion of the North not only disappoints him, but challenges admiration. No other Government, he says, has, or could, from its own means, thus maintain its credit. He admits, also, that our Army is proving equal to the emergency.

Mr. RUSSELL, the Times' correspondent, I learn, speaks in the highest terms of the Discipline and Gallantry of our Troops, and of the hopelessness of the Rebel cause.

After Breakfast my old friend, Mr. PARKES took me to the venerable JOHN TAYLOR, many years ago Editor of the "London Review," and who, in 1816, startled the Literary and Political World with his "JUNIUS IDENTIFIED" a volume with such an array of facts and circumstances as to leave little, if any, doubt that Sir PHILIP FRANCIS was the

Great Unknown. The peculiarity of Mr. TAYLOR's Book was, that the evidences which went to prove Sir PHILIP FRANCIS the Author of the Junius Letters, at the same time disproved the claims in favor of the distinguished men (Lord CHATHAM, Mr. BURKE, &c.,) to whom they had been attributed. While it is difficult to imagine an intelligent, unbiassed mind, after the perusal of Mr. TAYLOR's Book, refusing its assent to the conclusion it reaches, yet such minds did reject the evidences, and the question was revived, in England and America, with earnestness and acrimony. Those who could not answer, contented themselves with abusing Mr. TAYLOR. Among the distinguished writers who entered the field against Mr. TAYLOR was Mr. MACAULEY. In America, several leading newspapers, and two or three distinguished writers also took ground against Mr. TAYLOR's view of the question. In a most humble way, but with much earnestness, I espoused the other side; and I wrote, in "bad grammar and worse taste," I doubt not, several articles, proving to my own satisfaction, that Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, of whom until reading "Junius Identified" I had never heard, was JUNIUS. This early interest in the controversy made my interview with the Author peculiarly interesting. He is 81 years old, and in delicate

health, but cheerful and bright. He was a cotemporary and friend of CHARLES LAMB, and, like him, is a Bachelor, living with an only Maiden Sister.

It is now nearly half a century since "Junius Identified" was published, and although now, as then, nothing has occurred to impeach the Letter in which "Junius" says he is the "sole depository of my own secret, and it will die with me," *yet before the present year closes all doubt or question as to the Authorship of these Letters will be removed!*

I went yesterday afternoon to visit a ROMAN BATH, built by the Romans, over a Spring, when they occupied London, of bricks and cement, precisely such as are now seen in all Ancient Roman ruins, viz.: the Palace of the Cæsars, the Baths of Caricalla, the Coliseum, the Villa of Adrian, &c., &c. This old Bath House is some thirty feet long by twenty in width. The Bath is eighteen feet long, eight feet wide and four feet deep. The water in it is as clear as crystal. It is used now, as it has been for Centuries, for Bathing, and though situated in Strand Lane, not six rods from the Strand, I do not believe its existence is known to one thousand of the three millions of People who inhabit London.

At four o'clock we received by Telegraph the news of the capture of New Orleans. As on

Sunday but few would get the intelligence, I dispatched it to our Friends in different parts of London, several of whom came in, during the evening, to exchange congratulations.

XXXVII.

LETTER TO THE NEW YORK COMMON COUNCIL.

ALBANY, *July 1, 1862.*

GENTLEMEN —

I receive, with a grateful sense of the honor they confer, the very flattering Resolutions adopted by the Common Council of our Commercial Metropolis. I accept them frankly and proudly, as emanations rather of your own generous constructions than as merited by any service it may have been in my power to render our country.

If, during a temporary residence in Europe, I have been enabled, in some degree, to relieve the complications in which our affairs were involved; to do something towards vindicating our Government from unjust aspersions; or to aid in turning back the tide of popular sentiment setting so strongly against our cause, it was owing to the prompt and generous confidence reposed in me by our distinguished representatives in England and France. In bearing testimony, as is both a duty and a pleasure, to the ability and fidelity of Mr. ADAMS and Mr. DAYTON, I cannot forbear to add that, rising above considerations which might have disturbed Ministers less truly devoted to their

country, they not only accepted unofficial coöperation, but disembarrassed my colleagues and myself by cheerfully facilitating our efforts. It is a pleasure, also, to add that, on several occasions and in essential ways, I was efficiently aided by Mr. SANFORD, our indefatigable Minister to Belgium. Nor could the Government, in a season of trial and difficulty, have made happier selections of Consuls in Paris and London. Messrs. BIGELOW and MORSE are discharging their responsible duties in a manner worthy of all praise.

Our Government was by no means too prompt in inviting some of its citizens to visit Europe. It is to be regretted that two or three eminent gentlemen, to whom it is understood that invitation extended, were unable to accept it, for the field was large and the laborers few. In the designation of Archbishop HUGHES and Bishop McILVAINE, however, the Government was peculiarly fortunate. The services of those enlightened and eminent Divines and devoted Union men, the former in Paris, and the latter all over England, were seasonable and effective. Their exalted positions, their high characters, and their fervid zeal, gave weight and authority to their statements and opinions.

Secession, while undermining for ultimate Rebellion, was thoughtful of the importance of the

favor of Europe. The South with its long cherished purpose, worked as diligently abroad as at home. The North, unconscious of the great crime meditated, slept. Active emissaries of Secession, aided too often by sympathising Ministers and Consuls, settled the public mind on the other side of the Atlantic against us. Public opinion was formed against the Union before our side of the question was presented or heard. By turning truth end for end, and reading history backwards, we were held by Europeans as the aggressors! The last three months of Mr. BUCHANAN's Administration were almost as injurious abroad as at home, for there, as here, loyal men only occupied the places of disloyal Cabinet and Foreign Ministers too late to nip Rebellion in the bud.

Unfortunately there were causes, as well as pretexts, for the lack of sympathy which we encountered in Europe. The governments of the old world remember that from the nature of our institutions, our own sympathies have generally run with those who struggled to overthrow monarchies, and that we have shown alacrity in recognizing the independence of such as struggled successfully. With the nations most intimately connected with us, the "Morrill Tariff" was regarded with great disfavor. In England, it was

believed that we not only cherished unfriendly feelings towards that country, but that we desired a disruption of friendly relations. The emissaries of rebellion seized upon these causes and pretexts to turn the current of feeling in their favor. It was, too, plausibly urged, that the difference in climate, soil, habits, and "want of congeniality" between the North and South, constituted such radical discordance, that our Union had become an impossibility. Indeed, these fallacies were so successfully pressed, that Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech at Manchester, stated that the Union was but a copartnership, dissoluble whenever passion or caprice prompted in any of the parties a desire to withdraw. That eminent statesman — if for a moment, we adopt his theory — overlooked or ignored the circumstance that our secession copartners, in retiring, broke open the safe, and stole valuable securities, the common property of the firm — or, in other words, that in separating, they seized the fortifications, the arms, the custom-houses, the post-offices, and the public moneys — acts of treason in a public, or of robbery in a private sense, which would, perpetrated in England, have consigned them to the Tower or the Penitentiary.

While England, France, Belgium and Germany begin to experience serious inconvenience and embarrassment from their short supply of cotton, I do not apprehend, immediately, that these governments will intervene, though with the two former, the subject has been considered. It is proper to say that France is even more impatient than England; not, however, from unfriendliness, but because the Emperor assumes, in the absence of employment, to supply his people with food.

But we have nothing to fear from Europe if we are successful in the prosecution of the war. Fort Donelson, Nashville, Winchester, New Orleans and Memphis are our strongest arguments against intervention, with governments that determine all questions by military measurement.

There are, however, but too well founded reasons for apprehending future embroilment with England. Nor can I doubt the propriety of dwelling briefly, but earnestly, upon a danger fraught with consequences so vital to the welfare of both nations. The Trent affair, though happily because rightfully settled, has left an arrow with poisoned barb festering in our flesh, and irritating our nerves. The impression that England, willing to take us at a disadvantage, availed herself of the erring judgment or impulsive zeal of a Naval

Commander, to wage war upon us, has obtained throughout our country. That England expected war and intended war, making, with unparalleled alacrity and in gigantic proportions, preparations for war, is admitted to be true. But with opportunities favorable to a correct understanding of the views of the English Government and of the feelings that swayed the English mind, I am bound, in truth and fairness, to say, that that Government and people sincerely believed that *we* desired a rupture with them; that we sought occasions to taunt and snub them; and, egregiously unfounded as the supposition was, that the present Secretary of State was the representative of this hostile sentiment. In justification of these impressions, it was said that by "bullying," we obtained advantages in the settlement of the North Eastern and Vancouver Boundary questions; that we abruptly dismissed their Minister, Mr. Crampton, and their Consul, Mr. Barclay; that our sympathies, in their war with Russia, were with their enemy; that we had often threatened to wrest Canada from them; and, finally, that Secretary Seward had avowed hostile intentions towards England.

Some of these grounds of complaint were, as we know, well taken, and all were *believed* to be so.

We all felt that the recognition of the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent, by England and France, was an over-hasty and ungracious act. But in submitting the proposition to the French Emperor, the English Crown lawyers enforced it by arguments which, from that stand-point, were forcible. Both Governments supposed that the insurgent States had or could fit out vessels of war, and wished to relieve themselves from the responsibility of treating such vessels as pirates. In this they erred, for, without the impunity thus extended to them, not even the Nashville or Sumter, would ever have ventured to sea.

But, notwithstanding these adverse influences, and the existence, in certain high quarters, of views not friendly to the success of our form of Government, the Union has many ardent, well-wishing friends in England, and can have many more, if we act justly ourselves, and labor to correct grossly erroneous impressions. The paths of peace are the only paths of pleasantness for England and America. In view of the dangers which I do not exaggerate—dangers growing out of mutual misapprehension of each other's real sentiments—it behoves the Government, the Press and the people of both countries, by enlightened counsels, large toleration, and wise forbearance, to

soothe rather than stimulate existing irritations. Nor, in forming our estimate of the degree and value of English sympathy during our domestic troubles, is the fact that her Queen and House of Commons modified harsh despatches and resisted unfriendly legislation without significance.

To have been deemed worthy, by the Boards of Aldermen and councilmen of the city of New York, of the high municipal honors which their resolutions confer, is a distinction of which any man would be proud—to me it is a treasure more “precious than rubies or fine gold.” In again thanking you for this undeserved honor, I beg to assure you that, while I may be unable to justify this partiality, I shall at least do nothing that will induce the Common Council to regret its action.

Born upon the banks of the Hudson river, my advent in the city of New York, in the year 1807, was in the capacity of cabin-boy to the sloop Jefferson, Captain Jacobus Bogardus, of Catskill, and my first entrance to the city, from Coentie's Slip up Broad street, with the trunk of a passenger on my shoulder, is a well-remembered incident.

Subsequently, in 1816, '17 and '18, I wrought there as a journeyman printer. Having, therefore, obtained an early foothold in our great metropolis, and witnessed its wonderful growth, its

unparalleled prosperity, and its unfolding material and intellectual glories, during a period which has augmented its population from less than one hundred thousand to more than a million, you will pardon the weakness which confesses its pride in being invested with the FREEDOM of a city destined to become what London is—a centre and depository of the wealth, power and wisdom of the world.

In declining the hospitalities which your resolutions contemplate and your Committee tender—though your own generous sympathies need no prompting—permit me to suggest that the city's good cheer be reserved for and dispensed among the survivors of the gallant men who uphold the cause of the Union in sanguinary battles, with a steadiness and heroism which entitle them to our affection and gratitude.

Respectfully and truly your obedient servant,
THURLOW WEED.

To Aldermen FARLEY, CHIPP, SMITH, MITCHEM and ALLEN, and Councilmen ORTON, JONES, KEECH, STEPHENSON and HOGAN, Committee on National Affairs.

AUG 8 - 1930

